



PARADISE OF DEMONIC GODS

BOOK 02

Bear Wolfdog

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Paradise of Demonic Gods

(魔神乐园)

by

Bear Wolfdog

(熊狼狗)

Synopsis

“Obtaining the topmost degree of talent in sword arts in the world requires giving up 72 years of lifespan, which leaves you with only five more years of your life. At the same time, you will never be able to feel love, kinship, and friendship, and you’ll end up leading a lonely life until your death, unable to procreate, or to have any descendants.

“From now onwards, everything related to happiness in the human world shall no longer be of your concern. Are you willing to accept this?”

“Hahahaha, I’m already alone bereft of all support, my hopes dashed to pieces, shouldering only absolutely irreconcilable grudge and hatred, why would I disagree? Why would I not want it? I couldn’t ask for anything better!!”

His sword sweeps across the Divine Continent for seven days and nights, moving 90,000 miles through the starry skies, unhindered.

He slays saints and buddhas in Heaven, slaughters demons and devils in Hell, sweeping away all the grievances in his heart!

Copyright

All rights reserved.

English Translation by Yukidaruma Translations @ [Qidian International](#)

Translations Edits by Yukidaruma Translations @ [Qidian International](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

This is a free eBook. You are free to give it away (in unmodified form) to whomever you wish.

No part of this eBook may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Chapter 101 Consequence

Outside the ward, Huang Lin was sitting on a chair, his expression showing great annoyance. Headmaster Jackson was next to him, as if preventing him from drawing his sword with the intention to kill at any moment.

Governor Devitt had already left. After all, with his status, it was impossible for him to wait here, no matter how much of a genius the student was.

Charlie wore a mournful expression, standing in the corner and feeling perplexed. He tried to recall the details in his mind.

'It's impossible. This can't be. I really didn't do anything.'

'Could it be the food? That's not right. I already checked all the food...'

At that moment, the door to the ward was opened, and a doctor came out.

Huang Lin and the others went up and ask, "How is it?"

"It doesn't look good." The doctor shook his head, "The tissues of the muscles throughout his body have sustained great damages. His collar bone is also slightly cracked. It seems to be the due to pressure from Reduced Force Field.

"And there's problems with his internal organs. He seems to have suffered from malnutrition for an extended period of time, yet continued to undergo vigorous training, which caused his internal organs to show signs of deterioration." Saying that, he subconsciously looked towards Charlie, who was wearing a slightly grim expression.

When Huang Lin and the others heard it, they did not say anything, but just put on a cold smile as they looked towards Charlie.

The doctor continued, "But we've already prescribed the medication for these. With his physique, he should recover within one to two weeks.

"Moreover, his blood, breathing, and heart rate are all normal. It's just that he's not waking up, as if he's in a coma.

"To be honest, a weird condition like this, I've only heard of it before."

Huang Lin frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

"It's said that there were others who had experienced a similar condition in the past as well. After suffering from physical or mental trauma, their brain failed to work normally, and they ended up sleeping all the way until their lives ended." Seeing Huang Lin's agitated gaze, the doctor quickly added, "It's a mere personal conjecture. In short, ordinary treatment methods are useless. I think it's better to look for Knights who have healing abilities. In this case, there might still be hope.

"Or think of other solutions. It's likely that the patient received a tremendous impact to his mental state."

Jackson sent the doctor off, saying, "I've got it. Thank you."

Huang Lin had already turned around, his eyes fixed on Charlie as he coldly said, "This is a Windstorm Sword Hero who took only three months to complete the transition, a genius who took only one month to transcend the speed of sound... To have fallen here... What on earth have you done?"

"I..." Charlie felt aggrieved and wanted to say something, but no words came out of his mouth.

Looking at how Huang Lin seemed as if he was about to kill, the Headmaster patted him on the shoulder and said, "Don't be rash."

Just then, another Knight dressed in black walked in. He was also a member of the Royal Knight Association, and his gaze on Charlie was filled with pity.

It was obvious that when he had been outside earlier, he had already asked the doctor for his diagnosis.

He looked at Charlie and said, "Come with me, Charlie. The lord has requested to see you."

If it were as usual, as a Knight, he would definitely not dare to speak to Charlie, a Conferred Knight, like this. But now, how could Charlie care about such things?

Charlie looked at Huang Lin, bowed, and said, "This thing is really not my fault. But I'll definitely find out who did this."

With that, he left with his colleague.

No matter how perturbed or uneasy he was, Charlie still entered the temporary office the association had in the academy.

On the way, tens of members of the association's staff gathered around. They were all looking towards Charlie with gazes filled with pity, and some as if they were staring at an idiot.

As for the people that Charlie had brought along, they were all led to different rooms to be interrogated.

A sixteen year old Windstorm Sword Hero, a genius who had transcended the speed of sound, stabbed in the back just like that. Even if the Head of the Royal Knight Association was still in the Imperial Capital, everyone present could imagine his fury.

Moreover, there were definitely not just one or two important characters behind Fang Xingjian. Just the previous appearance of the Governor stood witness for how much he was being valued.

When he reached the office door, Charlie's feet could not help but start trembling. A colleague at the side laughed and said, "Don't be nervous, go on in."

Charlie inhaled deeply, circulating his mental cultivation method in his mind, and forcefully suppressing the anxiety in his heart.

Pushing the door open and entering, he saw, under the ray of

sunlight from the window, that old man dressed in black, with golden seams at the rims, standing upright, looking out the window.

After entering, Charlie did not dare to speak up, but just stood there, head facing the floor, as if he was staring at a flower on the ground.

As time passed by, the old man continued to look at the scenery outside the window, as if there was something nice to look at. The room was drowned in silence, and Charlie could only hear the sound of his own breathing.

Droplets of sweat started to appear on Charlie's forehead. He felt the pressure in the room getting increasingly strong. He knew that the other party was deliberately ignoring him, but at this moment, he did not dare to have any kind of thoughts.

Finally, after about twenty minutes had passed by, just as Charlie felt that the air was turning viscous, the old man finally spoke up.

"Charlie, do you still remember the association's regulations?"

Charlie swallowed, and bitterly said, "Absolute neutrality."

"That's right, absolute neutrality. The Knight Association oversees all matters concerning Knights in the Empire. It represents countless powers which could break through into the enemy ranks, powers which could be used to destroy cities and eradicate countries.

"Can you imagine, once internal strife starts to occur within this power, what would be the consequences?"

Charlie did not speak, but lowered his head even more.

The old man continued to speak, "What on earth have you done to Fang Xingjian?"

Charlie spoke up in with a bitter face, "I... I really didn't do anything."

The old shook his head. "The association's work is not suitable for you, there's no need for you to carry on with it. But as a Conferred Knight, you can't sit around doing nothing. Go make your preparations to join the Southern Crusade."

The Empire's Southern Crusade was an army of Knights which was in charge of suppressing the Empire's southern region.

The southern borders were full of various pests, minority tribes of all sorts, and various dangerous wild beasts. It could be said to be the most chaotic, most dangerous, and most rundown area.

And the Southern Crusade, located in the southern borders, was the toughest army to be in. Being sent off to the southern borders was equivalent to being banished, to being condemned to death in a faraway land, never to return.

Moreover, even if he could put up with it with his Conferred Knight's physique, what would happen to his wife, his son, and his parents?

Charlie's face turned extremely pale, as if he was a ghost, as he looked at the old man.

He opened his mouth, and the coarse voice that came out shocked even himself, "Sir, I beg of you to give me a chance."

"If you want a chance, then you had better give me a good explanation." The old man paid him no heed, but continued, "I'll give you one month's time. The association will investigate what nonsense you have been up to in the academy this time around. But mind your mouth, don't land yourself into a situation where you will need to pay with your life."

Charlie's face looked as if he had aged ten years in just a short moment, his spine bent, as if all the vitality in him had been sapped away.

The southern borders were scarce in land, resources, and population. Moreover, they were far away from the Imperial

Capital. If he was sent there, he would probably be forgotten in a mere few years.

That place did not even have a proper Regional Royal Knight Academy.

Going there would not just snap off his path of progress, it would also kill off all possibilities of him attaining breakthroughs in his martial arts.

Without an academy, without resources, and with incredibly few people he could mingle with, it would be extremely tough to rely purely on his talent to achieve any breakthroughs.

As if he had expected Charlie's reaction, the old man shook his head, let out a sigh and said, "A sixteen year old Windstorm Sword Hero... A sixteen year old swordsman at the speed of sound... What a good seedling...

"Do you know how much such a genius could contribute to the Empire once he progressed?"

The next moment, his tone turned cold, "Certain people's hands have really stretched out too far."

...

"The First Prince's hand has stretched out too far," Governor Devitt coldly said. "For the past few years, he has been increasingly tyrannical, seizing and taking in talents as he wishes. In order to complete his Devil's Note, he caused the ruin of countless families and great discontent amongst the people."

Besides Devitt stood an elegant-looking black-haired man. He was Devitt's aide, Westerner Li Hong.

Hearing Devitt's grumbles, Li Hong nodded, saying, "It can't be helped. I heard that back then, the First Prince had chanced upon attaining the State of Dominion, and thus he has been increasingly direct with the way he does things – those who submit will prosper, those who oppose shall perish. There's no tolerance for

the slightest disobedience.

"Although the First Prince's powers have soared in leaps and bounds through this, gaining authority in the government, and even getting him great chances of attaining the Divine level..."

Devitt let out a cold laugh. If such a First Prince were to ascend to the throne, it would probably lead to groups of Knights going on a rebellion.

But of such matters even he did not dare to blatantly speak out loud. He only frowned and thought to himself, 'What is His Majesty thinking? Especially for the past few years... The period of time that His Majesty has been cultivating for in seclusion has been increasing each time, and each time he comes out, his aura is increasingly unfathomable.'

'But his control in the court is diminishing. Could it be...'

Suddenly, a possibility flashed in Devitt's thoughts, making him tremble.

He shook his head, chasing the thought out of his mind and murmured to himself, 'It's a pity about this good seedling, Fang Xingjian... A genius who has managed to transcend the speed of sound at the age of sixteen. If he'd been able to progress quickly and eventually support that person...'

Chapter 102 Respective Reaction

In the ward, Fang Xingjian's consciousness was extremely active. Countless sword moves were demonstrated in his mind, and an indescribable aura churned around in his consciousness, making him focus like never before, and keeping him unconscious, unable to bring his infatuated consciousness back to awareness.

At the same time, on his Specialty Window, the words 'Unparalleled Sword Intent' got increasingly clearer, as if it would be fully completed in a few days' time.

Now, Fang Xingjian's consciousness was condensed into this Unparalleled Sword Intent. when he woke up, the level of cultivation for his sword arts would once again reach a new height, and his powers would surge at a greater scale.

...

In another place, in an extremely splendid manor which was three times bigger than Fang Xingjian's villa. A silver-haired neat-looking man who gave off a feeling similar to mountain spring water was seated at the dining table, eating and casually replying, "Is that so? That Fang Xingjian has been crippled?"

This man was the Prefectural Champion from Class 248 of the Knight Academy, the great genius Hamil. He was also known to be the strongest amongst all students, with high hopes of getting through the Regional Selection in another one to two years.

Hearing his words, his steward said, "That's right. It's said that he might have lost his consciousness forever, never to wake up."

"It's such a pity. I originally wanted to defeat him fair and square before everyone, and let everyone know who is truly the strongest in KIRST Academy. To think that he could not even get through a small interrogation. It just shows that he can only go so far."

Hamil shook his head, "No matter how talented a Knight is,

without a strong will, he will never be able to accomplish great things.

"It's a pity, it's a pity. I'd thought that it would finally be more exciting in this academy. To think that he fell before he even started rising."

With that, Hamil inhaled deeply, his tone filled with extreme loneliness.

...

A barefoot Knight was feeling the earth with his skin as he continued to sense the tremors in the ground. Baring his upper body, he waved his sword again and again in the air.

With each wave of his sword, a tremendous amount of perspiration appeared all over his body, completely drenching his feet.

This person was Class 249's genius, Ralph, who was just a tad weaker than the academy's strongest student Hamil.

He was also equally talented, a swordsman with a will as firm as rock. He went through tough training sessions day and night, which ensured him an extremely strong foundation.

"The body is one's capital.

"A person's physique and attributes are the crux.

"Because, regardless what skill or Killing technique it is, one needs high attributes to fully display it.

"One's attributes determine one's future."

Beside him, a younger Knight who was practicing sword arts with him nodded furiously at his words, and started putting even more effort in his training.

After a while, a servant came in, handing the Knight a letter.

With a casual glance, he threw away the letter and continued his

practice.

That young man glanced over curiously, unable to hold it in and asked, "Elder Brother, what is it?"

"Fang Xingjian has been crippled."

"Ahh, that sixteen year old Windstorm Sword Hero? I heard that he's a hot favorite in this year's inter-class competition."

Ralph snorted coldly and said, "He's just a chap who relies on his talent and job speciality to bully novices, a genius made by flattery. Even if he had not been crippled, I would have definitely defeated him."

The young man smiled and said, "That's true. Elder brother's goal is Hamil, after all. After defeating him, you'll have the confidence to participate in the Regional Selection, right?"

"Regional Selection?" A faint gleam flashed in Ralph's eyes. The Regional Selection was his actual goal. Those whose goals were the inter-class competition and getting into the academy could not understand how far his goal was.

...

Five hundred meters away from Kirst Academy, in an enormous active volcano.

The whole volcano was making slight tremors every now and then. Thick smoke came out the top of the volcano, as if it would explode at any moment.

In this extremely harsh environment, deep in the volcano, a man was training completely naked, revealing great chunks of muscles as large as slabs of marbles.

Countless light flickers from the fire around him shone on his body, tempering his physical body just like it would temper steel, and making his physique increasingly stronger, increasingly terrifying.

The man abruptly opened his eyes wide, and blood-red light surged from their depths. He suddenly stretched out four arms from his back, each of them covered with black scales, brimming with a strong evil aura, as if they were the hands of demons coming from the very depths of hell.

"Not bad, not bad." From a distance, a man made of fire and light walked over to him, looked at Kaunitz and said, "You've already reached level 5 of the Inferno Indestructible Physique. With me using the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core to temper your body, you'll be able to reach level 10 in this Killing technique after maximum another month.

"By then, this coupled with your Six-Armed Asura job, and the Divine Equipment I've bestowed on you will be sufficient to increase your battle prowess over tenfold."

Kaunitz immediately knelt before him, gleams of fury flashing in his eyes, "Thank you, First Prince, for your kind grace." He was still harboring an inveterate hatred towards Fang Xingjian.

Seeing this, the First Prince's clone shook his head, and suddenly tossed a bottle of medicine to Kaunitz.

Kaunitz caught it, and at the next moment, he immediately sense a strong fragrance coming from it. In an instant, all the fatigue in his body disappeared, and he was once again brimming with limitless strength and spirit.

He opened his eyes and noticed that it held ten queer-looking medicinal pills which looked like glaze or stardust, simply floating in the bottle and shining bits of starlight.

"This... This is..."

The First Prince said with indifference, "These are medicine pills concocted from dragon's blood, which I've brought from the Imperial Capital. Each of them can change one's blood and marrow, completely modifying a person's physique, and allowing

one to be half human, half dragon. They can raise a normal person's potential by 10,000 points."

"What?!" Kaunitz was stunned, and at the next moment, he was looking at the medicinal pills in his hands with an extremely greedy gaze, with the strong urge to immediately take them all at once.

The First Prince continued, "At most, each person can take ten of these Dragon Blood Pills which can change one's blood and improve one's physique. After eating them, one will turn into a half human, half dragon being. Taking any more than that would simply be useless.

"I've initially brought this for Fang Xingjian, hoping to nurture him quickly so that he can assist me to charge into the enemy's ranks and fight for me."

Suddenly, his expression turned extremely subtle, as he turned towards Kaunitz and said, "Are you jealous?"

Kaunitz anxiously knelt down, "Your subject wouldn't dare." But at the next moment, a series of horrifying cries came out from his mouth, and he fell to the ground, convulsing unceasingly, feeling as if his attributes were starting to drop.

"Hmph hmph, haven't you learnt your place yet?" the First Prince coldly said, "After signing the Devil's Note, your each and every move is within my grasp. Any actions which go against my commands will reduce your attributes by half, and you'll experience the most painful agony in the world.

"Defying orders, naturally, also includes lying to me."

As he said that, he pointed towards Kaunitz through the air, putting a stop to Kaunitz's agony. "This is the last time. In the future, if you do anything to cause a backlash of the Devil's Note, I won't help you again."

Kaunitz anxiously said, "Thank you, Your Highness. Your subject

would not dare to do so again."

The First Prince shook his head, saying, "Take the medicine."

Kaunitz was stunned, and then heard the First Prince continue, "Fang Xingjian has already been wasted. Sigh, it's a pity. I'd originally only wanted Charlie to apply some pressure on him, making things easier in the future. I would never have thought that he would not be able to put up with such a small setback.

"But it's good as well. Finding out that his will is so weak earlier saves me the trouble of him spoiling my future plans."

With that, his silhouette darted, and he entered Kaunitz's body.

"There's going to be a huge change in this world. You better begin your cultivation quickly. This way, you'll be able to assist me in defending the Empire, and help in taking charge of the situation."

Kaunitz started his cultivation once again, but no matter what, he could not hide the hint of a smile on the corner of his lips.

"Fang Xingjian, you're already wasted?" Naturally, he would not doubt the First Prince's source of information. It was just that he felt both extreme satisfaction and disappointment.

"It's a pity that I could not defeat you myself. But this also proves that I'm the best!"

...

A few days later, just when everyone thought that Fang Xingjian would never wake up again, his eyelids twitched, and he slowly started regaining his consciousness.

Chapter 103 Waking Up

During the days when Fang Xingjian had been unconscious, Charlie had experienced the darkest moments of his life.

In the small dark room, he had been the one seated in the interrogation chair this time around.

His ex-colleague coughed and slowly said, "Charlie, I won't say much. You know our regulations. Confess honestly, it'll save you from having a hard time, and it won't make it harder for our brothers either."

Charlie furiously shouted, "I did not do anything!"

"Haha, you didn't do anything, but a Knight is lying down in sickbed, with injuries all over?" His colleague's eyes narrowed as he smiled and said, "We all know everything inside out, as well as the available means and methods. What's the point of telling me this now?"

With that he stood up, looking at Charlie extremely coldly and said, "This time around, you've thrown away our association's face. Do you really think that you'd be able to reach the south borders at ease?"

"You had better confess honestly. What have you done to Fang Xingjian? Why is it that he hasn't been able to wake up until now?"

Indifferently, he asked, "Was it poison? Remains Divine Weapon? Or was it some unique speciality or ability? How on earth did you do it?"

Charlie's face seemed to have aged ten years as he sighed and said, "I've already said that I haven't done anything."

The colleague opposite him only smiled coldly, obviously unable to trust Charlie's words.

He spoke out, "Seems like you don't want to say it. Then let us

continue our chat tomorrow."

With that, he left, leaving Charlie alone in the small dark room, pulling his hair and frantically trying to think.

'What on earth is happening?'

...

Just like that, time passed by day after day. News of Fang Xingjian's being in a coma gradually spread throughout the academy.

The one in the most agony was Charlie, since for the past few days, he had eventually received an even more severe interrogation than Fang Xingjian had.

Although there was no torture and no violence, the forceful coercion had borne down on him with the weight of Mount Taishan. With just a slight pressure from the Empire's higher management, he already felt extreme despair. In addition, having been given only a small amount of drinking water and diluted porridge daily, his eye circles had turned increasingly dark, his body had got increasingly weak, and even his cheeks had sunk in. He was turning thin and feeble at an astonishing rate.

A whole seven days passed by, and the whole academy had heard the news that Fang Xingjian was now wasted. Charlie had also spent the darkest seven days of his life.

Until today, when the colleague who was interrogating once again walked in, looking at Charlie pitifully as he said, "Fang Xingjian has woken up. Today is your last chance. You'd better confess. What on earth have you done?"

Hearing this, Charlie's face turned grim, his eyes ravishing with joy, "What? Fang Xingjian is awake? Let me meet him! I beg of you, please let me meet him! Let me have a confrontation with him directly. I've really not done anything!"

The two colleagues exchanged glances and said, "Let's ask the

lord."

...

In the ward, Fang Xingjian was already awake. His physique was really good, and coupled with the treatment the academy had provided for him, disregarding the amount of money they spent, his injuries had already recovered.

However, he did not open his eyes immediately, but simply looked at his Attributes Window.

All this time, he had first cultivated in his villa, and had secretly stolen Nurturing techniques during the competitions, followed by twenty-four hours of unceasing cultivation in the small dark room. Other than the increase in attributes provided by his potential, he had also gained additional increase in attributes thanks to the Nurturing techniques which did not overlap with the ones he had already learnt.

Of course, because he had also cultivated unceasingly, day and night, he had gained another level. Level 4 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves allowed his strength, endurance, reaction and flexibility to increase by 4 points, while his agility had increased by a full 8 points.

His daily potential had increased yet again, since he had acquired a few more sets of Nurturing sword techniques which did not overlap with his previous ones.

Although it seemed as if the increase had not been significant, since the gaps between each additional point of increase got wider and wider, Fang Xingjian's powers had increased by a great degree.

But with the decrease in the number of Nurturing techniques that he could gain attributes increases from, he could only rely on using his potential points to increase his attributes. Thus, the speed of the increase in attributes had also got slower.

Name

Fang Xingjian

Age

16

Occupation

Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level

10

Strength

54+4

Agility

83+4

Reaction

53

Endurance

46

Flexibility

46

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated.

Due to Perfect Muscles, +4 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute)

Nurturing Sword Techniques

45 sets

Training Sword Techniques

5 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword

Level 20

Specialities:

Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles

Elementary Berserkness

Unparalleled Sword Intent (50/100)

Potential

10,000 point increase/day

Waves

Level 4 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method

Level 2 Ice Age Meditation Art

Fang Xingjian looked at the new addition on his Stats Window, the Unparalleled Sword Intent. He started thinking to himself.

The progress indicator behind it clearly showed that this Unparalleled Sword Intent could still evolve, and it was currently at 50/100. Fang Xingjian gave it some thought, and the only thing which made sense was that he had now cultivated a total of 50 sets of sword arts to their maximum level. The only other one was his Supreme Mistwind Sword, which he had not been cultivating for the past few days, and thus had yet to reach the maximum level.

'It's that harsh? To think that this speciality requires 50 sets of sword techniques at their maximum level... Ordinary people can never dream to complete this in all their lives.'

Curious, Fang Xingjian started to look at its description.

Unparalleled Sword Intent: Innate Sword Bones, formed from repetitive tempering; uses intent to counter moves; unrivalled worldwide.

Any sword arts in the world will be picked up at a single look; tremendously increases the practitioner's speed of picking sword techniques, and can see through all techniques in the world; the success rate of seeing through the opponent's moves is affected by gap between the practitioner's speed and his opponent's speed; the faster the opponent's agility and reaction attribute, the lower the success rate.

This speciality, Unparalleled Sword Intent, had further increased Fang Xingjian's speed at which he picked up sword techniques. Now, by simply closing his eyes and contemplating a little, thousands or tens of thousands of sword moves would appear in his mind. All fifty sets of sword techniques had granted him his own perception towards sword arts, allowing him to create his own system.

Most of the sword techniques in the world, after disassembling them, breaking them apart and crushing them, then finally breaking them down to their most basic moves, would not be far from these fifty sets of sword techniques. Therefore, he could now learn any sword technique faster than if he were to learn anything else.

The ability to see through moves was obviously an ability to see through the flaws in the opponent's moves, but Fang Xingjian would only be able to experience the actual effects after having tried it for himself.

What he was more curious about was what effects the

Unparalleled Sword Intent would have if it progressed even more.

At that moment, Huang Lin was the first to dash in and come to Fang Xingjian's bedside, asking, "Xingjian?"

Fang Xingjian opened his eyes, looked at Huang Lin and said, "Teacher, why are you here?"

"It's all because of that dratted Charlie." Huang Lin gritted his teeth and said, "Tell me, what on earth has he done to you? I want him to pay back in ten folds."

"He..." Fang Xingjian turned silent for a moment, obviously digesting the information in Huang Lin's words.

But Huang Lin thought that he was trying to recollect what had happened, and thus did not disturb him.

Fang Xingjian gave it some thought, and then suddenly saw the Unparalleled Sword Intent on his Stats Window. He immediately said, "Teacher, I've suddenly got the speciality Unparalleled Sword Intent." With that, he looked around the room, look at Huang Lin, and felt an intriguing feeling surging from within him. It was as if the whole world had changed, but he could not tell what was different.

"Unparalleled Sword Intent?" Huang Lin's face revealed an extremely astonished expression, "To think that you've comprehended a mental state."

A mental state referred to an extremely unique specialty, all Knights having the possibility of attaining it, but at the same time, it was not guaranteed that they would be able to attain in a lifetime. It was because the mental state that each person could attain was different, and so was their comprehension and means to improve it.

Therefore, this was something which could not be passed down, and which could not be used as reference for others. A person could only rely on oneself to attain it.

Even as Kirst's sword master, Huang Lin had not yet comprehended the mental state. It was because luck and affinity played a part in this as well.

Due to the difficulty in comprehending the mental state and its progress, once it was attained, the specialty would be able to raise one's powers tremendously.

For example, Unparalleled Sword Intent, or the First Prince's State of Dominion.

Now, hearing that Fang Xingjian had also attained the Sword Intent, Huang Lin immediately felt great astonishment.

He said, "Therefore, you don't have to tell me what your mental state is. You hold the secret to yourself, and it's best that you don't ever tell anyone else. This will be your trump card."

Fang Xingjian nodded, expressing that he understood.

Huang Lin said once again, "Then how do you wish to deal with Charlie?"

"Charlie?" Fang Xingjian furrowed his brows and said, "Teacher, what are the plans you guys have for him?"

Huang Lin immediately shared their plans to chase Charlie out of the Royal Knight Association and to send him to the southern borders. "He is after all, a Conferred Knight, and is of great use to the Empire. Therefore, it's impossible to sentence him to death.

"Sending him to the southern borders, would not only allow him to render service to the country, but would also make it impossible for him to ever return again."

"I understand. We'll settle it as such."

Not long after Huang Lin had left, Anthony, Jack and Lilia also rushed over to visit Fang Xingjian. They surrounded Fang Xingjian, chattering non-stop, concerned over how Fang Xingjian was feeling.

"Teacher! Did those b*stards torture you?" Lilia asked, her fists clenched. "Is it that eccentric person called Charlie? I'll get my father to give him a thrashing."

Fang Xingjian shook his head and said, "It's fine. The association will handle this."

Just then Class 256's instructor, Dick, brought along Ferdinand, Barbara, Robert and the others to visit Fang Xingjian as well.

Looking at Fang Xingjian who was lying on the bed, Dick made a strange expression. Ever since Fang Xingjian had enrolled in the academy, he had found him disagreeable. But from the transition, to the competition, to the association's interrogation this time around, the way things had developed were all far from his expectations.

Now, he could not help but feel admiration for Fang Xingjian.

Ferdinand and the others felt the same as well. All of them stood around Fang Xingjian, consoling him.

Ferdinand looked at Fang Xingjian and said, "I'm sorry. Without you, we lost badly in the following rounds of the inter-class competition."

Robert said, "It's fine. After all, they were the top two classes in the academy. Even if Fang Xingjian was around, with us holding him back while he fought against ten senior Knights by himself, it would have been impossible for us to win the competition."

"That's right," Jack interrupted and said, "Those are senior students who have all been transitioned for seven or eight years. Even if Xingjian were able to win against one or two of them, how would he be able to fight against ten of them?"

Fang Xingjian only listened silently, his body continuing to circulate sword techniques and Waves unceasingly twenty-four/seven, his mind cultivating the Supreme Mistwind Sword. Therefore, he only listened silently, not saying a word.

While his visitors were talking, the Headmaster also walked in.

Chapter 104 Follow-up

“Headmaster!”

Jack and the rest bowed immediately and went to the side, acting reserved. After all, they could not imagine themselves speaking like before while in front of the Headmaster.

Only Lilia was unconcerned and remained beside Fang Xingjian.

The Headmaster took a look at Fang Xingjian in his bed and asked, “Are you alright? The Governor asked me to pay you a visit on his behalf. Sigh, if it wasn’t that something had suddenly come up, he would have come to pay you a visit himself.”

“I thank Headmaster and the Governor for your concern.”

“Sigh, I’m to blame for what happened this time. I didn’t think that Charlie would be so insane that he would almost cause you great harm. I’m to blame if anything were to have happened to you,” Headmaster Jackson said. “Don’t worry, this isn’t over. Charlie will be severely dealt with.”

Saying these from a Headmaster position obviously implied that Jackson had made up his mind to deal with Charlie viciously. Saying these with his status and contacts clearly meant that he had great confidence in it too.

Hearing the word Governor, Jack and Anthony clicked their tongues at the same time. What kind of character was the Governor? He was a major character in charge of the Knights’ promotion, learning, Prefectural Selection and Regional Selection within a region, and arguably the top character of a region. To think that someone of such status would send his regards to Fang Xingjian...

There was now even more admiration in the way those two looked at Fang Xingjian.

Dick, Ferdinand and others’ eyes contracted. They had not

expected that this matter would alarm even the Governor, and that the Governor had almost come to pay Fang Xingjian a visit.

If such a thing really had happened, Fang Xingjian would be able to throw his weight around not just in Kirst, but in the entire Great Western Region.

This moment, in the hearts of Ferdinand and the others, Fang Xingjian's name was once again stamped with the tag 'not one to be trifled with'.

Robert and Boris were less sensitive, but knew how honorable the position of a Governor was. He was the man who ruled over thousands of Knights in the Great Western Region. One word from him – and they would be as good as dead.

Lilia was also extremely shocked. She had not expected the Governor's concern to be extended to Fang Xingjian. Although she was innocent, being born as an aristocrat, and with Kirst's City Lord as her father, she had a better understanding of what a Governor was.

Being in charge of the Knights of a region meant that he was equivalent to a commander on the frontier, and the lord of the region. Fang Xingjian's case could be said to have reached the emperor's ears [1].

Every one started their own silent tribute for Charlie. Offending a Governor never ended well, even for the Royal Knights Association who was responsible for all Knights.

Just as the Headmaster was extending his regards to Fang Xingjian, a knock sounded on the door. Charlie walked in with his face apparently perturbed. Behind him, there were the two Conferred Knights who had been in charge of his interrogation.

Everyone looked at him in surprise, and the Headmaster's brows furrowed, saying, "Scram."

"Headmaster Jackson, listen to me," Charlie begged for mercy, "I

know that I'm to be blamed for this, and I just hope to have a chance to make amendments."

The Headmaster squinted at Fang Xingjian, who nodded and waved at Charlie.

Charlie walked up hurriedly and said softly, "Brother Xingjian, I know I was rash, but don't worry, I'm not here to seek for your forgiveness. I just want to make some amendments."

He had thought it through on his way here. It was clearly impossible to directly ask Fang Xingjian to say that he was innocent. Therefore, he decided to be more obliging, to ease the tension they had between them.

Fang Xingjian smiled coldly, glanced at Charlie and said, "Brother? Are you worthy enough to be my brother?"

With that, his right leg moved in a sequence of flashes. Two loud bangs sounded from Charlie's knees, and he was forced to his knees.

It could be that the distance was too close, or that Charlie did not expect Fang Xingjian to lash out at him directly, or even that the seven days of interrogation had reduced his mental and physical state to almost nothing, but whatever the reason was, combined with Fang Xingjian's speed, Charlie did not even have time to react before he took the two kicks from Fang Xingjian.

The fact that he could become a Conferred Knight went to show that he had outstanding aptitude, and had never in his life suffered such shame. His face blushed red immediately as he stared daggers at Fang Xingjian, blood-red veins popping in his eyes.

He stood up abruptly, gritted his teeth and said, "You!"

The Headmaster stepped out and walked up to him and Fang Xingjian, staring at him coldly. His murderous glare was well understood without explanation.

Fang Xingjian asked, "You what?"

“You...you...” Green veins were popping from Charlie’s forehead, the huge muscles on his arms trembling continuously as he clenched his fists. His chest heaved up and down, and after a few seconds, he squeezed out a few words from between his gritted teeth. “Did a good job, did a good job.”

“Xingjian, it seems that you’re not in a good mood today. I’ll come again in a few days. But your coma truly had nothing to do with me.”

With that, he turned around, and could almost see the taunts in everyone’s eyes.

Deep in Charlie’s eyes were a torrent of murderous intents. His entire self turned into a shadow, taking his leave. Clearly, he did not wish to stay there a second longer.

Everyone around stared at the scene before them in a daze.

Fang Xingjian, a level 10 Knight with first job transition, had actually brought a Conferred Knight to his knees, and that Conferred Knight could only dare to scamper off after that?

In that instant, Zhou Yong and Carter made eye contact, their eyes full of fear. They had yet to apologize to Fang Xingjian.

Barbara suddenly thought of how the Governor had sent his regards to Fang Xingjian. Her expression then changed, a tinge of regret in her eyes.

Only Lilia laughed out loud as if nothing happened, “Nice one, it was such a good vent of anger! Teacher, you were so cool just now.”

The Headmaster shook his head helplessly and smiled bitterly, “Those two kicks of yours made it difficult for me to make take any further action. And to have beaten up a Conferred Knight, that gut of yours is really...”

At that moment, Fang Xingjian only felt a gush of coolness in his mind, a peacefulness like never before. Calm befell, giving his

thoughts a clarity he had never experienced before.

Looking at his Stats Screen, after the training that his Ice Age Meditation Art had gone through, plus the two recent kicks had just brazenly increased a large amount of his experience points. Only a little more experience was needed for it to reach level 3. At that point, his cognition, ability to plan, and memory would once again be enhanced.

The Headmaster mumbled softly, “If that chap had retaliated, he would be just a common guy. But seeing that he can even take this lying down, we can’t let him off now.”

What he doubted even more was, Charlie was afterall a Conferred Knight, with strength, speed and physique of more than 100 points. How could it be possible for him to have been knocked down to his knees by Fang Xingjian so easily?

And, if Charlie had deliberately succumbed, it went to show his level of tolerance. Such a person was even more dangerous.

Charlie obviously did not think about it like this. Not only had his behavior not reduced his punishment, it had also triggered the Headmaster’s murderous intent, thus making his journey to the southern borders one filled with great dangers.

Following that, commotion rose in the group, and the Headmaster waved his hand, saying. “Alright, alright. Everyone should be heading back. Let’s not disturb Xingjian’s rest.”

Everyone left, but before Lilia left, she was called back by Fang Xingjian who asked, “So who was in first place for the inter-class competition?”

Lilia waved her small fist and replied, “It’s the people from Class 248 (the class who had trained the longest, 8 years more than Class 256).”

“The Headmaster had initially wanted to suspend the competition and continue only after you were released by the

association. But you eventually went into a coma and the competition was continued.

“Those rascals were annoying. When they came across teacher’s class in the semi-finals, they acted pompously even though they knew fully well that you weren’t present. They could have won immediately, but they deliberately bashed up Jack, Anthony and the others. Even Barbara had intentionally dislocated bones and almost got taken advantage of...”

As she said these, Lilia got even more furious. She had watched the entire competition from the side. It had been a downright oppressive and tyrannical play.

Jack and the others were afraid that they would disturb Fang Xingjian’s rest, and thus had not mentioned it. But Lilia did not think of that.

She got angrier as she shared the stories of the humiliation the others had suffered during the competition, especially the part where Barbara’s arms had both been dislocated as she was repeatedly flung around, being taken advantage of while she was being tossed around like a ball.

As the only female Knight in Class 256, the other party had deliberately went out of their way to provoke them.

Fang Xingjian understood that the opponents had acted with such great lack of restraint because they knew that he had been taken away by the association and had also fell into a coma. Thus, they crushed their opponents overwhelmingly, fully displaying their own abilities.

He sneered coldly. Looking at his Ice Age Meditation Art which was just about to level up, he asked. “Do you know where they are?”

“I don’t know.” Lilia gave it some thought and replied. “But I heard that they’re having a gathering tonight to celebrate them

having gotten first place again.”

With that, she looked at Fang Xingjian, stars brimming in her eyes, a red tinge of excitement flashing across her face.

“Teacher, are you going to bash them up? Bring me along, I’ll help you keep a look out.”

But the next moment, hesitation reflected in her face. “Teacher, why don’t you focus on recovering first? Those guys have been official Knights for seven to eight years. I heard from my father that the Prefectural Champion among them, the strongest fellow, is probably similar to you in abilities.”

Fang Xingjian revealed a smile filled with confidence. Others had thought that not only had he not improved during this time, his physical strength could have actually deteriorated.

Little did they know that he had been cultivating everyday, and not only had his martial arts not deteriorated, but they had also been brought to greater heights. He had even comprehended the specialty Unparalleled Sword Intent. His overall abilities had become much stronger than during the competition.

[1] Reaching the emperor’s ears is a saying suggesting that the matter has been submitted directly to extremely high authorities, without having gone through the usual routes of assessment.

Chapter 105 Barging In

In a large manor, brightly lit with dazzling lights, up to a hundred servants were darting around, changing the dishes and cutlery.

Occasionally, there would be piercing laughs in the dining hall, sounds of glasses toasting, and of people digging into food and drinks.

Another servant once again brought up a large serving of steak and entered the dining hall. The whole dining hall was lit up by a thousand candles, casting a light as bright as day. The enormous dining table, over ten meters long, was placed in the middle of the dining hall.

Over ten guests sat along the table, sounds of chatter and laughter resounding non-stop.

A man with silver-colored short hair who looked like a small hill sat quietly at the table. His hands were put together, supporting his chin, revealing an inviting smile, and quietly looking towards the rest of the people who were heartily digging into the food and drinks.

The silver-haired man's appearance was very ordinary. If one had to say whether there was anything special about it, it could only be that it looked very clean. No, his entire look was very clean, as clean as a piece of white paper.

Regardless if it was his face, his neck, his hands, or any other parts of his body, they were all as clean as mountain spring water.

Just then, another series of laughter broke out. A strong and burly man stood up, wine glass raised, and looking towards the silver-haired man he said, "Let us toast to our leader, the mighty Hamil, celebrating our victory in the inter-class competition!"

"To the mighty Hamil!"

"To the mighty Hamil!"

The more than ten men and ladies at the dining table all stood up, raising the wine glasses towards the silver-haired Hamil. The latter smiled and stood up, wine glass raised, toasting, "To our tomorrow!"

"To our tomorrow!"

"Cheers!"

Everyone shouted out, and emptied their glasses.

These people were the celebrating victors of the inter-class competition, Class 248. Currently there were eight students in Class 248 who were still learning in the academy. Other than those eight Knights, their respective partners and family members were also present.

Another red-browed burly man laughed out loud. The man's skin was extremely tanned, and he had a muscular physique. However, the most eye-catching thing was his pair of brows, which looked like burning flames.

As he laughed out loud, he said, "Hehe, it's like I've finally got to throw it up after the past few days. What of that Windstorm Sword Hero? It had only been a month since he had transitioned, and the whole academy ended up treating him like some treasure, giving him the best. To ensure that his supply of ferocious beasts was sufficient, they even deducted from our share. What nonsense. Isn't he wasted now?"

Another person spoke up, saying, "To hell with being wasted! I'm disappointed to have lost the chance to spar against him and to win against him fair and square. No matter how strong he was, would it really be possible for him to win against all of us by himself? Moreover, boss is here too."

"Of course he would be unable to win against us all, but a Windstorm Sword Hero is truly strong. Have you actually seen a

sixteen year old who can transcend the speed of sound before?" a lean young man said.

"Douglas, do you really like going against me that much?" the red-browed burly man asked with anger.

The lean young man by the name of Douglas replied, "Did I say anything wrong? A sixteen year old with supersonic speed. Even if he can't win against us now, it's very likely that he'd be able to surpass us in a few years' time. Such talent is worthy of our admiration."

"Admiration my foot!" the red-browed burly man laughed out maniacally, "He has now been crippled by those mad dogs from the association. No matter how talented he is, what use is that?"

It was obvious that regardless if it was the Governor Devitt, or the association's management, their whereabouts were all top secret. Most of the people in the academy were not aware of the turnaround in the events of the past two days.

A lady wearing a leather suit frowned and said, "Actually, it's truly a pity. If it's a genius like Fang Xingjian, I wouldn't mind making friends with him. But I'd never thought that that even a genius like him would be done in by that bunch of mad dogs."

When he heard the words of the lady dressed in leather, a young man with sea-blue-colored hair, casual and elegant, like a dignified young master argued, annoyed, "So what if he's a sixteen year old with supersonic speed? So long as there's boss's Killing technique, it's useless regardless of how fast he is.

"Moreover, transcending the speed of sound is only something valuable during the phase of the first transition. When everyone moves on to the second transition, with their agility attributes breaking through 100 points, coupled with some speed enhancing specialities and techniques, which Conferred Knight would be unable to transcend the speed of sound easily?"

As he spoke, his tone was brimming with disdain and slander towards the Windstorm Sword Hero. He seemed to detest the Windstorm Sword Hero extremely.

The lady wearing a leather suit smiled and said, "Hehe, Hylong, I know your girl's family is thinking of approaching Fang Xingjian. You're being moody here. No matter how bad a Windstorm Sword Hero is, it is still a strong and rare job. It is truly a great feat to transcend the speed of sound at the age of sixteen. If you're unconvinced, you can try it out for yourself."

This dignified-looking young man with sea-blue-colored hair was in a relationship with the instructor's (white-bearded examiner) daughter.

Hylong smiled coldly and said, "Hmph, so what if he transcended the speed of sound? Has there been a shortage of first transitioned Knights with exceptional talent? Those who can truly live on are the true geniuses. As for Fang Xingjian? He's already crippled. So what if he was a great genius before?

"Moreover, getting nervous and fainting just from just an interrogation... This is simply a joke. Such a weak-willed person, no matter how strong his talent is, is useless."

Saying that, he flashed a mysterious smile, asking, "And do you know who Fang Xingjian has offended?"

The red-browed burly man curiously asked, "Who? Could it be a certain important character from the Imperial Capital?"

"It's someone from the royal family!" Hylong took a big bite off a lamb leg, and continued, "Therefore, he's dead meat now. It'll be useless even if he were to wake up. The association can do him in once, so why couldn't they do it a second or third time?

"Hmph, a dead genius is only a dead man, no longer a genius."

Everyone's gazes immediately filled with clarity. Previously, they were curious how Fang Xingjian had offended someone from the

Knight Association. But after hearing what Hylong said, they finally understood what had happened. If the opponent was from the royal family, then it would not be impossible to mobilize the Knight Association.

At that moment, in their hearts, Fang Xingjian had been sentenced to death.

Just as everyone was discussing endlessly about Fang Xingjian, the silver-haired Hamil, Class 248's leader, knocked on his glass and said, "Alright, Fang Xingjian is just a joke. You guys should just stop discussing about this outdated topic. I've got something to say."

Everyone immediately turned silent. The dining hall which had been bustling with activity and noise a moment earlier was immediately filled with silence. It went to show how much weight Hamil held in Class 248.

Hamil smiled. His face, as clean as mountain spring water, now let out a clashing sound akin to colliding metals, as if his whole body had been forged of metal.

"I've already mastered level 12 of Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth.

"I plan to participate in next year's Regional Selection. One month later, I'll leave the academy and start the preparation for the search for the last few medicinal herbs required for the specialty, Platinum Sage Qi."

"Boss, you're going to leave?" the red-browed burly man shouted out. "But with your abilities now, there's already no room for you to progress should you continue to stay in the academy. Other than the senior instructors who have been in the first transition for decades, there's no one else who can be your opponent. However, the instructors' talents are at their limit, and have no hope for the Regional Selection. There's no point in you staying here. You should really be leaving."

The lady in the leather suit also smiled, "Boss, with your abilities, you'll definitely succeed in the Regional Selection next year. We offer you our congratulations in advance here."

"Haha, that's right, boss. After you've become a Conferred Knight, we'll also get to bask in your glory."

Just as everyone was raising their glasses for a toast, the door to the dining hall exploded with a loud boom, as if it had been blown away by a bomb, shattering into countless tiny pieces which shot out in all directions.

But all the eight Knights were experts at level 19 of the first transition. How could they possibly get hurt by such a small thing?

In an instant, numerous Reduced Force Fields surged forth. All the splinters gradually came to a stop midair, then slowly dropped down.

"There's no need to leave."

Fang Xingjian walked in, holding a sword. Lilia came bouncing behind him, looking at the scene and feeling both excited and worried.

Seeing that everyone's eyes were on him, Fang Xingjian nodded. "Very good, everyone's present. You've hurt someone from my class. Of course, you'll need to pay it back a hundredfold over. All of you can just lay on the bed for a couple of months.

"As for the Regional Selection, there's no need for you to participate."

Chapter 106 Suppression, One by One

Hearing Fang Xingjian's words, everyone's countenances turned grim, waves of killing intent surging from them and locking onto Fang Xingjian.

Class 248's leader Hamil wore an unfathomable smile, calmly staring at Fang Xingjian as if he were looking at a mischievous younger brother.

The red-browed burly man who had already been displeased with Fang Xingjian to begin with was the first person to stand up, bellowing furiously, "Fang Xingjian, do you know what place this is?! Has your brain been damaged?"

"Looking for a beating."

Fang Xingjian's voice spread to everyone's ears. The next moment, strong gales surged, and Fang Xingjian pierced through the air like a flash of lightning, appearing before the red-browed burly man in but a moment.

The burly man's mouth was still agape, saliva splattering from his words. Fang Xingjian gently slapped with his palm, and then returned back to his original spot at the speed of lightning.

His actions had been as fast as lightning, and he had done so in less time than it would take one to blink. The red-browed burly man had been unable to react in the least. He had only felt a tremendous energy coming at him, and his head uncontrollably twisting to the side. The next thing he felt was a burning pain on his cheek.

He felt as if half his face had turned all numb.

But the next moment, an endless surge of fury came up. Blood vessels covered his eyeballs, and with a wave of his hand, an enormous hammer came to him, brought by his Reduced Force Field.

Pointing the hammer at Fang Xingjian, he revealed a brutal smile. "Draw your sword. Today, you die."

Fang Xingjian coldly replied, "You're not fit to receive an attack from my sword."

Now, everyone in Class 248 was standing, looking at Fang Xingjian as if they were looking at a lunatic, at a dead man.

Hearing Fang Xingjian's words, the red-browed burly man laughed like a maniac and said, "Then you're just courting death." With that, mouth agape, he gradually started glowing red. First it was his eyebrows, then his mouth, eyes, nose and ears, all glowing like a scarlet-red fire. He seemed to be burning up like a giant made of flames.

With a thump of his feet, he made streams of blazes which darted out in all directions, as if they would turn the whole manor into ashes at the next moment.

This Killing technique, Purgatory Flames, allowed the red-browed burly man's body to exude hundreds or even thousands of high temperature flames. Just by going near those the opponent would be burnt and turned into a dried up corpse, let alone those who attempted to touch him! This was the reason why he dared to pick a fight with Fang Xingjian.

But just as the streams of flames darted out from his body, Fang Xingjian moved.

And with that movement, it was as if time had slowed down in the whole world.

Actually, it was not that time had slowed down, but rather that Fang Xingjian's speed had reached extreme limits in that moment. Therefore, in his eyes, it was as if the whole world had slowed down.

Being confined for such a long period of time had not caused Fang Xingjian to regress, but rather, because his level of sword

cultivation had improved, his attributes had been further tempered, and his Waves had been brought to greater heights, and because his abilities had once again improved in leaps and bounds.

The flames moved with slight flickers. There were people who had just started to blink, but their eyelids were moving micrometer by micrometer, as if they would never be able to close.

During this phase of extreme speed, Fang Xingjian had already dashed up before the red-browed burly man.

The other party still kept a savage expression, head covered in flames. And only now did the air current waves caused by Fang Xingjian's dash hurl out in all directions, starting from the point where he had passed by earlier. Their viscosity was like the surges of sea waves, yet unable to collide against any obstacles.

At the next moment, Fang Xingjian gradually stretched out two fingers, gently pressing on the red-browed burly man's eyelids, and then with a finger, tapped on the burly man's throat, chest, and stomach.

Fang Xingjian then left the phase of extreme speed, and time once again turned back to normal.

With a boom, the air currents created by Fang Xingjian's body hurled out in all directions. Countless glasses were shattered to dust. The red-browed burly man yelled out a tremendous roar, his voice filled with extreme agony. He only felt that his eyes were in great pain, his throat was sore, his chest was stuffy, and his stomach was in so much pain that it felt as if his intestines had been torn. Grabbing his eyes, he started screaming with terrifying cries and dropped to his knees.

"Fang Xingjian!"

"B*stard!"

Amongst those who had witnessed this scene, there were those who immediately wanted to take action against Fang Xingjian.

They activated their Reduced Force Fields and sent them towards him.

But with a loud explosive boom, the spot where Fang Xingjian had originally been standing was left empty, in his place only a strong swirl of air currents making explosive booming sounds under the pressure of the Reduced Force Fields.

Boom boom boom!

During the time in which Fang Xingjian had disappeared, another three softer sounds rang out. Three Knights, one after another, had received the flick of a finger on their foreheads, and immediately lost consciousness.

Everyone was staring at Fang Xingjian in disbelief, as if they were looking at some demon or monster. He was standing there, unmoving. Hylong, who had slandered Fang Xingjian earlier, had the muscles all over his body twitching violently, big drops of perspiration endlessly forming on his head.

Even Hamil, who had stayed the most calm, finally stood up. His eyes, akin to an eagle's, were fixed on Fang Xingjian.

Silence spread throughout the manor, and only Lilia, who had followed Fang Xingjian here, broke out in loud laughter. She shouted out provocatively, "Now you guys should know! My teacher is the strongest! Didn't you guys feel that you were very amazing during the competition? Why don't you show how amazing you are now?"

Fang Xingjian stood there, not giving a damn, lightly flicking his fingers. His fingers, although they appeared to be white as polished jade, and with skin as soft as a baby's, made a loud metallic ringing sound, sounding like metal objects colliding with each other.

This was because his attributes had reached a level far beyond any ordinary man's. The flesh, bones and veins throughout his body were all extremely compact, firm, as if they were made of

steel.

Fang Xingjian then calmly threw a glance at Hamil and said, "You're the only one in Class 248 who uses a sword, right?"

Seeing how Fang Xingjian had fought earlier, the silver-haired Hamil's brows furrowed together. 'This Fang Xingjian is like a demon. How much time has passed? And to think that he has gotten even stronger than he was during the competition...'

If Hamil knew that just in the area of tempering attributes, Fang Xingjian's agility was already ten times that of a normal person's, and that the hard work of the past ten or so days was equivalent to that of a normal person's for three months, what would he have thought?

Moreover, even in the area of sword arts cultivation and Waves cultivation, Fang Xingjian was much faster now.

In all, his hard work for over ten days was comparable to an ordinary person's several years of cultivation.

If Hamil were to know about all these, he would probably be so astonished that his eyeballs popped out.

Even if he did not know about it now, he knew one thing, which was that if he were to fight against Fang Xingjian one-on-one, he no longer had absolute confidence in winning.

He only said, "Fang Xingjian, it is forbidden to have fights in the academy. I'll be reporting this to the Headmaster. As for the reason why you're here looking for me today, I'm not interested."

Fang Xingjian looked at his fingers and said, "Then we'll talk after we fight."

Before his words ended, his fingers formed into a sword which he pointed outwards. Countless raging gales appeared from his fingertips, and when his fingers moved, the countless raging gales turned into a stretch of sword Qi, encompassing Hamil.

Hamil had yet to react when he was covered up by the stretching sword Qis.

But having been a transitioned Knight for eight whole years, Hamil's five major attributes all exceeded 85 points. If Fang Xingjian did not activate his specialties and Killing techniques, his speed would only be a tinge faster than Hamil's.

If Fang Xingjian were to attack someone else, Hamil would not be able to stop him. But if Fang Xingjian were to attack him, he was fully able to retaliate.

Silver light exploded into the skies, and an enormous figure swelled up, smashing the sword Qis, and agitating the air currents.

"Fang Xingjian, you've asked for it. Have a taste of the prowess of my level 12 Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth, and then forever live under its terror and be in awe of these powers."

Chapter 107 Too Weak

The Killing technique Hamil cultivated – Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth – had been created through mimicking a level 27 ferocious beast, Gargantuan Mammoth.

After activating the Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth, the muscles and bones throughout his body started tremoring at an extreme speed, and with the fast support from ether particles they continued to multiply endlessly, swelling up. In an instant, he transformed into a small giant over five meters in height, his body covered with silver-colored skin.

With a loud boom, a big hole was smashed through the ceiling of the dining hall due to his sudden growth. With a sweep of his hand, Hamil tore apart the ceiling, revealing the second level of the manor.

However, at this point, no one was concerned about the manor. All of the Knights from Class 248 quickly retreated, looking at the transformed Hamil fearfully.

Fang Xingjian's face also revealed a surprised expression as he gently drew out the longsword at his waist.

Hamil smiled, saying, "Fang Xingjian, it's useless. Level 12 Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth not only bestows me with a defence comparable to a steel city wall, it also increases my strength, agility and stamina many fold."

Amidst his fanatical laughter, with a light throw of his fist, a series of explosive sounds rang out in the air, and visible ripples spread out from his palms in all directions, making small holes in the walls.

"Haha, transcended the speed of sound?"

"What use is that?"

Boom!

Hamil's body created a long stream of white air as he knocked into Fang Xingjian, just like a block of cement. A great wave of Reduced Force Field surged towards Fang Xingjian, and it felt as if a big hunk of mountain had come crushing down on Fang Xingjian's head.

The speed at which Hamil acted had already reached the level of subsonic speed.

Fang Xingjian had only managed to draw out his longsword in time when, with a light bang, he was sent flying.

With a loud roar, Hamil followed. A series of boom boom boom boom resounded, and the whole manor collapsed. Everyone rushed to their escape, only to see that on the lawn outside the manor there were two silhouettes crashing against each other, flashing, and colliding.

With another boom, the two silhouettes paused for a moment, strong waves of air currents surging out from where they had crossed their swords. Hamil was like a hunk of mountain, standing quietly, unfaltering, while Fang Xingjian had only managed to come to a stop after flying backwards for over ten meters.

He looked towards his right hand, and saw that his arm presented an unnatural bend. His shoulder had been dislocated.

Without a change in expression, he used his other hand to move the shoulder, relocating it.

On the other end, a hideous smile curled up the corners of Hamil's lips. It was unclear when, but a great sword like a large iron rod had appeared in his hand. The sword had no sharp edges, as if it was meant to be used for smashing against opponents only by relying on brute force.

Hamil said, "Fang Xingjian, if you'd have approached me in a few years, I might have been more serious. But you're overly arrogant. In just a month's time, you're thinking of challenging me, the

strongest in the academy. You're overestimating yourself. Do you really think that when you're at the first transition level, being able to transcend the speed of sound would make you invincible?

"People are only astonished considering your age and the duration of your cultivation, not because of your actual abilities."

Fang Xingjian shook the longsword in his hand. The longsword had been entirely smashed. He threw it away and signalled towards Lilia, who threw him another ordinary-looking metal sword.

Hamil did not stop the whole process, but simply coldly looked at Fang Xingjian, as if he was looking at a sheep who was waiting to be slaughtered.

Fang Xingjian waved his longsword, looked at Hamil and said, "You're not bad." He smiled, saying, "There's so many people here, but only you are fit to receive a few attacks from my sword."

"Arrogant."

Hamil laughed coldly, making a long screeching sound and dashing towards Fang Xingjian like a train.

But this time, Fang Xingjian, who was still encompassed by countless strong gales and sword Qis, managed to dodge each of his attack by just a little bit.

Each slash from Hamil's sword was like the overthrowing of mountains and rivers, the air surging as if heaven fell and earth were crumbling. However, because of the strong gales blowing and the sword Qis sweeping about, they could not get within three inches of Fang Xingjian.

'This fellow... What is going on?!'

In Fang Xingjian's eyes, the Unparalleled Sword Intent had been fully unleashed. Right now, to him, Hamil was full of flaws. Each circulation of sword move, each second of his vital energy's and blood's movements appeared to be full of flaws and faults in his

eyes.

The duo's movements were extremely fast in the series of quick attacks. After a few hundred moves had been exchanged in the blink of an eye, Hamil got increasingly astonished. It was because up until now, he had yet to lay his hands on Fang Xingjian in the least. Regardless if it was his sword moves, his steps, or even his intentions, it seemed as if he was permanently being seen through.

And with the support from the Supreme Mistwind Sword, Fang Xingjian's speed had accelerated more and more; the next moment, Boundaries Negation was activated.

"Too weak."

Fang Xingjian's words resounded in his ears. Hamil shouted out loud in his heart, 'What?!'

At the same time, it was as if myriad thunders had started ringing. Countless sword lights clashed and sword Qis exploded outwards, the two of them in the center. Amidst the myriad thunderous sounds, the earth was split into several layers by the sword Qis which eventually dissipated, revealing Fang Xingjian and Hamil.

With a series of light fizzy sounds, countless slits appeared on Hamil's body. He suddenly felt an intense pain in his knees and dropped with one knee on the ground.

The gigantic body with, over five meters in height, dropping into a half-kneel shook the surroundings with loud booms.

'How is that possible?

'He saw through the flaws in my Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth in an instant? And then broke through them one by one?'

'And why is his speed so much faster than mine?!'

The Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth was able to

agitate one's vital energy and blood within a short period of time, changing one's body's structure, increasing the layer of dead skin cells on one's body, and most of the body's surface along with them. However, such enhancements had their strengths and weaknesses as well.

Hamil had many joints and muscles in more concealed areas, namely the points through which vital energy and blood flowed. There were important joints which muscles and layers of dead skin cells were unable to cover with many layers.

Thus, they became weaknesses to his impenetrable body. And Fang Xingjian had managed to discover them easily.

He himself had never told anyone about these flaws.

So how could he not be astonished, surprised, and dejected?

Fang Xingjian skook the longsword in his hand, and the blade cracked into many pieces, turning into countless shatters that floated in the air.

Fang Xingjian shook his head at Hamil, "Although you use the sword, the level of your sword arts cultivation is completely worthless..."

When he had sparred with the other party earlier, he had not managed to pick up any sword techniques. It was because he realized that the opponent had relied on the Embodiment of the Gargantuan Mammoth to battle, and all the sword techniques he had used were the basic sword techniques which could be easily found in the academy. Although Hamil had reached the maximum level for these sword techniques, they were useless to Fang Xingjian.

Hamil had obviously spent all his time on cultivating his other areas, prioritizing his attributes, without putting much effort in his sword practice.

"Too weak."

Shaking his head, he waved his hand at the same time and said, "Lilia, let's go."

Lilia made a funny face at the people from Class 248, and then quickly followed behind Fang Xingjian.

Hylong dropped to the floor, and shouted out, unable to hold it in, "Fang Xingjian, remember this, this matter..."

"Mmm?" Fang Xingjian turned his head, looking at the people from Class 248 whose faces are filled with fury. Looking at their anxious and scared, yet furious and vengeful gazes, he calmly replied, "Don't let me hear your crap. For every line, the person who said it gets slashed once."

His sharp gaze, akin to sword light, brushed across everyone. They all felt cold air surging from deep within them. Only then did they once again recall how Fang Xingjian had cleanly defeated four of their comrades, and had even bashed Hamil to the extent that he was now unable to stand up. Only now did they recall his voice, so much like that of a demon's.

Hylong, like a strangled duck, swallowed his unfinished sentence. Only after Fang Xingjian and Lilia had disappeared from their vision did he then started bellowing.

"This matter is definitely not over!

"This is simply stepping on us!

"If we leave this be, how will we have the face to go out in the future?!

"We'll become the joke of the academy!"

Hamil, on the other hand, looked at his two hands in a daze, as if he could not believe that he had been defeated like this.

'How could this be?

'Within half a month's time, he was able to surpass me, who has been transitioned for the past eight years?

'How could there be anyone in this world with such monstrous talent?!

The next moment, his internal injuries worsened and he spewed out a big mouthful of blood and fell unconscious, making everyone panic yet again.

But after a few seconds, Fang Xingjian once again returned, saying, "I forgot. I'd said that I'll send all of you to go lie in bed for a few months, right?"

With a boom, Fang Xingjian dashed up, sword light filling the skies. Hylong spewed out a mouthful of fresh blood and was sent flying. The other Knights who were still standing all fell to the ground one after another, with terrible cries, suffering from various fractures. They could only watch as Fang Xingjian slowly walked away, disappearing into the darkness.

Hylong stared at Fang Xingjian's fading back, his expression full of hatred. Although his injuries were very serious, he had the specialty 'High Speed Regeneration', which allowed his injuries to recover at a rate visible by the naked eye. After a few minutes, he was already able to stumble to his feet.

Chapter 108 Uninhibited

Lilia followed behind Fang Xingjian, agitated. She lugged a big basket of steel swords on her back, saying, "Teacher, you're really awesome! It's too satisfying!" She looked at Fang Xingjian and said with stars gleaming in her eyes, "Where are we headed to next?"

Fang Xingjian threw a glance towards his Stats Window. After the battle earlier, his Ice Age Meditation Art progressed once again. It had finally broken through a barrier and reached level 3.

Now, he only felt that his mind was extremely empty; his thoughts and consciousness were extremely clean and clear, even the speed at which his contemplated problems were much faster. All his past memories now seemed clearer by many folds over.

His memories were clear to the extent that even details of the food he ate and drinks he drank for the past over ten days were remembered clearly.

After such a contented battle, the progress for his Ice Age Meditation Art was raised to be much faster.

Such acts of single-handedly challenging opponents with his sword in hand allowed Fang Xingjian to express his feelings frankly, venting the frustrations accumulated from the days of investigation he had just been through.

Hearing Lilia's question, Fang Xingjian replied coolly, "Look for Class 249."

Since he had started it, since he would have to face up to the academy's punishment anyway, he decided to make good use of time and challenge everyone he could. Not only would he be able to steal sword arts, he would also be able to increase the experience gained for his Ice Age Meditation Art.

Thinking of how he could challenge the various experts single-handedly, even his mental cultivation method seemed to circulate

even faster, leaving him feeling delighted.

'When I, Fang Xingjian, does things, I will be uninhibited, seeking only for peace of the heart.'

A cold gleam flashed in Fang Xingjian's eyes as he dashed off, carrying Lilia.

Class 249 was the class whose period spent in cultivation was second only to Class 248. Currently, there were only eight students as well. The Prefectural Champion was an aristocrat by the name of Ralph, who was also a swordsman.

There were many Knights in the Empire, with countless martial arts factions of all kinds. But within the five main categories—which include the Sword and Saber, Staff and Rod, Bow and Arrow, Bare-handed, and Miscellaneous—the Sword and Saber category was naturally the one with the most number of people, taking up at least half the number of Knights there were.

Sword and Saber had always been the one to rule it all.

But the current Class 249 was not gathered together like Class 248 did. Therefore Fang Xingjian directly headed for the Prefectural Champion Ralph's villa.

At that moment, Ralph was in his training room cultivating his sword arts. His back was bare and perspiration ran down like rain. Even though the movement between each of his moves and each of his stances was extremely slow, they would create terrifying trembling sounds in the air. These were the faint shockwaves formed by the muscles and bones in his body which were trembling crazily, causing tremors in the air.

Just then, his body suddenly paused, his longsword slanted, and his Reduced Force Field was like a force field shield, blocking before him.

In the next moment, amidst explosive booms, countless air cyclones knocked down the villa's walls, brazenly sweeping

through every single room in the villa.

In mid air, Fang Xingjian was grabbing on to Lilia's neck as if he was holding on to a little puppy. Encompassed by sword Qis all over, he gently lowered himself down and landed before Ralph.

"Fang Xingjian?" Ralph furrowed his brows and asked, "What do you mean by this?"

Each Prefectural Champion was all chosen from amongst KIRST, each of them had amazing talent and brilliance. Moreover, Ralph had devoted a lot of his time in his cultivation for the past seven years. Regardless if it was in terms of his attributes, level, Waves, or Killing technique, they were all in the best condition.

All along, his actual goal had been to defeat Hamil and then participate in the Regional Selection.

Amongst those who were also in the first transition, only some of the senior instructors in the academy who had transitioned for decades, or the old freaks like Rebecca who were from reputable clans, could win against him easily.

In fact, if it was not because his teammates were slightly weaker than Hamil's, they would definitely be able to win against Hamil's class.

Therefore, even if he knew that Fang Xingjian had transcended the speed of sound and had displayed astonishing talent during the competition, Ralph was still very confident.

It was because, if his opponent was a first transition Knight, he had the confidence to defeat them with his sword regardless who it was. If he did not even have this much confidence, who was he to call himself a Knight, a Prefectural Champion?

It was just like a student from junior high or high school. Even if one was left with nothing and was the last in the level, one would still have the confidence to be able to step over the rich, or even to punch the president of a country in the future. They would not feel

inferior to anyone else. Such was the vigor of youth. Such was the vigor of a Prefectural Champion like Ralph.

Hearing Ralph's question, Fang Xingjian first let go of Lilia. Then, with a point of his index finger, a longsword jumped up from the basket behind Lilia, landing in his hands.

"Receive an attack from my sword first.

"You better buck up, don't be so unprepared such that you can't even receive an attack from my sword."

After finishing his words, Fang Xingjian swung down his sword from a distance, creating a cyclone with a width of about four to five meters. It then instantaneously transformed into an enormous a tornado of sword Qi, swirling towards Ralph.

...

"What?!" Dick's eyes were wide opened in disbelief. "Fang Xingjian tore down Hamil's villa, injured Hamil and the people from Class 248, and then knocked out Class 249's Ralph?"

"That's right!" Class 248's Hylong said. "Teacher, quickly keep your class's Fang Xingjian in check! He's now headed to look for the people from Class 250. He's wreaking havoc in the whole academy!

This is too unreasonable, too outrageous! It's simply the act of gangsters! What right does he have to bash up people like this in the academy, ignoring the regulations?!"

'What right?' Dick thought of the Governor and the Headmaster. He thought of Charlie who had been given a slapped in front of everyone, yet did not even dare to retort and had left feeling crestfallen. He smiled bitterly and said, "Let's go, let's go. We'll go take a look at the situation first."

Hylong had yet to notice the change in Dick's tone. He only nodded furiously and said, "Teacher, such students without any discipline that blatantly infringe the academy's regulations must

definitely be harshly punished!"

'Punished?' Dick let out a cold laugh and threw a glance towards Hylong as if he was looking at an idiot. He had wanted to give him a reminder, but after some thought, he just shook his head.

The two of them quickly headed for the villa of Class 250's Prefectural Champion, meeting many workers, servants and students who had come out as well. Some of their faces were filled with anxiety while others were brimming with curiosity and astonishment.

"Have you heard? Fang Xingjian single-handedly challenged Hamil and Ralph in a row."

"Damn, this Fang Xingjian is too arrogant."

"He's not only arrogant, he is overly strong as well, to be able to win against Hamil and Ralph. Wouldn't that mean that his cultivation for one and a half month is comparable to our years of cultivation?"

"Wasn't he brought in to be investigated by the association? Why is he out again?"

The more Hylong heard, the more infuriated he felt. On the contrary, Dick appeared increasingly calm. From back when he was hostile towards Fang Xingjian to how he looked upon him coldly and unconcerned, Dick now knew well what Fang Xingjian's value was.

It could be said that the current Fang Xingjian was the Headmaster's and Huang Lin's treasure. Even important characters like the Governor's level had valued Fang Xingjian greatly. And the greater the problems he created, the more people he defeated and the stronger they were, it would only be a display of his talent and potential. Not only would he be free from severe punishment, he would only be valued even more.

Of course, he still might be given minor punishments to put up a

front for ordinary students. Towards this, Dick had already thought nothing of it.

And when he followed the crowd to the villa of Class 250's villa, he could only see a land of ruins with countless craters in the ground, fallen buildings, destroyed lawns, and over ten longswords which were pierced into the ground.

"Look, that's Class 250's Genovieve! Damn it! She lost too!"

Dick followed the crowd's gaze, only to see a brown-haired beauty in red armor kneeling down on the ground. A big puddle of blood was under her feet, and trails of blood were trickling down from her face, neck, and stomach as well.

However, they were all just superficial wounds and were not fatal. With a Knight's calibre, it would only take a few days for her to recover.

But at least for now, she no longer had the ability to battle anymore.

Just then, an earth-shaking explosion came once again from the far distance in the academy. Rays of piercing light soared into the skies, and almost every Knight could feel the extreme agitation of the ether particles in the far distance.

"It's the villa of Class 251's Prefectural Champion, Rota!"

"Has the fight started again?"

"Quick! Go and have a look!"

Dick looked towards the rays of light soaring into the air in the distance, smiling bitterly as he shook his head.

Hylong anxiously said, "Teacher, let's go quickly! If not, there's going to be even more injuries!"

"Damn this Fang Xingjian. Does he still give a hoot about regulations? Does he still have any sense?!"

Chapter 109 Discuss

About a few minutes before Fang Xingjian started to move, in the villa of Rota, the Prefectural Champion from Class 251 (the class who had enrolled five years before Fang Xingjian's class), four silhouettes were seated down quietly.

Sitting at the head was naturally Class 251's Prefectural Champion, Rota, who had transitioned into the job Spear of Death. She was amongst the strongest three in the academy and lost out only to Class 248's Hamil and Class 249's Ralph.

It was a beautiful lady with black long hair hanging down like a waterfall, and eyes blue as the sea's water. Her skin was snow white, her legs long and slender, and her every movement revealed a mysterious charm.

She was Class 251's Prefectural Champion, Rota. She was both a Prefectural Champion and an aristocrat, allowing her to nourish her body with an overwhelming amount of resources.

Her four limbs were all slender and strong from the many years of cultivation, and she had a wonderful figure. Countless medicinal cuisine and essence had made her skin to be extremely exquisite, smooth and silky like milk. Each of her slight movement had exuded an astonishing seductiveness and charm.

And respectively, the three people before Rota were the ones who had lost to Fang Xingjian.

Renault was from Class 252, possessed archery that transcended the speed of sound. So was Tresia's Xiu Yi.

Claude from Class 253, had grown up in the Netherworld Valley since young, yet was not skilled in poison arts. He had transitioned into the job Death Vortex.

Amongst those present, aside than Rota, they were all Knights who had all been defeated by Fang Xingjian. Although, Xiu Yi was

not exactly defeated by Fang Xingjian. He originally had the confidence to defeat Fang Xingjian since he had the Ring of Lightning, but to everyone, he had undoubtedly lost to Fang Xingjian. This was also something which had pissed him off even more.

Moreover, the Ring of Lightning had already been taken back by Rebecca.

Seeing that everyone had remained silent and were quietly sitting there, the one with the biggest physique, Claude, shifted in his seat and caused the chair to let out a creaking sound.

Seeing that no one had still spoken up after a few minutes, he impatiently clenched his fist and became the first to break the silence.

"Rota, you're truly very beautiful, but we are not in the habit of having three people against one. If you've nothing to say, then I'll be taking my leave."

An hint of annoyance flashed past Rota's eyes as she said coldly, "You're mouth has really gotten increasingly stinky, Claude. Of course there's a reason that I've looked for you guys today.

"The three of you had all been defeated by Fang Xingjian, right?" Rota said unhurriedly. "Don't you guys wish to win back against him? Or are you going to treat it like nothing has happened, letting people look down on you and point fingers behind your back?"

Fang Xingjian had defeated students of a higher seniority and thus, had received countless commendations and admirations. On the contrary, those senior students he had defeated were seen as useless and received malicious treatments.

Claude and the other two were all proud talents in their own batch, and each of them had on an air of arrogance. How could they be content with this result?

But when Fang Xingjian had displayed the sword technique

which transcended the speed of sound, it eliminated all thoughts they had of it being just a fluke.

Even Xiu Yi, the one who had the most confidence amongst the three of them, was also well aware that if he did not rely on the Ring of Lightning, it would have been impossible for him to defeat Fang Xingjian.

Hearing Rota's words, Renault said with a hypocritical smile, "Fang Xingjian has transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero, being able to transcend the speed of sound despite not having reached the maximum level for the first transition. How fast will he become after he has reached the maximum level in a few years time?

"Of course I want to defeat him. I want to step over him!" Renault said viciously. "I want to see him begging for mercy on his knees, begging me to forgive him. But it's enough to just think about it. I know my own talent. I'll be hard for me to catch up to him in this lifetime."

Saying this, he laughed coldly again, "And now that Fang Xingjian has been taken for investigation, e's now crippled. He has also offended a member of the royalty. He can't even save himself now. Why would I need to make things hard for a dead person?"

"Haha, Renault, if you really think that Fang Xingjian would let that hold him down, I can only say that you're too childish and that I've overestimated you." Seeing the fury reflected on Renault's face, Rota could understand his feelings. "A sixteen year old Windstorm Sword Hero, a sixteen year old Warrior who had transcended the speed of sound... How could those important figures give up on him so easily?

"Moreover, I have someone working in the wards and have just gotten news that he has already woken up.

"Therefore, I'm pretty sure that regarding the matter of Fang Xingjian being brought away by the association, he is not only fine,

he will even be released without a scratch. By then, there would probably be no one in Kirst who could be able to hold him back."

Renault was silent. Xiu Yi frowned and said, "What are you trying to say? If Fang Xingjian is really released, then all the more we can't do anything to him. If such a genius was done in by someone else, the Knight Association would definitely investigate it thoroughly."

"Who said that we're going to do him in?" Rota smiled, saying, "Don't you guys understand? As long as Fang Xingjian remains in this academy, he would naturally pose a threat to our status. Similarly, he would also be a source of pressure."

"You guys have been living too carefree of a life. Now that there's such a strong opponent, why don't we use him to encourage ourselves to attain new breakthroughs? Breakthroughs which exceed our own limits."

Claude said impatiently, "What on earth are you trying to say?"

Rota continued, "Originally, our classes are all competitors. But now that Fang Xingjian has appeared, the pressure that he brings should be sufficient to unite us all together."

Claude, grabbing his chin, said, "You mean that we should gang up on him and give him a thrashing?"

"Idiot." Rota reprimanded. "What I mean is, we can form an alliance and exchange our resources and martial arts experience, progressing together."

She looked towards Claude and said, "Claude, you're able to get the secret medicine from Netherworld Valley at a cheap price, right? I know that quite a few of the secret medicine in Netherworld Valley are only provided to internal members. Not only can they increase one's potential, it can also hasten one's vital energy and blood flow, allowing one's body to undergo a second growth stage and increase in attributes once again."

"And you, Xiu Yi. Tresia Academy's Body Tempering Ointment has always been an extremely valuable and highly sought after product. I also know that there are a few secret Nurturing techniques which can be used to temper the internal organs, as well as circulate one's vital energy and blood just by knowing the approach, even if one is not trained in the path of the sword.

"Renault, your clan has always been secretly running a business with regards to weapons and equipments, right? They can even connect to black markets outside of our country to buy or sell, or even to forge Remains Divine Weapons."

Rota looked at the three Knights before her and said, "It's because there's Fang Xingjian acting as an external source of pressure that we can thus unite together. Or would you rather to be tortured by him every month in the following inter-class competition, losing face before the other students?

As long as we can consume even more medicine vials and ferocious beasts, even be equipped with Remains Divine Weapons, would we still not be able to defeat Fang Xingjian with ten members in each of our classes?"

Renault smiled coldly, saying, "You make it sound so easy. How much interests are involved in this? Are the Elders in your clan agreeable to this? And what about Hamil and Ralph? They have even more good stuff. Why aren't you getting them to take those out?"

"Those two idiots are too arrogant." Rota said. "People like them, before they experience defeat from Fang Xingjian, they would not admit that they were no match for him. That's why I haven't invited them at all. Wait till they lose to Fang Xingjian next month, then we can go and approach them.

"As for our clans' opinions, how would it be more important that improving our own abilities? Fang Xingjian is a threat, but he is an opportunity as well. It will therefore make it easier for us to get

more stuff from our clans than usual. As long as we unite together, we'll be able to get multiple folds more resources than before. Our attributes, Waves, Killing techniques, and armors would all be able to improve by leaps and bounds.

"And Fang Xingjian is just one person alone, with only the academy supporting him. I heard that even the Empire's Divine Weapon he had applied for has been rejected. Therefore, as long as we unite together and share our resources, it's not impossible for us to attain new breakthroughs, or even defeat him.

"The greater the pressure, the greater the rebound.

"I'm sure all of you wish to be promoted and become Conferred Knights. If you don't strive for breakthroughs under Fang Xingjian's great pressure, the chances of being promoted would be even less."

After voicing her thoughts, Rota looked at the three people in front of her, observing their tempted expressions. A smile curled up at the corner of her lips, and as she gave a look of calmness and great intelligence, her charms increased even more.

Following that, the four of them began to discuss the details regarding the exchange of resources and experience. Over ten minutes later, a strong gale swept by, and the entrance to the villa was knocked opened with a boom. Fang Xingjian held onto Lilia and walked in.

Seeing the four of them, he smiled lightly, saying, "Not bad, not bad. All four of you are here. Saves me the trouble of looking for you one by one."

He looked at what was nearly a 10% worth of experience points in increase for his Ice Age Meditation Art after he had challenged two people consecutively, calmly saying, "Come together with me. The instructors are after me. I have at most half a minute for you guys."

Defeating many great Warriors in the academy, Fang Xingjian's

aura grew increasingly strong. His mental cultivation method circulated increasingly faster as well.

He had felt that all the haze in his mind were cleared. It was the first time since he was born to be in such a state, coming and going as he wished, uninhibited at the least.

Chapter 110 One Against Four

"Fang Xingjian, what do you mean by this?" Rota said, puzzled. "We've nothing against each other. I don't understand why you're here to look for me. Moreover, private duels are forbidden in the academy. Are you violating the regulations knowingly?"

Fang Xingjian knocked on the longsword in his hand, saying, "I've made achievements in my sword arts, so it's natural that I want to look for someone to test them out.

"I'm not afraid to tell you that I've just defeated Hamil, Ralph, and some others before coming here. I'd not expected that all four of you are here. This really save me a lot of effort.

"Moreover, if I don't defeat you guys today, my heart will not be at peace."

After saying this, Fang Xingjian felt a great sense of satisfaction. As his thoughts changed, his mental cultivation method had also progressed.

Hearing Fang Xingjian's words, which seemed to be like the sharp edges of a sword, Rota's expression changed. Her pupils contracted as she said coldly, "Fang Xingjian, you're violating the regulations knowingly. Do you have no care for the academy's regulations, for the Headmaster, nor for the Knight Association? To be so blasphemous, are you thinking of rebelling?!"

Fang Xingjian shook his head and said calmly, "Don't talk to me about regulations.

"If everything in this world can be worked out by bringing out rules and regulations, I wouldn't be here to learn sword arts.

"The reason for me to pick up sword arts, is all for the sake of being able to ignore any rules and regulations.

"So, when I, Fang Xingjian does things, I have no inhibitions."

"Arrogant." Renault's gaze was extremely cold and vicious, looking at Fang Xingjian as if he was an idiot. "Today, four of us are here. Could it be that you're thinking of going against all four of us single-handedly?"

Claude also laughed, "Fang Xingjian, after being unconsciousness for a few days, is your brain spoilt now? Do you know what you're talking about?"

"Fang Xingjian, do you really think that you alone can defeat all four of us?" Rota spoke up again. With a cold snort, Fang Xingjian dashed up with his sword in hand, rays of sword Qis were as if hundreds of flowers had bloomed, turning into countless sword Qi tornadoes, heading towards the four people at the same time.

"Let's stop the crap. We'll talk if you able to receive these few sword attacks from me."

All four present were top notch Warriors amongst the first transition Knights. Regardless of whether it was their reaction or their agility, they were far above that of normal Knights. However, the sudden outburst from Fang Xingjian's Supreme Mistwind Sword was akin to a raging thunderstorm, and countless sword Qis came slashing down like rain. The four of them let out a furious bellow as they all tried to deal with the sword Qis. However, they felt as if the sword Qis were omnipresent, piercing in from every single gap and breaking through their defences.

"Damn!" Claude let out a loud bellow, vital energy circulating throughout his body as he activated his Mystic Armor Golden Body. He waved his axes, scattering the sword Qis in the surrounding.

However, he was feeling great terror in his heart.

'This Fang Xingjian, how could he improve so quickly? It's only been half a month and yet his sword Qis' speed and prowess are greater than before.'

The other three were feeling the same too. Amidst the dense sword Qis, they were surrounded by extremely compressed air, which formed sword Qi tornadoes that continued to surround them. It was as if in that instant, there were up to a hundred Knights surrounding and attacking them, making them unable to even touch Fang Xingjian himself.

The four of them knew that it was not the time for them to conceal their abilities, and all of them brought forth their Killing techniques together.

First was Xiu Yi. Within his Reduced Force Field, countless force field shields suddenly appeared, pushing out against the sword Qis in the surroundings as if they were a gigantic aerial cover, encompassing himself and the other three as well.

Next was Claude. The muscles on his arms swelled up like balloons, and then, like a spring which had been compressed to its limit, the two flying axes shot out together like two rays of lightning with a piercing sound cutting through the air. Wherever they passed by, regardless what kind of sword Qi there were, they were smashed by the axes. It cleared up a piece of space in just an instant.

Renault followed with a holler, drawing his bow to the extent that it appeared to be a full moon. After a crisp bang, five Homing Arrows were shot out, releasing a series of sharp cries, tearing through the atmosphere, and chasing after Fang Xingjian's silhouette.

On the other side, a small silver spear appeared in Rota's hands. Just as the sword Qis were dispersed by Claude, Fang Xingjian's silhouette was revealed and the small silver spear in her hands started spinning at a very fast speed like a drill. At the same time, her body also started spinning, and with her graceful floating figure, the small silver spear cut through the air at the speed of lightning, the spear's sound passing through the void.

As the spear disappeared, silver light appeared behind Fang Xingjian, and the high-speed spinning spear head brought along a series of twirling air currents that pierced fiercely towards Fang Xingjian's back.

It was Rota's Killing technique, Void Penetrative Divine Spear, an extremely powerful secret arts which allowed one to directly pass through the gaps between spaces, attacking with disregard for distance.

While this Void Penetrative Divine Spear did not come equipped with any extraordinary powers, each spear attack came and go like an elusive shadow; even ghosts or gods would find it hard to detect.

Moreover, while the spear itself was only equipped with Rota's physical strength, this attack had garnered the energy from the rebound of the muscles throughout her body and had the leverage from the small silver spear, as well as that twisting piercing force.

Wherever the small silver spear passed by, even the air would seem as if it was penetrated, and the tip of the spear would also have a surge of cone-shaped wave.

With this attack, Rota would even be able to pierce through the armor of the Earth's tank.

The Homing Arrows shot towards Fang Xingjian from his front, while Rota's full-powered thrust of the Void Penetrative Divine Spear was coming in from behind.

Facing such attacks, even if it was Hamil, the student who was previously the strongest in the academy, he could only choose to put up a tough resistance, then eventually suffer from internal injuries.

And with Fang Xingjian's defensive abilities and physique, what awaited him would only be serious injuries if he were to receive it forcefully.

Thus, at the critical moment, Fang Xingjian finally displayed his terrifying powers once again, which allowed him to hold his weight amongst the first transition Knights.

His Reduced Force Field was like many ripples that accurately encompassed the five Homing Arrows, as well as the small silver spear.

In the first place, Fang Xingjian's strength was not comparable to theirs. Therefore, the Reduced Force Field he displayed at this moment was also unable to fend off the two attacks. However, no matter how weak the power was, it had at least delayed the attack of the arrows and sword by a little.

With this delay that was less than 0.1 of a second, Fang Xingjian had already twisted his body and sprouted out sword Qis. He stuck close to the tip of the small silver spear and dodged this attack.

At the same time, the longsword in his hand flashed repetitively and the five Homing Arrows were all smashed into powder at the same time.

However, how could Rota's and Renault's attacks just stop there? Just as Fang Xingjian broke through their first round of attacks, another five Homing Arrows shot out, and Rota once again thrust out the swift and elusive attack.

The tip of the spear drilled closed to an inch away from Fang Xingjian's skin but was dodged by him at an extreme speed.

Jingle jingle, swish swish.

The sounds of the arrows being smashed up rang out repeatedly, and dense spear shadows appeared an inch all around Fang Xingjian. They chased after Fang Xingjian and were hard for him to shake off.

And Claude continued to waved his two axes, repeatedly crushing the sword Qis Fang Xingjian created.

Xiu Yi remained still and unmoving, but he was encompassing all

four of them with his force field shield. He was prepared for Fang Xingjian's advancements, which were quick as lightning.

The four of them combined seemed to have completely suppressed Fang Xingjian, and it even seemed as if they had a chance of winning.

It was just then that more and more instructors and students rushed to the scene, looking at the battlefield that appeared as if a tornado had passed by. All of them were struck dumb with amazement.

But looking at Fang Xingjian who was gradually suppressed, they were even more astonished.

"Haha, this Fang Xingjian goes out for wool and come back shorn. Did he not expect to come across three Prefectural Champions at one go?"

"Three Prefectural Champions, and one who was in second place. With there being four strong Knights altogether, even if he loses, he shouldn't feel bitter about it."

An instructor shouted out, "All of you, stop right this instant. Have you all forgotten that it is forbidden to have private duels in the academy?"

But at that moment, Rota and the others had gotten heated up and was not willing to stop. On the contrary, they stepped up their efforts, hoping to be able to stop Fang Xingjian as soon as possible.

Just then, a series of loud eruptions rang out in the air. Fang Xingjian's speed suddenly was brought up to a higher notch once again.

He activated Boundaries Negation and immediately broke away from the attacks of the Homing Arrows and the Void Penetrative Divine Spear.

With a wave of his longsword, Fang Xingjian's body was once again encompassed by sword Qis. He said coldly, "You guys have to

be careful from now on. Don't die from the slash of my sword and waste your many years of hard work and effort."

When everyone was stunned, Fang Xingjian's long sword flashed repeatedly at a speed which transcended the speed of sound, slashing out a series of high speed sword Qis as if hundreds or thousands of atmospheric dragons were created in an instant. They were all moving towards the four.

And this time, once they had come into contact with the sword Qis, everyone felt that something was wrong. It was because each of the sword Qis were all headed for the flaws in their moves.

Roar roar roar roar!

The atmosphere was wrecking havoc, swords and blades were groaning, and in that instant, Rota and the other three felt as if their situation was suddenly being overturned for the worse. They became the ones trying extremely hard to run for their lives and was focusing all their efforts on defence. It was because they were no longer able to not defend themselves, and if they did not, their bodies would be torn into pieces by the sword Qis.

They felt as if each stream of sword Qis were targeted at the weaknesses when their movements changed, as well as the crucial points at when the exertion of their forces changed.

Xiu Yi's force field shields was continuously attacked at their weakest points, and within a few seconds, it was pierced so many times that it was like a sieve.

Claude's flying axes were surrounded by over tens of sword Qi dragons, unable to return to his hands no matter how hard they struggled.

Losing the close range protection from the two, Renault and Rota were fully exposed to Fang Xingjian's attacks.

They continued to fend off, dodge, and move around, only to discover that Fang Xingjian's sword Qis were like the many strands

of spider's threads that attacked them from every direction. Each of them attacked the safe spots they were moving to, and in a short period of time, the space they had to dodge around in became increasingly lesser. As Fang Xingjian got increasingly used to their attacks, there were many times when they were in the midst of performing a move but Fang Xingjian had already been waiting for them at the flaws in their moves.

Finally, with a series of three bangs, Rota's small silver spear, Renault's Sacred Bow, and Xiu Yi's longsword were all knocked out of their hands and brought to Fang Xingjian through the sword Qis.

Fang Xingjian shook his head, "This is nothing great."

The four's faces immediately turned extremely pale, as if they could not believe what had happened right before them. In the next moment, they were overwhelmed with brimming fury.

To have been defeated despite them having fought together. This was a great humiliation like never before.

Chapter 111 Humiliation and Punishment

Boundless fury attacked the four.

At the next moment, however, feelings of disappointment arose in Claude, Renault, and Xiu Yi.

So what if they felt angry? So what if they felt jealous? The difference in their abilities was laid out right in front of them. No matter how angry they felt, it was impossible to change this fact.

What had made them felt even more despair was the talent Fang Xingjian had displayed. How long had it been? Fang Xingjian's abilities had already, yet again, undergone such astonishing progress. They felt that even if they were to combine the resources from all the classes and clans, they would never be able to catch up to Fang Xingjian in their entire lives, forever doomed to stare at his back as he continuously advanced.

But on the other side, Rota let out a loud bellow. The agitated ether particles rippled out from her body, surging out towards all directions. Her long, pitch-black hair flew up as if they were strong flames burning in the air, making her appear as if she was a goddess in the night sky. She revealed her tender skin, her thin waist, and her slender long legs, exuding a breath-taking charm.

At the same time, a burning gaze shot out from her eyes and her hair was ageing at a speed the naked eye could see. While her beauty was being shown, it gave her an additional heroic spirit unique to what female Knights had.

Claude was shocked and said, "Rota! What are you doing!"

The other party was obviously using a Killing technique which was very damaging to one's foundations.

Rota's eyes turned blood red as she stared at Fang Xingjian who was holding a sword, saying coldly, "Fang Xingjian, after giving us such humiliation, you're now thinking of leaving?"

Fang Xingjian threw her an indifferent glance, saying, "Amongst so many Knights in the academy, it turns out that you, a female, has the most guts.

"However, my fist is bigger than yours, tougher than yours. So what if I had humiliated you? What can you do?"

A hint of killing intent flashed across Rota's face, and she said a word at a time, "I started picking up spear techniques from the age of five. For the past over twenty years, it was as if I was was treading on thin ice, trembling with fear, maintaining my best condition at all times. I racked my brains, not daring to slack for even a moment. All this effort was so that I could get recognized. I want there to be no one in this world who could bully me or humiliate me.

"Fang Xingjian, you have extraordinary talent. You can defeat me, but you cannot humiliate me, nor my spear arts.

"Because while a Knight's flesh could be defeated, a Knight's honor cannot be easily humiliated."

With each word she said, the fluctuations of the ether particles on her grew even stronger. The light in her eyes became increasingly bright, as if they were two beams of ionic light beams that continuously shot out.

After finishing her last words, Rota grabbed towards the space and the omnipresent ether particles started gathering at a speed which could be seen by the naked eye. Countless Waves piled up together, creating a crimson red long spear.

‘Effulgence Weapon ! ’

'To think that she could perform it when she's only at the Knight level!'

Renault, Xiu Yi, and Claude all abruptly lifted their heads to look at Rota, whose black long hair continued to gray, and eventually white. Their eyes brimmed with guilt and awareness.

When Rota had finished her words, Fang Xingjian's eyes were wide-opened for the first time. He sized up Rota and said, "You're Rota? Alright, I've remembered you. You spoke well. Because while a Knight's flesh could be defeated, a Knight's honor cannot be easily humiliated.

"You're right. I'll remember this.

"But..."

When he was saying starting saying "b-", Fang Xingjian was still standing where he was. But when he finished the word with "-ut", Fang Xingjian was already standing next to Rota, his hand over her shoulders.

Amongst everyone who were present, no one was able to see how he had done that.

"No matter how passionate one is, it would not be able to change the actual gap. A person's abilities would not be improved just because of a few words.

"But Rota, I'll remember your name." Fang Xingjian's finger tapped lightly on her forehead, creating a soft sound. And so, the other party's brain had already been concussed. She very quickly lost consciousness.

The fluctuations of the ether particles throughout Rota started to weaken together with her consciousness. The last words she heard was Fang Xingjian saying, "You can try to work a bit harder and see if you can catch up to me."

Rota only felt that his words were filled with endless cold and loneliness. At the next moment, her body turned limped and she was completely knocked out.

Fang Xingjian casually caught hold of her and placed her on the ground. He then turned to look at Renault and the other two and asked, "Do you guys want to continue?"

Claude was the first to stand out, speaking undisturbed, "Fang

Xingjian, it's your win this time. After I've attained the Hundred Toxin Battle Physique, I'll come challenge you again."

With that, he left without looking back. Strong gales blew against his hair and revealed his bare chest. It looked as if he was a lion in the wilderness.

Renault and Xiu Yi exchanged a glance and left without saying a word, their gazes brimming with fury and shame. Although they were shaken by Rota's pride, their feelings of resentment and envy towards Fang Xingjian could not be expressed in just a few words.

Fang Xingjian casually dispersed the sword Qis, throwing the weapons belonging to the four of them on the ground.

At that moment, two loud, piercing whistles rang out, accompanied by two black lines in mid-air. The Headmaster and Huang Lin appeared once again.

Looking at the two of them, Hylong, who was behind Dick, stood up and shouted, "Headmaster! Master Huang Lin! Fang Xingjian recklessly attacked students in the academy, injuring over ten people! He has no respect for any law and regulations and had disregarded the academy's regulations! He had even torn down three villas, and tens of servants were injured because of this! "

Looking at this scene, Dick laughed coldly in his heart, 'Idiot. To be the first one to charge up, the Headmaster would definitely remember you.'

As expected, Headmaster Jackson was still thinking about how he could get Fang Xingjian out of the situation when Hylong had stood out, causing him to frown. This was simply an act of coercing and threatening the leadership.

Of course, he could not immediately and blatantly reprimand Hylong. However, he took a long look at him and bore in mind who he was before he slowly said, "Fang Xingjian, is what Hylong said true?"

Hylong said in elation, "Headmaster, there are both witnesses and evidences. So many teachers and students here have seen him assaulting Renault and the other three students, even beating up Rota badly. You must punish such an arrogant fellow heavily!"

Jackson's brows furrowed even more after seeing that Hylong did not know any better and was still shooting his mouth off.

Jackson had already given his judgement about him, 'While his talent is not bad, he isn't very bright and has zero sensitivity. He's only suitable to be a fighter.'

Only when Fang Xingjian threw a glare at Hylong did he then shut his trap, subconsciously taking three steps backwards. He then realized that with the Headmaster besides him, how would it be possible that Fang Xingjian would dare to bash him up?

He blushed and said harshly, "Fang Xingjian, now that the Headmaster is here, are you still not giving in? You still want to attack me?"

"Long-winded." With a flash, Fang Xingjian disappeared and reappeared from his spot. Hylong had not been able to react at all when he was already sent flying with a spin. An immense pain appeared on his cheek, and when he was in mid-air, he spit out two teeth.

He looked at Fang Xingjian, face all red, unable to believe that he was being so arrogant. He shouted, "Fang Xingjian!"

Hylong flew out once again, and this time around, this other side of his cheek swelled up as well. He wanted to continue to shout out, but was stared down by Fang Xingjian's gaze which was sharp as a sword's blade. His voice seemed to be pinned down to his throat.

Hylong could only look towards the Headmaster with a pleading look.

The Headmaster did not even look towards him, but frowned and

asked Fang Xingjian, "Fang Xingjian, you recklessly assaulted other students in the academy, tearing down the dormitories. What more do you have to say?"

"I have nothing to say. Headmaster, I'm willing to accept the punishment."

Huang Lin, on the other hand, was brimming with smiles. To him, it was natural for his disciple to be so arrogant and strong, to be able to challenge and defeat the few strongest students in the academy single-handedly with his sword. Huang Lin was very proud of him.

It had also shown how monstrous Fang Xingjian's talent and potential was.

Jackson moodily stared at Fang Xingjian and Huang Lin, saying, "Since that's the case, your punishment would be to have no allowance for the next six months and to stay in the Reflection Chamber for a month."

Seeing that the punishment was so simple, Hylong stood there in a daze, watching as the Headmaster, Fang Xingjian, and the others all leave. Holding his cheeks with his hands, he seemed to have realized something as he gazed towards the direction the Headmaster had left in.

Only now then did he realize how much the Headmaster had favored Fang Xingjian.

In that instant, a hint of anxiety and bewilderment was reflected in his eyes.

'That won't do. I need to look for Li`er's father (the white-bearded instructor), and get him to put in a good word for me.'

Chapter 112 Teaching

In the academy's Reflection Chamber, Fang Xingjian sat cross-legged on the floor, unceasingly practicing the Nurturing techniques he had learned when he had consecutively challenged the other Prefectural Champions.

This time around, he had learned another four sets of Nurturing techniques, and with the aid of his Unparalleled Sword Intent, the speed at which he was learning sword arts had gotten faster and faster.

So much so that, as soon as he started to learn them he could master them right away, with very little required practice. In less than a day, he had brought all four Nurturing techniques to level 10. It was a pity that these techniques were overlapping with some of the Nurturing techniques he had previously picked up, and thus were unable to provide him with attribute increases.

But even so, he still continued practicing them, bringing them to the maximum level in the hope of increasing the progress of his Unparalleled Sword Intent.

Despite the fact that Fang Xingjian was in the Reflection Chamber, the academy had not reduced the food sent to him. Under the Headmaster's arrangements, a massive amount of ferocious beasts and high quality medicinal food were unceasingly brought in for him, allowing him to replenish the vital energy and blood he depleted with his training. Of course, there was also the Body Tempering Ointment won from the bet with the Tresia Clan.

All these items would raise his potential points by at least 1000 points every day, which was an absolutely extravagant number.

Just like that, everyday, he would cultivate sword arts in the morning, and in the afternoon Lilia, Jack and Anthony would rush over to the Reflection Chamber to receive his guidance on the other side of the metal grill window. Fang Xingjian would also

review his own sword arts through this process.

Lilia and the other two stood a distance away from the metal grill window, continuously practicing the martial arts Fang Xingjian had previously given them guidance on. All three of them were extremely serious in their practice.

It was because time and time again, Fang Xingjian had proven that he was right. Especially after he had challenged six Prefectural Champions in a row. It stood as proof for how much authority he had in sword arts.

Fang Xingjian's eyes were like sharp gleaming sword light, occasionally brushing over the three of them. With his Unparalleled Sword Intent, he was able to see each of their movements very clearly. In his eyes, their flaws were magnified. Each incomplete use of force, each little waste of energy, each circulation of vital energy and blood which was not as smooth as it was supposed to be immediately stood out to him.

With a flick of his fingers, sword Qis swept through the Reflection Chamber. He formed a sword with his fingers to control the atmosphere, creating streams of sword Qis that hit only Lilia's body.

The latter's body shuddered, a hint of red flush flashing across her face. At the same time, she felt an energy force enter her body. She closed her eyes to feel the circulation of the energy in her body, appreciating the sensation.

A moment later, when she started cultivating her sword arts once again, she was able to feel many sensations which she had never felt before in her sword arts.

As Fang Xingjian guided them, he would concurrently try to get used to the existence of the Unparalleled Sword Intent and to increase the experience with his Nurturing techniques, at the same time practicing the Supreme Mistwind Sword.

Lilia and the others on the other hand, could feel that after receiving guidance from Fang Xingjian for the past few days, they were progressing in leaps and bounds. They had no need to think hard in order to understand the principles behind their martial arts, only to follow Fang Xingjian's guidance, learning and simulating by appreciating the force Fang Xingjian sent into them. By doing so, their familiarity with the techniques surged crazily. One day of training this way was comparable to ten days of training in the past.

The moves in a set of martial technique was the same for everyone, but everyone's physique were different, so each person had minor differences when they performed the same move.

However, with regards to using the body itself and its strength, Fang Xingjian could be considered to be at a grandmaster level, the topmost authority, with the capability of providing guidance to get one to move towards the right direction.

Such an invigorating cultivation was very addictive, and they wished that they would be able to be next to Fang Xingjian for twenty-four hours a day, receiving his guidance at all times.

Just as they were making the most of this, Ferdinand, Zhou Yong and Carter came to the Reflection Chamber as well.

Ferdinand did not say anything, but handed him two books and said, "Xingjian, I've heard that you're collecting Nurturing sword techniques? Although our Aristocrat Academy is not known for its sword arts, we do have some sword arts in our collection. I've gotten someone to send them over. You can take a look to see if they are suitable."

Zhou Yong and Carter also walked up. They were now completely convinced of Fang Xingjian's strength, and respectively handed him the Nurturing sword techniques they had gotten, together with fifty gold coins in apology.

With a sweep of with his sword fingers, all four manuals were

brought before him, encompassed by over ten sword Qis. The manuals flipped very quickly with the blowing wind, and after a short half an hour, he had already learned all the sword arts written in the books. Another four sets of Nurturing sword techniques appeared on his Stats Window.

Ferdinand looked towards Lilia and the others who were receiving guidance from Fang Xingjian, an envious gaze reflected in his eyes. He tried to gather his courage and asked, "Xingjian, can I also get you to help give me guidance in my martial arts?"

He was not envious of the rapid progress Lilia and the others were going through because he was not aware of the effects of Fang Xingjian's guidance. He was just envious of how close they were with Fang Xingjian.

Now, in the academy, even a fool knew that Fang Xingjian had a bright future before him.

After all, he did not have only extraordinary talent. He had also transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero, had even transcended the speed of sound, and had managed to obtain the backing of many important characters. Even the Royal Knight Association was helpless.

Ferdinand thought to himself, 'Now is exactly the time for Fang Xingjian to rise. With his talent, even if he's unable to become a Divine level character in the future, he is bound to become a major pillar of the country, and to attain at least level 29 of the second transition. He would be of a status similar to Governor Devitt's.

'If I find a chance to forge a good relationship with him now, I'd be able to profit greatly ten years or more down the road.'

Fang Xingjian threw him a glance, and then Zhou Yong and Carter, saying, "That's fine. You guys can go tell everyone in the academy, that anyone can come to receive guidance from me. But everyone must bring at least a sword technique, regardless if it's Nurturing techniques, Training techniques or Killing techniques."

Fang Xingjian knew that the Unparalleled Sword Intent took into consideration sword techniques which were at the maximum level. Even though he wished to gather even more Nurturing techniques to increase the amount of potential points he could accumulate each day, he did not have any qualms about learning other sets of sword techniques to improve his sword intent.

It was a pity that although Fang Xingjian had sent news out, the next day, other than Lilia, Jack and Anthony, only Ferdinand had also come.

Zhou Yong cultivated sword arts to begin with and, naturally, was willing to try out Fang Xingjian's guidance. Even if the guidance was ineffective, it could relieve the tension between them. However, he belonged to Tresia Clan, and bringing the secret manual the day before was already the limit for him. How could he possibly look for Fang Xingjian to provide him guidance with his sword arts?

As for Ferdinand, he was purely there in a bid to get closer to Fang Xingjian. His clan had already spoken with him, requesting him to do his best to build a good relationship with Fang Xingjian.

Similarly, after bringing the manual yesterday, Carter did not come by again. He cultivated spear arts and furthermore, he found it too embarrassing to attempt getting closer to Fang Xingjian. In other words, he could not set his pride aside.

After all, they were all youngsters, and everyone was young and aggressive at this age. How many people were able to admit their inferiority to others when they were not even at the age of twenty?

Only people like Ferdinand, who had been brought up to be the successor of his clan, and was well-versed in the ways of the world, would be able to do something like that.

Seeing how Lilia, Jack and Anthony had started to practice their martial arts and that occasionally, sword Qis would shoot out from Fang Xingjian's fingers, hitting on their bodies, Ferdinand smiled

and said, "Xingjian, what do you say? Do I do the same as them, while you use your sword Qis on me?" Ferdinand originated from an aristocratic clan in Kirst, and appeared very gentlemanly with his fair skin and white clothes alongside his Knight attire.

When he smiled like that, he appeared even more friendly.

Of course, although he appeared so, Ferdinand did not feel that Fang Xingjian was actually able to give him proper guidance. After all, he was training in the longsphear, while Fang Xingjian was training in sword arts.

It was just like a boxer attempting to give guidance to a wrestler on Earth. The latter would naturally ignore the former, and the two might even end up in a fight.

Looking at Ferdinand, Fang Xingjian nodded. He was also considered the second generation of a renowned clan back in Demonic City. And even though he was not thought highly of, he had come across many outstanding youngsters who were of similar status. He had to admit that at least Ferdinand looked very outstanding in appearance.

Especially when compared to Jack, Anthony or even Lilia, Ferdinand appeared to be very polite, with good disposition and appeared to be well-bred.

Wearing a suit of white, he had the disposition of a fine gentlemen, but the longsphear he was carrying on his back had a hint of killing aura, making him seem more like an intelligent warrior in the battlefield.

Chapter 113 Sword and Spear

Hearing Ferdinand's question, Fang Xingjian shook his head.

Of course, he could not directly use sword Qi to give guidance right from the start. After all, sword Qis were air; more specifically, the attacks he had created by lashing the air.

It could be used to transmit force, but it was impossible for him to sense the movement of one's internal muscles through this method.

The Reflection Chamber he was in now was made from rocks, with only a few small windows showing the lawn outside. Although he could use the windows to observe how others practiced their martial arts and then send out sword Qis to guide them, it was impossible for him to go through close combat unless he did not have any qualms and tore down the chamber.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian said, "I'll go out for a while and spar with you directly. If not, I won't be able to grasp your energy flow."

"Come out?" Ferdinand was stunned. He looked towards the guard who was standing at the side. It was a white-haired old man about fifty to sixty years old. As a defender of the academy's regulations, not many would dare to force their way through the cell when he was around, even when he was not even at the level of a Knight.

Fang Xingjian looked at the old guard and said, "I'll spar with him for a while just right outside."

That guard hesitated for a while, but after considering Fang Xingjian's background and talent, he knew that the other party would be able to chase him out of the academy with just a few words. He did not dare to offend such a character. Thus, he immediately smiled and said, "You're too modest. If you really wish to go out, even if there were a hundred of me, I still wouldn't

be able to stop you."

He smiled and opened the big metal door to the stone chamber. Fang Xingjian walked out slowly. As he walked out, the bones throughout his body let out explosive and crisp crackling sounds. It was as if chunks of firecrackers had exploded in his body.

He was actually just channeling his internal energy and circulating his vital energy and blood before the battle.

Even so, Fang Xingjian created strong gusts of wind around him, displaying a strong brutal force which caused Ferdinand's eye to twitch.

Usually, only those Knights who had cultivated for three years or more would be able to display such authoritative powers. Since when had Ferdinand seen it on someone from the same year as him?

On the other end, Lilia and the others seeing that Fang Xingjian had walked out, immediately stopping what they were doing as they looked towards Fang Xingjian with gazes full of expectation.

Lilia was especially excited, her eyes squinting as if she was a kitty enjoying itself. The muscles on her slender long legs were also tensed up as she shouted, "Teacher is going show his skills again? I feel that teacher is appearing increasingly dignified."

"Lilia, lend me your sword for a while."

Hearing that, Lilia immediately tossed her sword over. Fang Xingjian received it and waved it for a while, causing a series of loud sounds to ring out as the blade sliced across the air, .

He turned towards Ferdinand and said, "Come at me. Don't use extraordinary strength, just use the strength from your physical body. No need to hold back either, come at me at full force."

Ferdinand was also stunned for a while. However, he was not one who dragged his feet either. Considering Fang Xingjian's abilities, he knew that it was impossible for him to deal heavy injuries to

Fang Xingjian.

Therefore at the next moment, he said with his longsphear already in hand, "Alright, here I come then."

In that instant, his white clothes moved, and with a dash, the longsphear in Ferdinand's hands had already brought along an extremely strong spiralling force, as if it was a big drill thrusting towards Fang Xingjian's chest.

The immense force was channeled from Ferdinand's body to his longsphear, and during that dash, a hint of ripples from the twisted air had even appeared on his longsphear, as if it was a dragon who had transcended the void and was swallowing Fang Xingjian.

This spear attack was fast, furious, and violent. It could penetrate an elephant from its head all the way to its tail. The strength from all over his body was perfectly condensed into this attack, and it was the the most truthful display of Ferdinand's physical strength, as well as spear technique.

But facing this spear attack that was like a dragon trying to swallow him, Fang Xingjian's face did not even twitch.

Under his vision, he could see too many flaws in this extremely condensed attack with his Unparalleled Sword Intent, .

With a flash of sword light, Fang Xingjian thrust his spear and lightly tapped on the pole of Ferdinand's spear. The latter's strength was scattered as a feeling of being unable to advance or retreat enveloped him.

His face turned grim and he immediately changed his move. Flicking up the tip of his spear, he snapped it towards Fang Xingjian from bottom to top.

Not only did this flick tap into Ferdinand's own strength, but also 70% of the speed and strength from the earlier thrust, reflecting the principles of a lever.

If this flick was used on a modern day battlefield, it would be able

to send a tank flying.

Facing this attack, Fang Xingjian still thrust his sword from the side. With the flash of sword light, Ferdinand could only feel that the long spear was moving crazily, as if it was an anaconda which was struggling fanatically and trying to escape from his hands. He then felt the weight in his palms dissipate as the weapon had already been sent flying.

'What? How could this be?' Ferdinand looked at the long spear on the ground in disbelief. 'I've started practicing spear arts from the age of six and the first thing I did was to firmly hold onto my long spear. Now, my grip on my spear is very strong, and unless I'm willing to, even ten wild bulls would not be able to take it away from me. How on earth did he do that? I didn't feel any immense strength surging over.'

Looking at the dazed Ferdinand, Fang Xingjian said with composure, "Regardless of whether it's a fist technique, sword technique, or spear technique, their principles lie in how to use the muscles, bones, vital energy, blood, and internal organs. There would naturally have many connecting similarities.

"Your spear technique from earlier was like that of a dragon, and you had displayed more than half of your powers, but there would still be flaws.

"From what I see, your attack was to first thrust, then flick. You focused on penetrating force, which requires you to twist your strength from all over your body into the form of a dragon before unleashing it as an attack.

"In this attack, you've used the strength from your legs, your waist, your shoulders, your arms, your internal organs, as well as the strength from the circulation of your vital energy and blood.

"Putting efficiency aside, while your muscles and bones are sufficiently condensed, the strength from your vital energy and blood still has some small flaws. But this is not a problem with the

technique itself. It's just that your chest is slightly broader than normal people, and your heart is slightly more towards the left."

Hearing this, Ferdinand was once again astonished. He also knew of the flaws in his spear arts, which was that he was slightly weaker in his control of his internal organs, vital energy, and blood. This was also what the elders from his clan and the instructors in the academy had mentioned to him before.

But he would never have expected that from just one spar, Fang Xingjian would be able to tell this much. He was even able to point out that Ferdinand's heart was located slightly to the left. What kind of judgement did he possess?

However, being able to discern was one thing. To truly change it, he could only rely on gradual training by slowly channeling his force throughout his body—both internally and externally—and truly grasping the respective internal and external forces.

This was a long-term project, and many Conferred Knights whose strength attributes had exceeded 100 points were still not truly able to fully grasp each hint of strength throughout their bodies, both internally and externally.

However, looking at his expression, Fang Xingjian did not say anything. In the blink of an eye, sword light flashed out, and he had already slapped his sword at Ferdinand's waist.

At first, Ferdinand was stunned and was about to dodge and retaliate. But after the force entered his body, he was stunned once again.

Fang Xingjian's voice rang out next to his ear, "Carefully appreciate this force."

This force directly flowed through Ferdinand's internal organs, blood vessels, all the way to his arms, and even led along the circulation of the strength from his muscles, thrusting out from his arms and releasing an explosive bang.

"This... this is the circulation of the strength from the attack earlier." Astonishment flashed past Ferdinand's eyes.

Chapter 114 Interlinked Forces

Ferdinand knew that Fang Xingjian was extremely talented. If not, how could he have transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero? How could he have transcended the speed of sound at the age of sixteen?

But he had never thought that the other party would be able to guide him in his spear arts.

However, the scene before him smashed through his common sense. The force that Fang Xingjian sent into him was not only extremely precise as it flowed through his body via his vital energy and blood and his tendons, but it also did not hurt his body in the least!

The most horrifying thing was that this energy was exactly the force his earlier attack was meant to unleash. Its strength was not only profound, it was actually perfect! The grasp on his vital energy and blood suddenly became better tailored for his body, as if he had practiced this move for decades. It could be used by Ferdinand as a standard to refer to, and it was something that even he was unable to display.

He looked at Fang Xingjian and asked in astonishment, "You've practiced the Hundred Blossoms Spear Technique?"

"I haven't practiced spear arts before." Fang Xingjian let out a light thrust of his longsword with a terrifying whizz, making a crisp explosive sound, as if an enormous dragon had pounced out and onto a lump of air before it.

Feeling the air blowing and pressing against his face, Ferdinand felt even more astonished than before. He pointed to Fang Xingjian's longsword and said, "This... Is this still the previous move?" Ferdinand had, after all, practiced spear arts for over twenty years, and had managed to sense the fine difference right away.

"The sword arts and the spear arts have some subtle differences. The distance from the target and the weight of the weapon lead to a certain degree of difference in the moves used for each. However, as with the previous thrust, there are many similarities between the two," Fang Xingjian said. "I used the longsword to display your spear technique from earlier was because I understood the application of the force in that move. Knowing how the force circulates makes things easier."

"Knowing how the force circulates makes things easier?" The gaze Ferdinand was looking at Fang Xingjian with was now very much different. It was because he recalled something his grandfather had told him earlier.

"Ferdinand, there's a type of genius in this world who will be able to pick up any technique the moment they start to learn, and master just when they start to practice it. It's because they have grasped the circulation of force in the human body. So no matter what Nurturing technique or Training technique it is, nothing is hidden from their eyes. They can even tweak the moves depending on the differences of the human body, displaying the martial technique in the way best suited for them.

They have already reached a level of Interlinked Forces that they're able to master anything, without exception. When you come across such a genius, you must definitely not make an enemy out of him. If you've already made an enemy out of him, then you must immediately escape, and never turn back."

Ferdinand looked at Fang Xingjian, already treating him as a super genius who was able to achieve Interlinked Forces. He said respectfully, "You've gone through great trouble to guide me today."

Fang Xingjian did not pay any heed to the change in his attitude. It was because with his abilities and talent, it was natural for him to receive respect and admiration.

Especially after he had gotten Unparalleled Sword Intent – there was nothing in normal physical moves which could hide or be hidden from him. He could identify all the connecting similarities they had with sword arts. No matter the moves and means, he was able to identify the flaws with just one look, enough to display the move with just a quick spar.

Of course, this did not mean that he had picked up the technique. It was just that he could imitate the movement of the force in his sword arts.

It was like how the jab of a fist was similar to that of a longsword or longspear. Or the swing of a saber was similar to that of a sword or staff. They all had similarities in the force exertion.

Due to his Unparalleled Sword Intent, and due to having the world's topmost sword talent, Fang Xingjian's sword arts had reached the level of Interlinked Forces. So, regardless of whether it was martial arts in the swords and sabers category, staffs, or even hand-to-hand combat, he was able to display a similar style of force exertion.

And even if he were to learn other styles of martial arts now, he would also be able to pick them up very quickly. However, it would mean that he would have to start all over again. There was no need for this.

And because his Nurturing techniques and Training techniques already covered every part of his physical body, even if he were to pick up other martial styles, they would definitely be repetitive and basically a waste of time.

However, having such means to guide others was too scary.

Therefore, for the next hour, Ferdinand continued to display various Nurturing, Training, and even Killing spear techniques to Fang Xingjian. Each time, Fang Xingjian would easily see through them and tell him the flaws in his performance. Fang Xingjian would then send a force into his body, allowing him to carefully

inspect it.

"So that's how it is, that's how it is. I've always thought that my Hundred Blossoms Spear Technique had already attained perfection, but was unable to understand why I hadn't been able to reach level 10 after so long. So it's because I was short that bit of force from my heart. But the heart is inside the human body, and is extremely weak and delicate. If force is channeled here, if one is not careful, it may cause internal injuries or even death.

"Only someone like you, who has attained the state of Interlinked Forces, would be able to grasp the circulation in my body so easily, and even be able to demonstrate the ideal strength."

Ferdinand looked at Fang Xingjian, astonished. His gaze towards Fang Xingjian now had a hint of clarity, free from inhibitions. Being guided by Fang Xingjian like this, he had managed to find the ideal force circulation in just a moment. To a martial arts practitioner, this was extremely satisfying.

It was like a high school student solving biology questions with someone doing the same questions beside him and explaining the solution to him, in detail. He would not have to fumble around by himself.

Hearing Ferdinand's words, Fang Xingjian nodded, saying, "When one practices martial arts, one must be very careful with the standard movements for Nurturing techniques and Training techniques, as well as with the circulation accuracy of the muscles, vital energy, and blood.

"Only then will you be able to gain the maximum potential points and the greatest amount of experience points, thus achieving the best training results.

"Otherwise, it'll just be twice the work with half the results, and it may even be harmful to the body."

Ferdinand nodded in agreement, "It's the same for Killing

techniques. Regardless if it's for sword arts or spear arts, when it boils down to the basics, they all require one to display the most fundamental moves such as stab, flick, point, and parry.

"Even if it's a battle between Knights, once they get into close combat, other than the extraordinary strength from Killing techniques, the physical strength used to circulate the Killing techniques is also very important. If one is able to perfectly grasp the circulation of forces required for Killing techniques, then that one will become extremely terrifying."

At the mention of the word 'terrifying', Ferdinand took a long look at Fang Xingjian, thinking that the Fang Xingjian now was the one who was truly terrifying.

Early morning the next day, Ferdinand brought along Carter, who was also cultivating in spear arts, just like himself. Other than that, there were also three other Knights from other classes. They were all seniors from the same academy as Ferdinand.

Ferdinand called out towards Fang Xingjian, saying, "Xingjian! Could you see if you're able to spar and give guidance to these three seniors of ours?"

The corner of Fang Xingjian's lips curled up slightly and calmly said, "It's fine as long as each of them provide me with a sword arts manual not available in the academy."

Although these Knights all practiced spear arts, with their respective status and power, it was not that difficult for them to look for a sword arts manual which was not available in the school.

Moreover, they had long heard about the prerequisite from Ferdinand, and had brought it along with them today.

Keeping the secret manuals, Fang Xingjian walked out slowly, receiving Lilia's longsword, and told the three of them, "All of you can attack at once."

The three of them were aware that Fang Xingjian was very

strong, since he had single-handedly challenged six Prefectural Champions. However, they still held some doubts regarding what Ferdinand had said, that the other party had attained the realm of Interlinked Forces, and could now provide guidance for other people's martial arts, be it saber, spear, or even the staff.

No matter how talented Fang Xingjian was, no matter that his speed was unparalleled, but having attained the state at which his sword arts could be linked with other styles of martial arts... How unbelievable was that? How could a person who had not taken up the sword less than a year before be able to accomplish this? They were extremely doubtful about it.

Hearing Fang Xingjian say this, they exchanged a glance and nodded.

"Then we'll seek your guidance."

The next moment, three cold gleams lighted up, as if three flood dragons were overturning seas and rivers, with a might as if meteorites had fallen from the skies, making a smell of burnt metal. They thrust it towards Fang Xingjian.

Chapter 115 Rationale

Facing the concurrent attacks from the three longspears that were akin to three shots of stinger missiles, Fang Xingjian creased a series of cold light everywhere with the longsword in his hand, as if it was a counter-missile system, pointing respectively on each of the three longspears at the very last moment.

The longspears rushed in his direction, their speed comparable to that of stinger missiles; the circulation of force from the tip of the spear was akin to flower buds, trembling unceasingly and causing the enemies to mistake where they would be landing.

The whole process tore through the air and brought about a tremendous sound wave attack, as if they would overthrow an ordinary man with a strong build just from the trembling.

It was as if these three spears had transformed the moves into dishes, bringing both the appearance and taste to their limits.

It was as the saying went, ruling a big country was like cooking a small fish—the control over every step in the process was very important. And now, these three had brought their level of cultivation in their spear arts to the stage where every single detail was carefully controlled. Such prowess and achievements were truly astonishing.

Lilia, Ferdinand, and the others stood at the side as they gazed upon the scene, each of them feeling that it was an extremely dangerous scene. If they were in Fang Xingjian's shoes, they would not even be able to dodge any attacks, let alone fend them off. It was because these three spears were too dangerous and violent.

These three spear attacks seemed to be demonstrated with great mastery and were fast as the blink of an eye. They trembling unceasingly and even confused their opponent with sound waves. However, Fang Xingjian could, in the blink of an eye, pinpoint the three longspears with extreme precision, scattering the forces

circulated by the spears. It was done with great precision and speed.

Almost at the same moment, Fang Xingjian pointed his sword thrice and the three longswords became like tremendous dragons that had been stripped of their tendons and skin, dropping to the ground as if they had lost all their energy.

The three of them let out an astonished cry and quickly retreated, looking at Fang Xingjian as if they were looking at a freak.

One of them, a man with a beard, said, "You're good. You've learnt our Welkin Spear Arts before?"

Fang Xingjian shook his head, saying, "I haven't."

Another Knight with a handlebar moustache said, "Then how could you instantly see through the flaw in our spear technique?"

Fang Xingjian thought about it and said, "It was just right there, and I saw it."

The three knights turned silent and exchanged a glance. In the next moment, the tip of the spears moved again and the three of them attacked from where they stood once more, creating a myriad of cold stars with the tip of the spears that encompassed Fang Xingjian like the milky way.

Facing such a majestic and overwhelming attack, any ordinary person would panic, not knowing where to defend against. Even Lilia, Ferdinand and the others who were standing at the side could only think of retreating first and not getting involved.

However, Fang Xingjian's expression did not change. Looking into the sky that was filled with stars, he once again tapped his sword three times. With that, all but three stars disappeared, leaving the three stars to fall like shooting stars, unable to move.

The leader with the beard looked at Fang Xingjian in astonishment and said, "You're even able to identify the flaw for

this attack?" With that, not waiting for Fang Xingjian to react, he shook his head, "Your sword is not only fast, but also firm, and it seems as if you don't have a single flaw with your muscles, bones, vital energy, blood, and internal organs at all. With such great stamina and strength, you must have quite a few sets of basic sword techniques which have been brought to the maximum level?"

"While the primary effect of Nurturing and Training techniques is to temper the attributes, they also encompass the most basic methods of force circulation required in all martial techniques.

"And in a battle between Knights, the focus is on the Killing techniques which has two parts. First, a clash of extraordinary powers, and secondly, a close range combat. But to be strong in close combat and have firm foundations, one must fully comprehend Nurturing and Training techniques, to be able to move the muscles and bones, fine tune the activation of vital energy, blood, and internal organs, and to apply these into the close combat with Killing techniques. Only this would be truly terrifying."

With that, he shook his head, "But it's a pity that we've only understood this rationale a year ago, while you've already gone so far ahead of us. It's a joke that everyone thought the reason you're able to throw your weight around is because of the unparalleled speed that comes with the Windstorm Sword Hero.

"But only when you slow down would we then be able to understand how terrifying your sword arts is."

That was truly the case. Fang Xingjian's speed in his past battles had been simply too fast, and in the battles which was fast as lightning, his opponents tend to not be able to understand what had happened before they were already down.

And now, he was using the pretext of guiding others in their training to collect sword arts, he would naturally slow down his movements to exemplify the level of cultivation of his sword arts.

A slight considering expression appeared in Ferdinand's gaze. While he understood that Fang Xingjian's Interlinked Forces was very strong, he could not explain what was so great about it. Only when the bearded man said this did he then understand.

The Knight with a handlebar moustache said, "To be able to see through the flaws in our techniques with just one look, your level of sword arts cultivation is truly amazing. We would also like to exchange pointers and train in our spear arts together with you."

Fang Xingjian nodded, "You're very welcome."

Lilia pouted unhappily, "Why are there more people now? Wouldn't this mean that the time that teacher has to guide me will become shorter and shorter? Do these people not have their own teachers?"

Ferdinand smiled, "Lili..."

"Don't call me Lili." Lilia shouted as if she was a young tiger baring out her teeth and claws. Seeing that Ferdinand was not bothered, she pouted and smashed her fist towards his stomach.

Ferdinand had not thought much of Lilia's punch at first. After all, she was not even a Knight, so how much strength would she have?

But at the next moment, seeing the strong winds that started blowing, his expression immediately changed. However, as Lilia was really too close from him, he could not react in time to block with his hands, and could only display the Reduced Force Field, encompassing Lilia's fist like a spider's web.

That small delicate fist seemed as if it was made from jade, but when it hit Ferdinand's stomach, he felt as if a maniacal elephant had knocked him down.

Ferdinand let out a weird cry, his face green, and his eyes bulging as he looked at Lilia in disbelief. He felt as if his intestines were torn.

'What on earth did Kirst's City Lord that old bastard feed his daughter with? A dragon?'

It was thanks to his good physique that he could receive this punch when he was unprepared. If it was someone else, the person would probably be smashed into pieces.

Jack and Anthony snickered. It was not the first time they had suffered from Lilia's monstrous strength. Seeing that Ferdinand was experiencing the same thing as they did, they could not help but gloat.

Lilia let out a cold laugh, blow on her fist and said, "If you call me by weird names again, I won't be hitting the same spot next time." She then threw a glance towards the area below Ferdinand's stomach.

Ferdinand broke out in cold sweat, while Jack and Anthony also subconsciously felt that cold on their lower part of their bodies.

Ferdinand coughed a few times to cover up his embarrassment, "Lili..." Looking at that murderous gaze, he immediately changed, "Miss Lilia, although I don't know why he is doing this, I've only brought up the suggestion of him providing guidance in martial arts to gather people here because I saw that your Master wishes to collect sword techniques. This would not only allow him to collect sword arts manuals, he would also be able to learn and benefit from others' strong points.

"While I don't know what's his reason was for doing so, I feel that it might be because your Master has reached some sort of a bottleneck in his sword arts and would like to take a look at the sword arts from other factions as a reference.

"Of course, there's a greater possibility that Xingjian wishes to establish his powers, confirming the powers in the academy..." However, Lilia was no longer paying attention to what Ferdinand was saying.

"Oh," Lilia suddenly slapped on a thigh and said, "There's plenty of sword techniques in the library we have at home. I'll bring them to Master at once."

Ferdinand on the other hand, gasped as he dropped to the ground. He touched his thigh and asked, "Why did you slap my thigh?"

Lilia rubbed the back of her head, laughing straightforwardly, "Sorry, sorry. You guys wait right here. I'll go get the secret manuals from the library at home."

Chapter 116 Longspear

Ferdinand shook his head and a smile broke out on his face upon seeing the interaction between Fang Xingjian and those three Knights.

These three Knights were spear practitioners and the one in the lead was named Sandroux. All three of them were not only his seniors back then in the Aristocrat Academy, they were also the top few experts. Not only that, the reason why they were so powerful was primarily because of their comprehension in the field of spear arts.

Removing the advantages they had in terms of their attributes and extraordinary strength and just looking at their mere close combat techniques alone, they could be ranked in the top ten in the whole academy of over eighty Knights. They were widely-acknowledged as close combat experts, as well as techniques specialists.

Ferdinand guessed that Fang Xingjian had intended to borrow the prestige of having defeated six Prefectural Champions in consecutively to establish his own dominance within the academy and turn all the students into his own supporters.

Naturally, he did not know that his guess was off and that Fang Xingjian had merely wanted to collect more sword techniques. However, this did not stop Ferdinand from thinking of ways to aid Fang Xingjian.

He used his own connections and invited Sandroux and the two others because he firmly believed that Fang Xingjian had the capabilities to guide and even suppress the three of them in terms of martial techniques.

As long as he build up his reputation, the people who approach Fang Xingjian for guidance would also naturally increase.

As someone who had personally experienced Fang Xingjian's profound sword arts, Ferdinand firmly believed that as long as the other students in the academy had experienced it for themselves, there was no way for them resist the temptation of receiving guidance from Fang Xingjian.

This blatant feeling of growing unceasingly stronger and that everything had suddenly connected together was something that, he would feel intoxicated for as long as he was a Knight.

In fact, it was as what Ferdinand had thought. As the reputation of Fang Xingjian's sword guidance spread out, especially after even spear arts experts like Sandroux and the other two had admitted that Fang Xingjian's sword techniques were all unfathomably profound and surpassed that of any student and instructor by far, more and more people had come to receive guidance from Fang Xingjian outside the Reflection Chamber.

But this also affected the students in many areas.

...

In a vast training room, over ten students who were Knights each wielded large steel spears of two meters long, unceasingly shaking. Each of the large spears were akin to giant pythons trembling about, wavering the air and releasing buzzing explosive sounds.

Their bodies moved in tandem with the spears, sometimes hacking, sometimes bursting, sometimes piercing, sometimes springing; exhibiting the basic fundamentals of spear arts.

As for the few of the most senior Knights, the spears in their hand were like thunderbolts, and every time they vibrated the spears, it resembled a thunderstrike from the heavens that created layers of air ripples.

An instructor with a goatee, who seemed to be about over fifty years of age, was walking to and fro around the students and surveying the Knights who were waving about their large spears.

He occasionally nodded or shook his head.

He was the instructor for the spear arts tuition class. Similar to what it was like in modern day Earth, with there being instructors who wanted to earn additional money, as well as students wanting to increase the skills and proficiency, tuition classes were born. And for a top notch instructor like this person with the goatee, each student would have to pay a tuition fee of two gold coins per month.

On average, he could earn several tens of gold coins every month.

“When practicing spear arts, the trembling of the spear is one of the most fundamental skillset. Your waist and hips must be as one, your eye and hand coordinated, your breathing like the thunder while your spear like a dragon. Only by remembering these four points would you then be able to grow your body’s strength and increase your proficiency in the martial techniques.”

Just like that, they practiced for another half an hour before the instructor stopped and said, “Alright, the warm-ups will be stopped here for today. Next, all of you take turns to spar with me using your spear.”

Sparring with spears was one of the most cruel methods in spear arts practice. After all, both parties would each be holding a two metre long steel spear. It was unlike sparring between bare fists or with sabers and swords, where the opponents would still show mercy. While sparring with the great spears, each penetration would create a huge cavity in the opponent’s body, which would lead to either death or heavy injuries.

Only people like this instructor with the goatee who relied on their abilities to act tyrannically over students, whose only opponents were all extremely talented official Knights, and who had overwhelming physique and attributes would dare to practice like this.

If ordinary soldiers were to train in this method, there would

definitely be 50% dead every year.

But only through such intrepid training sessions would one's physical attributes and reaction be ignited, tempering one's ability to withstand pressure and allowing one to be able to maintain a calm and unflustered temperament when in actual combat or even death.

As the instructor with the goatee finished his words, the spear in his hand trembled violently, emitting a vigorous energy and causing each and everyone of the students to feel as though they were in a bloody atmosphere. They felt as if they were the middle of a battlefield, together with a magnificent army of soldiers and horses.

Evidently, not only was this goatee instructor extremely powerful and highly proficient in spear arts, he was also a Knight who had retired from the battlefields.

However at this moment, he was frowning, his face filled with balefulness. "Where's Paro? Where has he gone? Why hasn't he turned up for the spear arts classes since yesterday?"

The students exchanges glances, not daring to reply. The goatee Instructor pointed his spear's tip directly at a student, "Seid, you're on good terms with Paro. Do you know where he went? Why hasn't he been coming for the spear arts lessons?"

With this tap of his spear, the air boiled up and the body of the spear trembled immensely, creating an explosive sound which was akin to a great hammer slamming down onto metal. It manifested into a sonic boom.

Naturally this sonic boom was not as shocking as when Fang Xingjian had created it back then. After all, it was very natural for an instructor who had decades of experience to transcend the speed of sound. How could it be compared to Fang Xingjian's breakthrough at the mere age of sixteen?

The surrounding students had long since known of their instructor's strength and was not surprised.

However the student whom the spear tip was pointed at still felt that his ears were numb, as if he had just received a punch in the head out of nowhere and his legs could not even stand straight.

His face turned white as he spoke, "Instructor, Paro has went over to where Fang Xingjian is."

"Fang Xingjian again?" The goatee Instructor frowned. He naturally knew about this Fang Xingjian. This guy had obtained victory after going against ten people single-handedly in the inter-class competition, then consecutively challenged six Prefectural Champions in one go. There was no one in the academy would had not heard about him.

But recently, Fang Xingjian had started to guide the students on their martial techniques, causing many of them to skip their martial technique classes in favor of Fang Xingjian's guidance.

'Hmph, this Fang Xingjian only practiced the sword for less than a year. Even if he has monstrous talent and has transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero, he would only have an an advantage in terms of his attributes, speciality, and Killing technique. What would he know about sword arts at such a young age? He's only depending on his fast speed and great strength.' The goatee instructor disdainfully snorted in his heart, yet he showed no fluctuation on his face. 'And even if he really knew about martial arts, it would be for sword arts. Paro was learning the spear from me. Why did he look for him on guidance on spear arts? This is utterly nonsensical.'

Of course, what he hated most was that Fang Xingjian had snatched his student away.

He collected tuition fees and taught here, while Fang Xingjian casually recruited students by accepting any random sword technique's secret manual. He was obviously snatching his rice

bowl! One must know that Knights had to eat as well, and the tuition fees they earned was a large part of their income. So how could he give up so easily?

Although these highly experienced instructors in the academy may not be comparable against many Prefectural Champions in terms of their talent, each of them were engrossed in their respective selected fields for decades, tempering their attributes and Waves for many years. They would surpass ordinary Prefectural Champions in almost all aspects, and even more so when compared to the majority of the students.

Naturally, the abilities of first transition Knights could be divided into several levels. Unless there was a great disparity in their talent, there would naturally be a great difference between those who had cultivated for a year or two compared to those that cultivated for seven to eight years.

For example, Hamil, Ralph, and Rota had mostly met the goals they had set out for the attributes, specialties, and Killing techniques for the Knight phase. They could be considered the first-tier in powers among all first transition Knights.

Meanwhile, people like the goatee instructor, who had accumulated decades of cultivation at the first transition level and still continue to train hard, were of an even higher level and belonged to the group that was considered to be the pinnacle of all first transition Knights.

And further up would be people like Tresia Clan's Rebecca, first transition Elders from major clans and factions. They had not only accumulated experience through decades of cultivation, but had also consumed countless heavenly ingredients and earthly treasures, as well as cultivated many secret manuals passed down internally. They could even defeat Conferred Knights who had just completed their second transition.

And these senior instructors like the goatee instructor were those

at the pinnacle amongst the first transition. They were sufficiently strong, but they had reached the end of their potential. Thus, they could not pass the test of their talent during the Regional Selection. If not, they would definitely participate in the Regional Selection instead of staying here as an instructor.

Even though their potential had been fully exhausted, considering the fact that they had gone through decades of cultivation and had all already become experts in their respective selected fields of martial techniques—including the spear, sword, staff and fist—they would naturally look down on someone like Fang Xingjian who, with his monstrous talent, relied on his attributes and specialties in order to suppress his opponents with his sword techniques.

They might have admired Fang Xingjian's talent and envied his aptitude, but there was no way they would really looked up to someone who had only a year of practice in sword arts.

No matter how outstanding those Knights who had merely cultivated for a few years were, in their eyes, they were merely students.

Moreover, these instructors secretly felt that Fang Xingjian would need at least a few more years before he could surpass the attributes, specialties, and Killing techniques which they had been cultivating for decades.

This was especially true for someone like the goatee instructor, who was one of the top notch characters amidst the senior instructors. Back then, he was also the Prefectural Champion and was the trump of the Sharp Sabre Squadron back when he was in the army. It was only that he did not pass the Regional Selection and could not break through to the second transition. Thus, he could only let the years slip by till he no longer had a chance to break through to the second transition.

But even so, his current five attributes were all above 90 points,

and he had learnt over ten sets of spear techniques, had over twenty specialities, and had three Killing techniques. Even the strongest amongst the students, Hamil and Ralph, were naught but small kids in his eyes. He even had the confidence to be able to defeat them without the use of his extraordinary strength, but with just the use of surprise attacks, followed by a close up kill.

Fang Xingjian might be able to surpass him in the future, but at least for now, he would never believe that Fang Xingjian had already surpassed him both in terms of his extraordinary strength and close combat. He was very confident that he would be able to suppress Fang Xingjian, especially in terms of his level of martial techniques.

However, Fang Xingjian currently was the most popular character in the academy, and he even had the support of the Headmaster behind him. Although the goatee instructor, a retired militant, had an explosive temper, he would never easily say anything nor make an enemy out of his opponent.

But to think that Fang Xingjian had actually affect his source of income, snatching away his livelihood. He had already decided that he would report this to the Headmaster straight away after the lesson. He was not going to let this matter be brushed aside so easily.

Hence, he only let out a cold laugh, pointed to a student, and said, "Come, attack me with your full strength."

Chapter 117 A Contest

A Knight who was holding a long spear nodded, suddenly rocketing off as if there was a galloping horse under his foot. The tremendous force from his four limbs gathered to his long spear, as if a stream of shooting stars formed from electricity and fire, thrusting towards the instructor with a goatee in a straight line.

Although this attack could possibly pierce through an armor plate, the long spear the instructor with a goatee was holding seemed to have bloomed, drawing a semicircle, slashing through the air, and creating a sound that seemed to be like the wails of ghosts and howls of wolves.

It was also like a falling meteor from the skies, creating a protective barrier.

In the next moment, two spears collided as if Mars had crashed with Earth, creating a series of loud sounds as if a temple's bell was knocked repeated. The student's attack was pushed aside and he was pinned to the ground. The instructor with a goatee then followed with a kick, sending the student flying.

"B*stard." He said with a furious expression, "The Galactic Stance requires one to consecutively tap with the spear's tip to become like the milky way. How many times have I said that? Do you think that these feint moves are useless? Is that why you decided to simply incorporate all your strength to complete a simple thrust?"

"You're really ignorant and incompetent. This stance is not for you to use against your enemies, but it is for to be used for your training. Only when you can truly connect them to form a series of stars, releasing at least nine cold gleams or more, would it then show that you've fully grasped the control of your long spear. Only then would it prove that you are able to circulate the force from your body unceasingly and achieve the effect of tempering your muscles, bones, and skin.

"How many times have I said it? The spear technique that I'm teaching has been passed down for generations, and are the stances that must be repeatedly trained and polished. Every detail and every movement comes with complicated rational and principles. You're not allowed to change anything at all.

'Go practice this stance a thousand times. You're not allowed to leave before you're done."

While that student appeared to be a bit scared, he still braved it and said, "But instructor, when I went for Fang Xingjian's class, he said that stances which are tangible are more inferior while superior stances focus on one's consciousness, and the body only moves after the consciousness."

"When one first starts to practice martial arts, the initial focus is on the accuracy of the movements, to set the foundations.

"For people like us who had been training for very long, after we've gotten the ideal movements down, we need to revise them gradually, slowly changing them to our own.

"It's because everyone's body is different. So when one performance various stances, regardless of whether it's the strength exertion or it's the training to nurture the body, they must all be adapted based on the individual's condition.

"Only when one calms his soul and thrust out the attack based on his inspiration would one then be able to circulate vital energy and blood through one's thoughts. To control the body's vital energy and blood, as well as the great strength from the internal organs, it doesn't require one to intentionally pursue the minute differences in the stances."

This speech seemed very reasonable and there were even some students who nodded, as if they had felt that it was very true.

However, the instructor with a goatee glared, his eyes like two lightbulbs, as he said furiously, "Alright, alright, alright. It's Fang

Xingjian again. You're saying that he can do a better job than me, and even give me guidance to my spear arts?"

That student was shocked and immediately lowered his head, saying, "I wouldn't dare." He had no intention of wanting to instruct the instructor with a goatee, but it was just that he felt that what Fang Xingjian had said and demonstrated the day before seemed very reasonable. That was why he had wanted to verify with his instructor to see what he thought about it.

However, it was apparent that he was too naive and was lacking in worldly wisdom.

It was because martial arts was something which was hard to be explained through words. Even if an instructor had a hundred mouths to explain his rationale, there would still be those who did not agree with what he says.

What would one do when encountering a contradicting rationale? Most people would naturally fight it out. The winner would be the one who was right.

And if the instructor was not able to settle this case at the speed of lightning, he would probably lose his reputation amongst his students and would no longer be able to teach in the future.

In this case, Fang Xingjian was not directly engaging him when he said this, and if the instructor was unable to refute, who would listen to his teachings in the future?

This was not an act of snatching his job, but rather, smashing his job, stopping his path to earning riches.

At that moment, the instructor with a goatee looked at this student before him with so much anger that he was smiling coldly. He felt great hatred for Fang Xingjian in his heart.

'Fang Xingjian, you're good. You're really arrogant. If I were to let you go on like this, the rest of us won't be able to make a living.'

He let out a cold smile as the long spear trembled in his hand,

releasing a thunderous bellow, "Alright, since you feel that Fang Xingjian's words are reasonable, then I'll look for him right now and fight it out. We'll see who's the one who's right."

This instructor really was one with bad temper. He carried a large metallic spear on his shoulder and left just like that, rushing at the speed of the wind towards Fang Xingjian's location.

In that instant, the remaining students all burst into commotion.

"Teacher Zadeh will be fighting with Fang Xingjian?"

"Quick! Let's go and have a look! We can't miss out on this battle!"

That was right. The number one spear arts instructor in Kirst Royal Knight Academy against the Windstorm Sword Hero, who was a rare talent, hard to come by even in a hundred years, who had challenged six Prefectural Champions in a row. Just the mere thought of this battle would instantly caused the blood of those present to boil.

Both parties could fight at supersonic speed and were extremely profound in their respective sword and spear arts. They were both first transition Knights with abilities greater than Hamil and the others. How exciting would this battle be?

Thinking about this, everyone could not wait and ran in the direction of the Reflection Chamber.

...

Outside the Reflection Chamber, there were over ten students who were Knights sitting on the lawn, demonstrating different moves respectively. Occasionally, there would be streams of sword Qis hitting on them from the Reflection Chamber's window, correcting their moves.

The most eye-catching one amongst them was Lilia, who stood right at the very front swinging her greatsword.

The tip of the girl's nose was filled with perspiration; her

ponytail swung about unceasingly each time she waved her sword; her slender but muscular long legs continued to unleash great powers, creating large dents in the ground.

The scene of a young girl who was exercising let out a unique charm, and it had attracted the gaze of many male Knights.

However, in the next moment, the ground seemed to tremble as dust over hundreds of meters away flew in the air. Grass and plants swaying about, as if there were ten thousand horses galloping at once or countless groups of beasts charging over together.

That overwhelming and terrifying aura was reflected into everyone's heart, causing them to stop in their tracks and become fully guarded against the person who was heading in their direction.

At the next moment, a human silhouette shot over like a sharp arrow. There were neither amazing steps nor any fanciful moves. It was just repetitive steps taken in a straight line, but with unparalleled speed, causing for the person to appear before everyone in the blink of an eye.

It was Instructor Zadeh, the number one in spear arts in the Knight Academy. Alone with a spear, he had the disposition of ten thousand galloping horses. If such a person was in ancient China, he would be able to fend off ten thousand enemies and would have an existence in the army akin to that of a god.

Sweeping a cold glance across everyone, Zadeh let out a low bellow. His chest was pumping and his throat was trembling as sound waves were sent gushing out.

"Hmph, what a foul atmosphere. Fang Xingjian, get out here right now!"

Ferdinand furrowed his brows, smiled and said, "Teacher Zadeh, why have you come? Fang Xingjian is now in confinement and is

not able to come out for now." The other party's seniority was very high and was top notch in spear arts amongst those in the first transition. He had even guided Ferdinand on his spear arts before, and thus, Ferdinand knew well that he was not a person to be trifled with.

Zadeh cast a cold glance at him, then took a look at the others who were still training. He let out a cold snort and said, "Ferdinand, this is no place for a junior like you to talk.

"Where's Fang Xingjian? I heard that he has something to say about the way I teach spear arts? I must really have a good, long interaction with him."

Ferdinand's heart sank. Just as he was still thinking of how he could pacify Zadeh, Fang Xingjian's voice came from the stone chamber.

"I wonder how Teacher Zadeh would like to interact?"

Zadeh let out a cold laugh, sweeping the big spear in his hands as if it was a sharp sword which could cut through gold and slash through jade. It was splitting through the air, creating a big circle in the ground with a diameter of five meters.

Pointing the tip of his spear to the circle, Zadeh spoke out, "Since we're exchange pointers in spear arts, it would naturally be a sparring session with the spear. Both of us will stand in this circle, each with a spear in hand. Whoever is killed or steps out of the circle would be considered to have lost.

"Fang Xingjian, if you were to lose, you must admit that your level of spear arts is below mine, and you'll be forbidden from misleading the others astray and from teaching any students any spear arts."

Chapter 118 Sparring

The moment Zadeh spoke, a huge commotion immediately unraveled among the students who were present.

As a highly experience academy instructor, there was no need to doubt Zadeh's strength. The decades of cultivation had already caused his attributes, specialties, and Killing technique to be tempered to their limits, reaching the pinnacle of first transition Knights.

Unless it was those Elders from the major clans, a majority of first transition Knights could not possibly be his match.

In the entire academy, maybe only Conferred Knights like the Headmaster and Huang Lin would be able to suppress senior instructors at Zadeh's level.

And now, such a powerful Knight had requested for a spar with Fang Xingjian.

Especially the conditions of the spar, requiring the two of them to use spears against each other while standing in a circle a few metres wide. Whoever died or stepped out of the circle would be considered the loser.

These rules were equivalent to the simplest close combat killing, causing Fang Xingjian to lose the advantages of his quick movement speed and the long range attacks from his sword Qis.

On the contrary, Zadeh had practiced the spear for over decades. Within the circle, his spear could simply hit where he dictated. With 92 points in strength, he was able to crush Fang Xingjian in terms of the strength attribute. In a close combat sparring like this, Zadeh possessed all the advantages.

Hence, everyone around felt extremely shocked, followed by agitation, then excitement. Two top notch Knights engaging in a close combat spar... If they were not careful, it was possible that

they could kill their opponent. How blood-boiling this was? How could one not feel agitated?

If it was in the modern society, such a behavior would surely be reported.

But in this world of steel and blood within the Knight Academy, Knights would only feel satisfied and delighted. This was what it meant by actual combat training.

If one was afraid of death, why become a Knight?

But at that moment, Lilia frowned and said, “Old fellow, what do you mean by this? My teacher is a Windstorm Sword Hero. You want him to have a close combat par with you in such a small circle? You might as well ask him to tie his four limbs and fight you.”

After Zadeh heard this, he remained calm and composed. With a turn of his spear, he continued, “The reason why I’m here is to have a spear arts exchange with Fang Xingjian.

“It won’t be interesting at all for us to chase after each other and fight it out. I’m not interested in such nonsense. Fang Xingjian, if you truly want to have an exchange, fight it out with me using a spear within this circle here.

“Of course, if you’re afraid of death, it’s also fine for you to admit your defeat now.”

Although Zadeh had a fiery temper, he was not an idiot. Although he transcended the speed of sound with the speed of his actions, his movement speed was naturally incomparable to Fang Xingjian, who was a Windstorm Sword Hero. Even if he knew of secret arts which could allow him to both abruptly unleash sneak attacks and far distance attacks, he did not have absolute confidence to defeat Fang Xingjian if they were in the process of a chase.

It would be truly unsightly if, during the spar, Fang Xingjian

relied on his quick movement speed such that his attacks were not able to reach him, resulting in a draw.

Seeing how composed he looked, Lilia was so angered that her tooth itched. However, she could not think of any words to refute.

At that moment, Fang Xingjian had already come out from the Reflection Chamber. He stepped into the circle drawn by Zadeh and with a burst of strength from his hand, he had already snatched a longsword from the hands of one of the students with the force field created by ether particles.

“Having an exchange is not a problem, but compared to using a spear, I still prefer the sword. Today, I shall use a sword in the place of a spear to have a spar with you, Instructor Zadeh.”

“Using a sword in place of a spear?” Zadeh’s eyes narrowed, as if the edge of a sharp blade was flickering in his eyes.

As the saying goes, an inch longer is an inch stronger. In such a small circle, a two meter long spear could basically attack wherever the user wanted. But to think that Fang Xingjian had actually wanted to use a one-meter plus longsword to spar against Zadeh. Would he not be putting his opponent into an even more advantageous position? It was truly, extremely dangerous.

“Very well, Fang Xingjian you’re truly excellent. In such a small circle, neither running nor escaping, you would use a steel sword to fight against my long spear. Your spirit is truly great. If you don’t die here today, your accomplishments in the future would definitely surpass mine.” “For us Knights, we only emphasized on a single thing during cultivation. Similar to the ferocious stab of a huge spear, we emphasized on advancing courageously never looking back. Once you set your mind onto something, even ten thousand horses do not have the power to pull it back.

“Since you are not afraid of death, how could I be afraid of stabbing you to death?

“If you managed to win this battle today, I’ll admit that I’m not your opponent, and regardless of what you do in the academy in the future, I will not stop you.”

After saying that, Zadeh’s eyes snapped shut as his eyes and face sank in. His killing intent from earlier vanished completely in an instant. He had gathered all his killing intent and will to battle together, waiting for an opportunity to unleash them explosively in the next moment...

It was akin to a quiet volcano when it had yet to explode, such that people could even travel there and live in the vicinity. It was akin to the calm before a storm, where not even a single ocean wave could be seen on the water’s surface.

But the moment the explosive force was unleashed, be it a volcano or storm, it would destroy everything in the vicinity.

However, at the same time, Zadeh closed his eyes. Ferdinand interjected from the side, “Instructor Zadeh, you came here just like that, one-sidedly calling for a fight without any warning, declaring that if you were to lose, you won’t come looking for trouble in the future. Isn’t this a bit unfair?”

Zadeh coldly stated, “What do you want then?”

Ferdinand smiled, “Although Xingjian did not charge us anything for guiding us in our martial arts, he had made it a requirement for each of us to give him a sword technique manual not found in the academy. Instructor Zadeh is one of the senior instructors in the academy, a top notch Knight...Your status is something which cannot be compared with us students....”

Ferdinand obviously was betting heavily on Fang Xingjian’s victory. Not only did he know that Fang Xingjian’s sword technique had already reached the state of Interlinked Forces, during this period when Fang Xingjian had guided him on his martial arts, Fang Xingjian’s had a disposition which was exuded from within his body.

The reason he was stepping out now was to vie for more advantageous conditions for Fang Xingjian. It was evident that he, as well as his clan, had already decided to stand by Fang Xingjian side completely.

Zadeh impatiently spoke, “I don’t ever collect sword techniques manuals nor, do I have such things in my possession. How about this, if I were to lose, I will give you an Empire’s Divine Weapon?”

Ferdinand had wanted to bargain for more, but Fang Xingjian shook his head, saying, “Alright, Ferdinand, that’s enough. There’s no need to be so calculative over the minor gains or losses. Instructor Zadeh, make your move.”

Zadeh’s countenance suddenly turn grim. He had obviously closed both his eyes, emanating no trace of killing intent, but he had given the surrounding spectators an incomparably oppressive feeling, as if it was the final few seconds before the start of a battle between two armies.

The next instant, it was as though lightning struck from the heavens. Zadeh’s long spear emitted a chilly glow, piercing towards Fang Xingjian as if it was a rocket.

As this spear thrust out, a sonic boom manifested, creating a white-colored wave of air current. Layers of Reduced Force Field enveloped the spear, pushing the long spear as if they were a rocket booster.

The distance between the two of them was not even two meters, and the speed of this spear attack was extremely fast as well. Almost no one around could even react when the distance between Zadeh’s spear tip was just less than an inch away from Fang Xingjian’s chest.

If this spear really penetrated through, a huge cavity would appear in Fang Xingjian’s body, utterly destroying his entire internal organs. Neither the Reduced Forced Field nor the Knight attire would not be of any help.

Chapter 119 Thrilling

The momentum of Zadeh's spear was completely powered by the strength of his body and his Reduced Force Field. Although it had not reached a level where he could execute the strike with extraordinary strength, the power was exceptionally ferocious. It was extremely terrifying, especially within such a short distance...

Faced against this move which had come with extreme ferocity, Fang Xingjian could feel a sharp sensation gushing towards him. All of his nerves tightened as a sense of impending doom flooded his brain.

It could be said that, despite having gone through so many spars and exchanges in the academy, this was the only fight which had made Fang Xingjian felt threatened by death. From this, one could see how powerful the level of cultivation Zadeh's spear arts had reached.

However, Fang Xingjian's speed was unrivaled and he had comprehended the Unparalleled Sword Intent as well. How could it be possible that he was not even able to defend against a single spear strike from Zadeh?

Sword light continuously flickered as if there were seven beams of laser shooting towards Zadeh's large spear, breaching through the seven points of his force exertion and causing Zadeh to instantly feel that his spear was being obstructed.

To be able to see the flaws in his spear arts in just an instant, even attacking such flaws with a longsword... How precise was Fang Xingjian's vision and sword arts?

The sharpness in Zadeh's gaze intensified as though the sharp rays of cold light were going to leap out from his eyes. Since his longspear faced obstruction, he decided not to pierce directly anymore, but instead, moved the longspear along with the flow of force that it was being subjected to from the attack. The spear's tip

cut across the skies like the trajectory of a shooting star, slashing towards Fang Xingjian's stomach.

Not only was this attack unrestricted by the earlier obstruction, it even borrowed the energy of the counterattacking force to boost it. This proved that that Zadeh's spear arts had already reached the standard at which he was able to move it as he desired, being able to freely control it.

This strike, with two consecutive forces combined, was sufficient to slice Fang Xingjian's lower body apart and even pulling out his large intestines.

Faced with such a ruthless and sinister strike, Fang Xingjian was unflustered as he took his time to move his body backwards while simultaneously using his longsword to tap against the spear's body. He then pressed the spear down with violent strength.

Now, not only was the sword pressing upon the weakest point of the spear, it had a stance akin to the overbearing weight of Mountain Tai, causing the air in the short distance to erupt and release explosive crackling sounds.

With extreme speed, they clashed twice, and as the spear and sword slammed against each other, they released relentless explosive sounds. The speed and strength from both sides even caused a string of fiery sparks to fly from the two weapons.

Under these circumstances where his strength was weaker than his opponent, Fang Xingjian depended on his Unparalleled Sword Intent and unrivaled speed, targeting his opponent's flaws and negating Zadeh's spear arts.

Zadeh's narrowed his eyes even more, looking at the longsword which was pressing down against his spear. He did not summon strength to resist, but rather, he followed through with the force applied by Fang Xingjian, allowing his own spear to be pressed down towards on ground.

If he resisted, he would have to fight against an incoming force from above, allowing Fang Xingjian to take the advantage. On the contrary, if he allowed his spear to continue to be suppressed, he could borrow the springing force of the long spear and turn the defeated move into a killing move.

An explosive sound thundered out as the spear's tip was pushed to the ground under the combined strength from both parties. The might of that attack shattered a large piece of the earth and even started bending the spear's body.

One must know that Zadeh's spear was as thick as the arms of an ordinary human.

To be able to bend this spear's handle that was manufactured from steel... How violent was the power exerted? When such a power borrowed the momentum of the springing force and rebounded up, then incorporated with Zadeh's own strength... How ferocious would it be?

Almost within the blink of an eye, a muffled sound resounded in the air as if someone was using a large hammer to pound against mercury.

The long spear had reached the extreme limits of speed and strength. It had yet to even straighten fully when the spearhead ferociously stabbed towards Fang Xingjian's face. The friction created when the extreme speed came into contact with the air actually created a burning sensation.

Faced against such a terrifying attack, Fang Xingjian kept his mental cultivation method circulating, remaining calm and unflustered. The longsword in his hand resembled a peacock fanning out its feathers, creating a three feet wide barrier with his sword as he soared skywards and borrowing upon the energy of the long spear's attack.

Hmph!

Upon seeing how Fang Xingjian flew up in order to negate his killing move, Zadeh let out a cold laugh. He took advantage of the opportunity and, with a push, pierced his longspear towards Fang Xingjian who was in mid air.

The longspear created countless dots of cold light. It was the Galactic Stance that was transforming into the milky way and encompassing Fang Xingjian.

However, even Zadeh's Galactic Stance appeared to be full of flaws in Fang Xingjian's eyes.

When faced against Fang Xingjian, who had comprehended the Unparalleled Sword Intent, all feints were useless. One must apply the greatest speed, incomparably tyrannical energy, and unfathomable extraordinary strength against him face-to-face, crushing him with overwhelming force.

However, Zadeh did not know about this at all. He only heard incessant ringing sounds as countless fiery sparks flickered into existence when their weapons clashed. Fang Xingjian and Zadeh fought against each other, pitting speed against speed. Regardless of whether it was the longspear or the steel sword, both weapons attacked with increasingly greater speed. Within a short ten plus seconds, they had already transformed into a series of black afterimages.

Both the longspear and steel sword had transcended the sound of speed, attacking each other with supersonic speed. Violent sound waves swept over as the surrounding Knights felt as though a hammer was pounding in their brains every time the spear and sword clashed against each other.

A majority of the Knights had no choice but to cover their ears as they retreated, only feeling better after they had retreated tens of meters away.

In the circle, the combat between the two had already reached its climax.

Zadeh's spear was akin to a flash of black lightning, circulating slowly around the circle and pervading the entire space within it. On the other hand, Fang Xingjian was like the omnipresent air currents, his sword repeatedly clashing against the longspear despite facing its continuous attacks. He broke through the flaws in his opponent's technique time and time again, defeating the stronger force with a weak one, using slow speed to counteract his opponent's great speed, and negating his opponent's attacks.

The light in Zadeh's eyes grew colder and colder as he noticed that his continuous killing attacks had failed to defeat Fang Xingjian. Finally, with a flicker of lightning, the longspear in his hands erupted forth a continuous flow of white lightning. He had chosen to use Killing Technique – Thunder's Punishment.

Under the thunder's stimulation, his entire body's speed increased by onefold and his longspear created a trail of sparks as if a series of lightning was flashing. His longspear hacked towards Fang Xingjian.

Fang Xingjian let out a low bellow and also executed a Killing technique – Supreme Mistwind Sword. Sword Qis swept across the entire space unchallenged, as though there were over tens more of Fang Xingjian. Streams of three-foot sword lights amalgamated together within the hundreds of sword Qis, then clashed with the Thunder Longspear.

At the same time, the level 30 Supreme Mistwind Sword's special effect was activated. Hundreds of condensed sword Qis spread out over tens of meters. The over ten Knights in the surrounding who wielded longsword discovered that the swords strapped to their waist were vibrating madly, and at the next moment, the swords were all swept away by the sword Qis.

All the muscles throughout Fang Xingjian's body expanded intensely, his vital energy and blood circulating with frenzy. The longsword in his hand created a three-foot sword light, sweeping out in an incomparably marvellous trajectory, aiming for the flaws

in Zadeh's Thunder Killing technique.

With a loud bang, the violent energy force Fang Xingjian's sword away, but the next sword attack encompassed the sword Qis had once again struck against Zadeh's long spear. Attack after attack from the swords pierced forth, each and every one of them locating the flaws in Zadeh's attacks, giving him no choice but to defend against each attack and devote his energy in escaping.

The series of continuous attacks left Zadeh no room to breathe. Receiving each sword attack, Zadeh's aura would grow increasingly weaker, his strength diminishing. After thirteen consecutive strikes, the power of his spear had weakened to its limits.

On the contrary, under the support of the Supreme Mistwind Sword, Fang Xingjian's speed had been enhanced by threefold.

Finally, as a crisp ringing sound echoed, Zadeh's palm loosened its grip and the long spear in his hand flew out in the air.

Zadeh let out a cold laugh, and at the next moment, executed his Reduced Force Field in an attempt to grab it back.

Chapter 120 Victory Or Defeat

As the spear left his hands, Zadeh immediately wanted to grab it back, but he discovered that over ten streams of sword Qis were charging over and targeting the flaws throughout his body.

These attacks were aimed at spots that Zadeh definitely had to protect. If he were to ignore them and continue to executing his Reduced Force Field to grab his long spear, he would definitely be pierced by the high speed sword Qis.

Because the sword Qis were simply too fast and too close.

Left without a choice, he could only unleash his Reduced Force Field, using it to first block the sword Qis.

With a boom, Zadeh was left without his long spear and the Reduced Force Field was unleashed, directly smashing the condensed sword Qis in the air.

Just when he was thinking about grabbing back his long spear in the next moment, the Reduced Force Field erupt forth again with another boom, only to grab thin air.

It was because, as he was blocking the streams of sword Qis, the other streams of sword Qis had directly slammed onto Zadeh's long spear, sending it further away from him.

It could only be said that Fang Xingjian's attack was way too quick. Zadeh only suffered setback from a single move, but it had resulted in him being suppressed by Fang Xingjian's continuous attacks.

Since he could not get back his long spear, Zadeh chose to attack instead of retreat. His whole body felt as though it had transformed into a long spear, charging and thrusting towards Fang Xingjian who was surrounded by layers of sword Qi.

With a howl of rage, Zadeh directly released his Reduced Force Field with no intentions of holding back, vibrating the countless

streams of sword Qis in front him into pieces.

With a strength attribute of 92 points which was far higher than Fang Xingjian's, if Zadeh were to perform Reduced Force Field and suppress Fang Xingjian, he would be able to gain an even greater advantage in such a setup where they were having close combat in a circle.

But if he were to emerge victorious just by overwhelming his opponent based on his attributes and disregard the profoundness of his techniques, he would surely be mocked by others for the unfair victory.

However, with his long spear currently knocked out from his hands, it was not the time to talk about manners. At this moment, Zadeh depended solely on his Reduced Force Field and strength attribute to face off against Fang Xingjian with a direct suppression. All the sword Qis were smashed off by him through space as he followed up with a punch, enveloping Fang Xingjian with his Reduced Force Field and slowing him down.

Zadeh then violently thrust out with his arm that was akin to a steel long spear, penetrating through the air and piercing towards Fang Xingjian's body.

Zadeh's series of attacks were totally dependent on using his strength to suppress others rather than using the profoundness of his moves.

In a real battle, this was the tactic a majority of the Knights would use when they fought against enemies weaker than them. They would only talk about the profoundness in techniques if they came across opponents who had attributes at a similar level as theirs.

But just as Zadeh's lips curled up into a smile and his spear-like hand was about to pierce into Fang Xingjian, his smile abruptly froze in place.

Under the violent onslaught of energy, he could not help but retreat three steps before coming to a stop. At that moment, Zadeh was already out of the circle.

‘Afterimages? His speed is actually this fast?’

Zadeh inclined his head and saw Fang Xingjian standing quietly in the circle. However, Zadeh did not continue his attack. If this was a real combat, it would not be considered his loss yet. But according to the agreement of their spar, he had already lost since he had stepped out of the circle.

Shaking his head, Zadeh coldly remarked. “Fang Xingjian, your sword techniques are profound indeed. If I didn't use my strength to suppress you, it would truly be tough to win against you. However, don't be too smug. If we were to be engaged in a real battle, as long as I can get within ten meters near you, I can have you killed within ten moves if I were to use my Reduced Force Field and Killing technique to suppress you right from the start.”

Fang Xingjian remained silent. He quietly stared at the longsword in his hand as though he had silently acknowledged Zadeh's words.

Lillia, who was at the side, unhappily stated. “Old fellow, how long have you cultivated for? To think that you want to bully my teacher who had merely transitioned less than two months ago? How shameless can you be? Just one word, do you concede or not?”

“Hmm, based on the conditions of the spar, it's naturally considered my loss since I've stepped out of the circle. But if in an actual battle I would surely have won. Hence I'm not convinced.” Zadeh pointed to Fang Xingjian as he spoke, “Fang Xingjian, what do you say? Shall we compete for another round?”

If they were to fight again, Zadeh decided that he would not show any mercy, and would instead crush his opponent with brute force right from the start. He would rely on a higher strength attribute

coupled with his Reduced Force Field to defeat Fang Xingjian in an instant, not allowing him any chance to execute his advantage in speed or sword techniques.

Lillia angrily retorted, “Damn it, old fellow do you still have any face?!”

Ferdinand also furrowed his brows, planning to speak up.

But when Fang Xingjian heard this, he shook his head, revealing an expression of disinterest. He turned and walked back, saying, “You’re not my match.”

Hearing Fang Xingjian’s words, the rage on Zadeh’s face intensified. He took a single step forward and was about to rush up, “Fang Xingjian, don't you dare to compete with me again?”

But before he finished his words, just as he took this one step forward, crisp sounds of tearing echoed forth from his body. The Knight attire he was wearing was instantly shredded, turning into tens of fragments, lying on the ground.

Zadeh, who was now half naked with only his pants left behind, was totally thunderstruck. Afterwards, he was struck with fear, feeling as though his heart was doused in ice cold water.

‘He used the sword light to slice apart the Knight attire directly?’

In the lightning quick battle, when faced against Zadeh’s overwhelming spear attack, Fang Xingjian had used the three-feet sword light to slice apart his opponent’s Knight Attire, but yet not harming an inch of Zadeh’s skin.

How fast would one’s agility need to have caught the other party unaware? How precise must one’s sword techniques be to be able to slice apart one’s clothes without hurting him? How profound must one’s cultivation be in order to see through the flaws in Zadeh’s spear arts?

‘If he had wanted to kill me, he could have already killed me seven or eight times earlier.’

As this thought flashed past Zadeh's mind, cold sweat drenched his head.

Without saying another word, Zadeh cupped his hands together before leaving silently. At this moment, all his thoughts about competing against Fang Xingjian were totally extinguished.

Fang Xingjian's talent and level of cultivation were already something he could no longer compete against.

Everyone in the area all gasped at this scene.

'He could even defeat him with that?' Ferdinand's eyes widened ferociously and a thought suddenly hit him. 'If even Zadeh's spear was unable to stop him, wouldn't that mean that my spear techniques appear to be like tofu in his eyes, and would be smashed with just a slight poke?' At this moment, he was extremely thankful to have befriended Fang Xingjian.

Lillia rapidly ran up and tugged on Fang Xingjian's arm, shaking it furiously, a red blush of excitement could be seen on her face.

"Teacher, how did you manage to do that earlier? Can you teach me that?"

The gazes of the crowd were all filled with admiration when they looked at Fang Xingjian. Now, they were all thoroughly impressed and had already treated Fang Xingjian as the authority of martial techniques.

Even Jack and Anthony started to wonder if there was still anyone in the first transition who could defeat Fang Xingjian.

Anthony shook his head, "I don't know. But at the very least, I don't think that anyone else would be able to defeat Fang Xingjian in our academy, other than Headmaster Jackson and Sir Huang lin."

News of Zadeh's defeat spread out like wildfire. Hence, with the exception of the few Prefectural Champions who were defeated by Fang Xingjian and the people from their classes, even more

students who were Knights came to the Reflection Chamber to seek his guidance.

This also sped up Fang Xingjian's accumulation of sword techniques even further, and he got closer to leveling up the Unparalleled Sword Intent.

The first level of Unparalleled Sword Intent had already made Fang Xingjian almost invincible in terms of close combat. He was very curious as to what effect the Unparalleled Sword Intent may bring after it had levelled.

On the third day, Zadeh had sent someone to deliver the Empire's Divine Weapon he lost in the bet.

It was an entirely silvery-white dagger, forged from repeatedly tempering the Hundred Tempered Refined Steel. This dagger was incomparably sharp was even able to slice apart metal and jade with ease.

This was also the first Empire's Divine Weapon Fang Xingjian received, the first weapon that was not ungraded.

Holding the Empire's Divine Weapon in hand, a Window abruptly appeared in front of Fang Xingjian, showing the information regarding this Empire's Divine Weapon.

Silver Dragon: level 7

Extraordinarily sharp, able to slice through any weapons and equipments of a lower level.

Zadeh had obviously prepared this dagger for himself. During actual combat, if an opponent took him by surprise and got near him, he would use this dagger instead if the long spear was too unwieldy.

Starting from Empire's Divine Weapon all the way to Inferior Remains Divine Weapon, Superior Remains Divine Weapon, and Divine Remains Equipment, all of them were classified in levels.

Empire's Divine Weapons were from level 1 to 9, Inferior Remains Divine Weapons were from level 10 to 19, Superior Remains Divine Weapons were from level 20 to 29, and Divine Remains Equipment were from level 30 and above. All of these possessed different levels of might.

They were different from ordinary weapons. Description Windows would not manifest when one holds onto ordinary weapons, nor would they have any levels.

Fang Xingjian tested the sharpness of the dagger. Other metallic swords were all similar to paper in front of it, breaking apart the moment they were sliced through.

But daggers were different from swords. If Fang Xingjian wanted to use the Silver Dragon, he would have to wield a sword in one hand and dagger in another before he could utilize the Supreme Mistwind Sword and the Single Sword Subjugation.

Normally, he would just attach the Silver Dragon at his waist, only taking it out when he needed to use it.

Many days passed by again. Fang Xingjian's collection of Nurturing sword techniques had reached an unprecedented seventy-nine sets, and he also learnt Zhou Yong's Killing technique of Zhou Yong, Radiant Light Sword Technique.

Regretfully, the time he had was still much too short. He had not even max out all of his Nurturing sword techniques. But even so, he had improved tremendously during this period of time. The level of his sword arts cultivation also soared in parallel. He could pick up any sword techniques as if they were just at his fingertips, and any martial techniques would appear to be heavily flawed in his eyes, unable to withstand a single blow.

Chapter 121 Waiting For Someone

Fang Xingjian's powers soared again. His attributes became:

Name

Fang Xingjian

Age

16

Occupation

Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level

10

Strength

56+5

Agility

89+5

Reaction

55

Endurance

49

Flexibility

51

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute)

Nurturing Sword Techniques

79 sets

Training Sword Techniques

12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword

Level 25

Radiant Light Sword Technique

Level 6

Specialities:

Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles

Elementary Berserkness

Unparalleled Sword Intent (75/100)

Potential

11,000 point increase/day

Waves

Level 5 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method

Level 3 Ice Age Meditation Art

Now, to become even stronger, there were three things he could do.

First was to temper his attributes and raise the level of his Waves, thus firming up his foundation even more.

Second was to pick up sword techniques, raising the the mental state of the Unparalleled Sword Intent.

Third was to bring his Supreme Mistwind Sword to the maximum level. By doing so, his damaging prowess and maximum speed could be once again be raised.

Another five days passed as Fang Xingjian devoted most of his efforts into cultivating the Supreme Mistwind Sword, finally bringing it to the maximum level of 30. Other than the three feet sword light and the two way control between the sword and the air currents, the level 30 Supreme Mistwind Sword brought about another special effect.

It was able to control the strong currents in the atmosphere, allows one's sword Qi to be condensed and dispersing only after a hundred meters away.

Fang Xingjian's sword Qi could only reached out to over ten meters away and would reach at most over twenty meters away. Now, with this sword Qi condensation effect, he could directly attack a target which was a hundred meters away, the powers greatly magnified. It had the effect of an impacting wave and increased the prowess of his attack, which made it similar to switching from a gun to a cannon.

However, now that his Supreme Mistwind Sword had been brought to the maximum level, there was no way that he would bring it a notch higher anymore. Now, he could only rely on tempering his attributes, Waves, and mental cultivation method to increase his abilities. The other thing was to cultivate more sword techniques in a bid to strengthen his sword intent.

On this day, there were over thirty Knights cultivating martial techniques together outside the Reflection Chamber, and occasionally, a ray of white light would flashed across the sky,

hitting on their body like a flying sword.

Each Knight who was hit would stop their movements, revealing a contemplative and appreciative expression. Not long later, they would once again return to their training with excitement and joy reflected upon their faces.

The ones closest to the grilled window was Lilia, Jack, and Anthony.

Their progress during this period of time had been terrifying. Under Fang Xingjian's guidance, it was as if they all had talent comparable to Kaunitz. To think that they had, within a short over twenty days, each brought one of their martial technique that they had been cultivating previously to the maximum level, level 10.

This made them even more excited, and everyday, they were almost always the first to arrive and the last to leave.

Lilia simply got her servants to set up a tent outside the Reflection Chamber, spending her days there, even when eating or sleeping. From this, one could tell that she had determined character. Although her talent in swords art was mediocre, with the guidance of an expert like Fang Xingjian, she had the chance to soar into the skies.

Lilia had on a serious and solemn look as she waved the longsword in her hand. Every hack and slash caused tremors in the air, releasing a sound akin to thunder.

She had fully comprehended the force exertions for the whole set of the sword technique, twisting all the energy from all over her body and unleashing them out in a instant explosively.

The effect of this method of training for her Nurturing techniques was exemplary. If she were to use this method of channeling force in close combat, it would be terrifying.

It was a pity that Fang Xingjian had offended Renault, Xiu Yi, Rota, Hamil, and a few other classes. Now it was already

considered quite good that over thirty Knights had come to learn from him.

But just as everyone were extremely focused in their training, some noises came from afar.

Charlie gulped, walking over in Fang Xingjian's directions. Behind him, there were two members of staff from the association who were clearly on guard.

When the students in the area saw Charlie, emotions of despise, hatred, and fury flashed in their eyes.

This investigator from the association, who had taken away Fang Xingjian for interrogation and caused him to fall into a coma, had become the male lead of the scandal in the academy recently.

It was just that, the students now seemed to be bounded by a common hatred. In addition, all of them had received from Fang Xingjian the kind favor of guidance in their martial arts recently. Now, all of them hated Charlie.

Of course, facing the people from the association, they did not dare to have to actions that were too radical. However, if it was just to glare at him with vengeful gazes, everyone dared to do that.

Charlie seemed to completely ignore these vengeful gazes, smiling as he approached the stone chamber. But when he got near, he was stopped by Lilia, Jack, and Anthony.

Lilia pointed to his nose and scolded, "You still have the face to come? Have you not harmed my Master enough?" With that, she raised the greatsword in her hand, shouting, "You better scram! Don't force me to raise my hands against you!"

Jack and Anthony also looked at Charlie with animosity, having no intention to let him pass through.

Charlie's expression was a bit stiff. In the past, as a Conferred Knight, as well as a Class One Investigation in the association, when did he ever need to consider other people's thoughts?

Dashing through them would be easy.

But now, he could only cup his hands together and say, "I'm sorry, I've very important matters that I need to speak with Fang Xingjian. Could I trouble you to make way?"

Lilia let out a snort, waved her greatsword as if she was about to do something when Fang Xingjian's voice sounded out, "Lilia, let him come."

Lilia looked at Charlie and said unwillingly, "I'll let you off this time around. You better be careful!"

Charlie let out a bitter smile, walking into the room. The two members from the association also followed after him.

In the darkness, Fang Xingjian was seated cross-legged in a corner, the white colored sword light in the surroundings unceasingly slashed through the air, encompassing his body as they moved about.

It was many streams of heavily condensed sword Qis, each of them were as if no different from a normal metallic longsword, and it was as if they would be able to pierce through a person just by casually brushing against him.

Seeing this scene, Charlie's eyes twitched slightly. Fang Xingjian's rate of progression was simply terrifying.

But he knew that this was not the time for him to think about this. He took a look at the two colleagues beside him, saying, "Could I trouble the two of you to step out for a moment? I have some things to discuss with Xingjian."

The two of them hesitated. Just then, Fang Xingjian spoke up, "It's fine, the two of you can step out for a moment. While he's a Conferred Knight and is stronger than me, there's still no way for him to kill me within a short moment of time, even if he wishes to."

The two of them exchanged a glance, nodded, and said, "Then

we...we'll stay outside the room. If anything happens, just call out for us."

After the two of them left, Charlie immediately used the Reduced Force Field to condense the air near the window and door to prevent their voices from being overheard.

Seeing that there were no problems, he looked towards Fang Xingjian and said, "Aren't you afraid that I'll kill you now?"

"You can't kill me." Fang Xingjian waved his finger, saying calmly, "So if you wish to negotiate, then stop wasting time here. I've been waiting for you for so many days. You're finally here."

"Speak up. For your future, what can you offer me?"

Chapter 122 Effulgence Weapon

Charlie's eyes were fixed onto Fang Xingjian's, and it was hard to tell what he was thinking amidst his ice-cold eyes.

Fang Xingjian appeared as if he did not mind at all as he merely closed his eyes and continued with his sword arts cultivation.

"Good, good, good." Charlie took a long look at him, and at the next moment, he became decrepit, saying, "You're truly deserving of the title of the super genius that is hard to come by in a hundred years. Whether it is your talent, courage, or mentality, they are all much stronger than the average person. It's no wonder that the First Prince values you so much."

His level was at the second transition, and if given the option, he would be able to kill Fang Xingjian within a few minutes at most. However, he was forced to bow down to the other party.

"Save your crap. Bring out your bargaining chips."

Charlie let out a bitter laugh, taking out half a manual and chucked it to Fang Xingjian.

"I had been picking up martial arts in Spiritual Weapon Hall since young. After I became a Knight, I learnt the ultimate Killing technique in the sect, <>"

"I don't have much interest in Killing techniques." Fang Xingjian casually picked up the half-manual and took a look. His interest in Killing techniques were really not that high.

Charlie nodded, saying, "Of course. Killing technique is the art of killing and destruction. It would be sufficient for a normal person to pick a few Killing techniques in their lifetime. But the <> from our Spiritual Weapon Hall is different. It's unique. This is a technique which can be used by any job in this world and incorporated with any experts' Killing techniques. It's because its use is not to directly kill enemies, but rather, provide the

practitioner with a killing weapon."

As Charlie introduced it, Fang Xingjian was looking through the content to the <>. Just a quick look through it and he was attracted by the amazing content written in it.

"Everything in this world exists in ether particles!"

Ether Divine Art spoke about restraining ether particle waves through one's Waves, continuously stacking them up and forming them into a weapon like a light beam.

A first transition Knight could transform the powers from the ether particle into light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and radiation, and from there, create damages.

A second transition Conferred Knight could communicate with ether particles to change one's intrinsic qualities, breaking through the limits of one's body.

Ether particles were a type of special waves, and so is light; the Ether Divine Art was a Killing technique which transformed the two.

This was only the principle. The Ether Divine Art could also be categorized as a type of weapon.

Firstly, most of the weapons forged by the Empire's masters from commonly used rare ingredients were known as Empire's Divine Weapon.

Further up, weapons which were forged from the remains of strong, deceased first transition Knights were known as Inferior Remains Divine Weapons.

And weapons forged from the remains of second transition Conferred Knights were known as Superior Remains Divine Weapons.

Furthermore, the strongest ones of them all were the weapons forged from the remains of Divine level strong Warriors, known as

Divine Remains Equipment.

These categories were all further separated into 30 levels, like how the human body was.

Empire's Divine Weapons belonged to level 1 to 9, Inferior Remains Divine Weapons belonged to level 10 to 19, Superior Remains Divine Weapons belonged to level 20 to 29, and the Divine Remains Equipment belonged to level 30.

To condense waves of the ether particles and light through one's Waves, forming Ether Effulgence Weapon, was a powerful Killing technique which only could only be accomplished after completing the second transition, having experienced the stage of 'Heaven's Perception', and being able to communicate with ether particles.

Almost every Conferred Knight had their own Ether Effulgence Weapon to power up their weapons.

And the Ether Effulgence Weapon cultivated from the 'Ether Divine Art' offered by Charlie could allow the practitioner at the level of a Knight to learn the means of obtaining a Conferred Knight's Ether Effulgence Weapon. This could be said to be the secret manuals amongst secret manuals.

How advantageous would it be for someone in a battle amongst people of the same level to be able to grasp skills of Conferred Knights while still a mere Knight.

The cultivation of Ether Effulgence Weapon started at the level of a level 1 Empire's Divine Weapon and could be gradually cultivated to become stronger, even being cultivated to the level of a level 10 Inferior Remains Divine Weapons. It could then be cultivated to the level of a level 20 Superior Remains Divine Weapons, and eventually to the level of a level 30 Divine Remains Equipment.

It was just that such training was even tougher compared to the cultivation ordinary people went through, and it was much more time consuming as well.

With the point of Charlie's finger, a green-colored light glow extended from the tips, continuously stacking together until a longsword made purely from light waves appeared in his palms.

This longsword was formed from the stacking of countless green light and was about one meter long. The light rays over a meter away got increasingly faint until they moved over ten meters away, after which they completely dispersed.

Charlie casually grabbed this green-colored light sword and, with a light wave, induced a slight dizziness on Fang Xingjian.

"This Ether Effulgence Weapon of mine is called Green Fantasy, an Inferior Remains Divine Weapon which had reached level 10. Although it is not tangible and is unable to defend against physical sword blows, its poisonous damage could be a threat to level 10 Knights.

"Of course, because Ether Effulgence Weapon are formed from repeated layerings of waves of ether particles and light, they are not tangible and are only able to provide only special effects. Therefore it could not be comparable to a Divine Weapon of an equivalent level.

"However, the Ether Effulgence Weapon had another unique trait, which was to be able to adhere onto a physical object. It was a Killing technique which could strengthen as your abilities strengthened, continuously raising the prowess of one's weapons.

"Moreover, the Ether Divine Art from our Spiritual Weapon Hall is a training method which can allow one's Effulgence Weapon's level to be raised all the way to level 30. Not every training method for Effulgence Weapon can do this."

A satisfied smile appeared on Fang Xingjian's face. With a slight movement of his palm, white colored light gradually flashed as if they were forming into something, yet were similar to a recorder with poor reception, unable to do much.

'So this is Effulgence Weapon?' Fang Xingjian suddenly recalled that when he had battled against Rota and the other three, Rota, the female Knight who was more than a match for most men, had suddenly unleashed an explosive force towards the end. The long spear that she had formed from red light should also have been a Effulgence Weapon as well. However, while her method was also one which would allow even a Knight to be able to perform it, it was much coarser compared to the Ether Divine Art from the Spiritual Weapon Hall and could even cause inflict great damages onto one's body.

Fang Xingjian lifted his head and asked, "Where is the next half of the manual for the Ether Divine Art?"

Charlie said calmly, "If you promise to testify for me, saying that I had not secretly inflicted harm on you during the interrogation, I'll naturally pass you the second half of the manual for the Ether Divine Art."

Fang Xingjian nodded, saying, "No problem."

Charlie said, astonished, "You've agreed?"

"Why? You're not agreeable?" Fang Xingjian let out a cold smile and said, "After all, even if I were to testify for you, you still won't be able to ever be valued by those in leadership. Even if you were not sent to the southern borders and are allowed to remain in the association, you'll just be a ***** character in the future.

"And my progress will only get increasingly faster. I'll soon be able to surpass you. So why do I need to spend so much time on you?"

"But are you so sure that after I've testified, they would just let you go like that?"

"You don't have to worry about this." Charlie nodded, saying dejectedly, "However, it's not so easy to break through and become a Conferred Knight. There has been countless Knights in history

who were unable to make it past the stage of Heaven's Perception, and thus were unable to go through the second transition all their lives. Hehe.

"Alright, someone from the association will be coming to ask you some questions in a while. You'll just need to be careful of what you reply. Latest by tonight, I'll send you the later half of the manual for the Ether Divine Art.

"Remember, after you're done with it, burn it immediately, and don't let anyone find out that you've cultivated the Ether Divine Art. Otherwise, the people from Spiritual Weapon Hall will not let you off."

As long as Fang Xingjian attested for Charlie, the First Prince's powers would naturally be able to pull Charlie out from the fix.

And Fang Xingjian obviously understood the importance of the sect's most treasured manual. Although he did not know what the consequences were for Charlie to have secretly imparted it to him, it was still better to keep it to himself.

As for what price Charlie had paid to make up for his mistake this time around in the other areas, Fang Xingjian was not concerned. It obviously must have been a very painful price to pay.

That night, Fang Xingjian looked at the completed set of manual for the Ether Divine Art and started analyzing it excitedly.

As long as he grasped this Ether Divine Art, he would be able to perform the Effulgence Weapon as a Knight when only Conferred Knights were able to do so. This allowed him an additional effect with his weapon as his abilities accumulated a slight growth.

Moreover, this was a treasured manual of a sect which could be trained to attain a level 30 Effulgence Weapon. The Effulgence Weapon's cultivation methods from most sects were already seen as very valuable.

Of course, an Effulgence Weapon could only increase the effects

of a weapon and increase Knights' damaging prowess. It was a Killing technique which pursued destructive force and damaging prowess. It had no effect towards the nurturing and strengthening of the human body.

He sat down cross-legged, Waves circulating non-stop throughout his body. In his hands, streams of twisted light rays were jumping and flashing, but did not form together.

Because of the unique traits Waves in the human body, each person would only ever be able to have one of it. The special effect each individual managed to cultivate would vary based on their character, Waves, and mental cultivation method. It was basically very hard to accurately forecast what one would get. And every time a person tried to form a new Effulgence Weapon, their Effulgence Weapon's level would be reset to zero.

Therefore the first step of forming a Effulgence Weapon with regards to the style and type was to create was especially important.

Thus, each Conferred Knight would be extremely careful and think through a lot when they were trying to create their own Ether Effulgence Weapon.

Rather than saying that it was a weapon, it could be said that this was a special effect for weapons which could be used anytime, at any place, and could even be alternated through different weapons.

Now, what Fang Xingjian wanted was to firm up his foundations, condensing the best Ether Effulgence Weapon to be used as a powerful enhancer for his Divine Weapon in the future.

In his palms, countless white light gradually formed into the shape of a longsword, but at the next moment, the light rays scattered, his longsword was dispersed. Fang Xingjian shook his head, "This one won't do."

Then, new light started to jump and flash about again between his two palms.

That night, Fang Xingjian created countless Ether Effulgence Weapons in the shape of a sword, and then crumbled them.

It was a pity that this technique was not one for sword arts, but rather it had to do with one's comprehension of ether particles and Waves. This was why Fang Xingjian's progress for this particular technique was unprecedentedly slow.

Chapter 123 Pursue

Fang Xingjian was condensing an Effulgence Weapon, chasing for an even higher breakthrough.

As he did so, a lady, dressed in purple, with purple hair, was running at high speed on the snowy plains in the far north.

With each step she took, it was as if she was strolling on the clouds, not leaving a single trace as she gracefully and easily moving forward for over thirty meters.

Just like that, her feet connected into a line as she brought out a long air current, advancing at a condition where she was at ten times supersonic speed. Wherever she passed by, waves of air currents were sent out, either pushing away countless snow and water or blowing them up into the sky. Her steps had even created fire sparks, leaving a track of traces similar to meteorites. It evaporated a large amount of snow and water and created a whole stretch of fog.

However, even if she was progressing at such a high speed, her face was still that of shock and panic, as if some tremendous prehistoric monster was chasing after her.

Just like that, she ran across a distance of hundreds of kilometers. Suddenly, the sky turned dark as countless black-colored light rays descended from the heaven, surrounding thousands of meters around the purple-haired lady.

Seeing this canopy of darkness which had come down from the heavens, a hint of desperation flashed past her face.

"George Krieg! Do you have to be so ruthless?!"

Just then, the black-colored light cracked and scattered as if they were turbulent, black smoke. Two men and one female walked out.

One of them was a guy in suit of black armor and a crimson red mantle. It was obvious that he was a Conferred Knight.

The black-armored Knight exuded turbulent black fog endlessly, forming into one with the canopy of darkness in the surroundings. It was obvious that the canopy which surrounded a kilometer around them was his work.

The countless spacial gaps in the surroundings were completely sealed by his ability, turning into a maze which one would never be able to exit from.

It was a top notch Killing technique used to trapped opponents, Hell's Labyrinth.

The lady was dressed in palace clothings, and although it was a snowy plains of below zero degrees, she still revealed her snow white thighs and tender arms, not seeming to be affected by the cold at all.

In front of these two, it was a middle-aged man dressed in a suit of gold with golden-colored armor, emitting a thick feeling of aristocracy as if he was a deity who had descended from the heavens.

The man had a rectangular face and his expression was one of great authority. His every movement exuded a great sense of nobility and supremacy, his eyes revealing incomparable authority and dominance, as if he was going to tightly grasp and control everything in the world.

"Surrender, Li Zi, as long as you sign this Devil's Note, I can guarantee that no one in the whole of the Empire would ever pursue matters concerning you."

"Matters concerning me?" Li Zi's face revealed a hint of deep killing intent as she stared viciously at the First Prince and said, "Kreig Clan broke faith and reneged on obligations, destroyed One Intention Style Dojo, wrecked our holy grounds, dug up our ancestral grounds, forged weapons and armors with my ancestors remains, and now you're even so ruthless as to drive me to the corners. Hahahaha, everyone in your Krieg Clan will all die

horrible deaths eventually!"

Her words were brimming with hatred, as if she was a female ghost comprised of wrath and vengeance, cursing the living while dwelling in the darkness.

The First Prince shook his head as vicious coldness flashed in his eyes. He said calmly, "One Intention Style Dojo hoards the mountain, self-declares itself as the reigning lord, hoards land and properties, gather people to create havoc, threatens the government bodies... Your crimes can't even be pardoned even in death.

"I've taken into consideration of your exceptional talent and am giving you a chance to live and to serve the country, to seek pardon for the crimes that you've committed. Why are you not giving your thanks?"

As he said that, the First Prince reached out his palm, slapping Li Zi gently from the top. With this palm, the wind and clouds changed in that instance, as if everything in the world lost colors in this one moment. There were crisp squeaking sounds in the air, as if it was shattering little by little. The First Prince's palm also seemed to have filled up the heaven and earth, covering the whole sky and finally transforming into a stretch of world that fell down towards Li Zi.

In that instant, Li Zi's eyes revealed endless terror. It was because in her eyes, somehow, a world appeared in the First Prince's hand. It was a world of mountains made from swords, along with seas of flames and endless bloodied corpses. It was a world brimming of despair and hardship.

There were people being tortured and interrogated everywhere in that world. There were some who were chopped off at the waists, some who were fried in oil or roasted over fire, some who had their limbs chopped off, and some who were pierced in the heart. The world which had appeared in that palm was like hell

itself.

And when Li Zi was focused on looking at it, she had noticed that those who people who were being tortured all appeared to look exactly like her.

To be bringing hell to earth, to be crushing one with a world.

Purgatory Demonic Compendium – Overturned Hell.

This palm by the First Prince had turned the world upside down and brought one to a world of hell, a world that reflected a grim and heavy prospect. It did not just contained boundless strength which shattered the air, it also brought out a dominance which could crushed one mental status completely.

And the most horrifying thing was that within this one move, the surrounding snow-capped mountains, snow plains, as well as people, all seemed to be stretched out or compressed. It was obvious that there was a strong surge of power which compressed space, causing it to appear stretched out or bent like noodles.

Space was extremely firm and was indestructible even if all the Divine level experts in the world were to gather together. However, space was also the most malleable and could be stretched or bent.

This was a state hidden by the move 'Overturned Hell'. It was able to twist the world, allowing one to be able to control the whole world, twisting, flattening, or moulding it to one's wishes.

Facing this extremely horrifying move made by the First Prince, Li Zi displayed the real prowess of an absolute genius.

Her expression was one of fierce struggle as she broke out from the endless illusion of hell. Then, with a shudder, three silhouettes leaped out from her body.

The three silhouettes appeared exactly the same as her, not just in terms of appearance, but also in terms of equipments, power, and aura. There was not a hint of difference.

Li Zi appeared to be three times more powerful. Letting out loud roars, trembling all the muscles throughout her body, and fanatically circulating her Waves and mental cultivation method, she squeezed out every single ounce of potential within her.

In the next moment, each Li Zi formed signs with their hands. It was as if different elements sprouted out from the extremely fast motions of their hands which seemed so chaotic.

One Li Zi formed signs, seeming like a flower made of water.

Another Li Zi formed signs with her hands at very great speed, as if they were a ball of strong, explosive flames.

Another Li Zi formed signs quickly with her hands, creating a series of after images with them and appearing to be like strong gales.

The last Li Zi, the person herself, formed fists with her hands and moved towards the other four hand signs with a feeling of great ease and boldness.

The four hand signs combined together. The four types of powers represented the four types of powers which had created the world as said in the legends, earth, water, fire, and wind.

The First Prince crushed down using his attack with the powers that brought about descent of hell, twisting the world. Li Zi attacked back against the splitting world with four times her original power, splitting through the world and reinventing the meaning of the four elements!

'Since you want bring the descent of hell and to twist the human world, I'll smash this hell of yours, creating a new world!'

This move of great ingenuity made even the First Prince's eyes brim with joy. He bellowed, "What a good Four Seals of World Creation, One Intention Style Dojo's Palm Imprint of Genesis and One Man Four Transformation. Since you've already mastered 70% of it, I won't be holding back either."

A tremendous boom sounded out! With the First Prince's words, the sky cracked, causing countless gaps.

No, those were not gaps from the sky splitting, but rather space being compressed by violent powers, thus revealing the gaps between space. Even the black-armored Knight's Hell's Labyrinth was broken through.

Although space was very firm and unable to be smashed through, the natural gaps between spaces could still be used by strong Warriors.

And with the First Prince's attack coming down, not only was the Hell's Labyrinth broken through, it even revealed the spatial gaps such that ordinary people would be able to see as well. What a brutal force this was... What a horrifying attack...

As if the weight of Mountain Taishan was bearing down, mountains and rivers were collapsing. Within a thousand meters, the whole place appeared as if it had been smashed by a gigantic palm, causing the ground to sink down a depth of several meters.

Much longer later, all of the smoke completely dispersed. The First Prince looked at the silhouette who had fallen in front of him, saying calmly, "Black Ghost, bring her back."

Hearing the command, the black-armored Knight stretch out one of his hands, encompassing the unconscious Li Zi with black smoke and placing her into the Hell's Labyrinth which was covered with a canopy of black light.

The lady dressed in palace clothes said, "Congratulations to Your Highness for taking in another peerless talent. The completion of the Hell's Map will be very soon."

The First Prince shook his head. "It's still too slow. Based on the records from the Book of Universal Truth, those devils will be coming here very soon. Time is still too tight."

The lady in palace clothing consoled, "Why does the First Prince

need to force yourself so hard? The 'arrival' isn't something that concerns only one city or one country. As long as they are under the starlit skies, no one will be able to escape. By then, everyone will understand."

"I just cannot bear for these vast rivers and mountains, for the vast lands to all be destroyed." Saying that, the First Prince's countenance turned grim and the domineering aura once again flowed out from his body. "Let's go. There'll be turmoil in Church of Universal Truth very soon. The situation is very serious. The three great Mage Kings are becoming restless and getting ready to make their moves. We can't continue to wait anymore."

The Church of Universal Truth was the number one religion in this world, predominant in the three kingdoms in the north. Their influence was superior only to the Empire which was located in the southwest.

As they spoke, the lady in palace clothes frowned. After pressing down on the point between her eyebrows, she said, "Your Highness, this is with regards to the Great Western Region. Charlie has failed. Fang Xingjian has the backing from the Governor in the Great Western Region. There's probably no one who can do anything to him now."

"Hmph, I've also not expected second brother to have taken in Devitt without any warning. Hmph, the person who lords over the Knights in a whole region, with thousands of official Knights as his subordinates. How awesome.

"These old fogies and young diehards are getting increasing impossible. They really are treating things that belong to our family as theirs.

"But it's fine, there's no harm. Now that he's revealed Devitt for Fang Xingjian's sake, there's more gains than losses.

"In the end, the Windstorm Sword Hero is merely a first transition job. Now, the most important thing is the Church of

Universal Truth and my Devil's Note.

"Only after my Devil's Note is completed and I've attained the Supreme Purgatory Path will there be a chance for everyone in this world to survive."

Chapter 124 Tremors

Finally, Fang Xingjian's one month in the Reflection Chamber was up and he returned to his villa.

During this period of time, Fang Xingjian had gone through tough training day and night, unceasingly tempering his attributes and cultivating his mental cultivation methods, Waves, and sword arts. Of course, he continued to throw in all his potential points into raising his agility, thus increasing his powers. His attributes were now:

Name

Fang Xingjian

Age

16

Occupation

Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level

10

Strength

56+5

Agility

91+5

Reaction

55

Endurance

49

Flexibility

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute)

Nurturing Sword Techniques

79 sets

Training Sword Techniques

12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword

Level 30

Radiant Light Sword Technique

Level 6

Ether Divine Art

Level 1

Specialities:

Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles

Elementary Berserkness

Unparalleled Sword Intent (79/100)

Potential

11,000 point increase/day

Waves

Level 5 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method

Level 3 Ice Age Meditation Art

Currently, Fang Xingjian had reached the maximum level for seventy-nine sets of sword techniques. His sword arts cultivation was progressing in great strides as the days passed by. It was almost as if just one swing of his hand would turn into various wonderful sword arts. But at the same time, the sword arts he could acquire from the other students and from the library were only these.

'It's a pity that the academy keeps the Killing techniques secretly stashed away. Demonic Dusk and Eternal Divine Sword are not mere sword arts, but sword techniques which rely on Waves and ether particles to release special powers, and they are closer to Ether Divine Art.'

Fang Xingjian would probably take longer to level these types of sword techniques as compared to the Supreme Mistwind Sword, and might not even contribute to the Unparalleled Sword Intent when he had attained the maximum levels for these techniques.

Thus, Fang Xingjian's plan was to gather other Nurturing and Training sword techniques. These two types of sword arts were the safest and fastest option for him.

'Waves and potential can raise attributes and can only be trained slowly. There's still ten plus days before the academy will be starting on actual combat practice. By then, I'll go all out, raise my level, and increase my powers.'

'But for my mental cultivation method and Unparalleled Sword

Intent, I can still think of ways to progress them a little.'

As a strong Warrior in the area of speed, Fang Xingjian's current speed was already very fast because of his high attributes and the specialty, Single Sword World Subjugation. If he were to come into contact with strong foes, he could even perform the Supreme Mistwind Sword. Coupled with Boundaries Negation, it would bring his speed to even greater heights and he would be able to battle at supersonic speed.

Such great speed, coupled with the ability to see through other's moves with his Unparalleled Sword Intent, allowed for Fang Xingjian's attack prowess to be extremely strong.

Now, what he needed was to continue strengthening these advantages, including tempering his physical attributes daily, cultivating Waves, and training sword techniques to improve his sword intent.

Now, his biggest problem was his weapon.

Normal steel swords were not able to support him in his high speed battles. His speed had gotten even faster, especially after he had experienced progress recently. The rate at which his steel swords go to waste was also faster. Many times, when he was dealing with weaker Knights, he could very well have wiped them all out with his sword Qis directly.

However, the problem with the weapon was not something he could settle easily. The only two things he could do was to wait for the Governor to complete his Divine Weapon, and work hard to cultivate his Ether Divine Art.

This martial art from the Spiritual Weapon Hall given to him by Charlie was truly profound and worth studying closely.

Thinking about this, Fang Xingjian gently opened his palms and trickles of light flowed out from his arms, forming a white-colored light blade on his palm within a short period of time.

Fang Xingjian then slightly flicked the index finger on his other hand, making a steel sword from afar as if it was a string puppet. It flew in his direction and landed in his palm.

He gradually encompassed the light blade onto the steel sword and it very quickly submerged within.

The Effulgence Weapons created by Ether Divine Art actually had no tangible forms and were purely weapons formed from magnetic waves. Despite that, they could increase and reduce the temperature through magnetic waves, making flaming or ice-cold attacks, inflicting poison damage through radiations, and even causing electrifying damages through electric fields. They could have various special effects.

Especially after one's weapons were combined with the Effulgence Weapon, the latter would thus be granted a physical form, and could pass on the attacking effects to the physical weapon.

This was what Fang Xingjian was doing. After the light blade entered the steel sword, the whole steel sword tremored. As if it had on a faint layer of fog, it turned blurry.

Fang Xingjian did not choose any weird special effects like high or low temperature, poison, or electricity. It was because he knew what he needed most.

'With the Earth's technology, the sharpest blade which could be created, the High Frequency Blade, was made from magnetic pulses.

'No matter what material, there would be inconsistencies, and magnetic pulses could make use of this to store the fatigue of the materials, thus being able to slice through them.

'And the ability of my Effulgence Weapon is just call 'shock'.'

The reason that the longsword Fang Xingjian was holding had a blurry feeling was because the blade itself was trembling at a very

quick speed of five hundred times per second. But at the next moment, the steel sword shattered and the Effulgence Weapon dissipated. Fang Xingjian's Ether Effulgence Weapon had failed once again.

'While the prowess of high speed trembling is tremendous, it also meant that it is unstable. If I want to condense such a Ether Effulgence Weapon, I'll still need more time.'

Fang Xingjian had obviously wanted to condense an invincible and indestructible high frequency Effulgence Weapon. However, the process was much harder than creating one with either high or low temperatures, electrifying or poisonous effects.

But this was normal. It was the same for all Conferred Knights. The stronger the effects of the Effulgence Weapons they wanted to create, the higher the level of difficulty, It would also be increasingly tougher for the Effulgence Weapon to attain the Divine level in the future.

Although his high frequency Effulgence Weapon itself had no damaging prowess, once it was loaded onto a physical body and could undergo high frequency tremors, then theoretically, as long as the rate of the tremblings were high enough, there would be nothing it could not cut through.

There was nothing it could not slash, and nothing it could not cut through. This was the weapon that Fang Xingjian, who had the ability to move at extreme speed, truly required.

It was a pity that after Fang Xingjian had attained level 1 for the Ether Effulgence Weapon, he had not been able to truly create such an Effulgence Weapon till now. He could only be patient and precise, working to slowly stabilizing his Ether Effulgence Weapon and gradually allowing the time that the Effulgence Weapon could be maintained to increase. At this rate, he had no idea how long it would take for him to succeed.

However, other than the level of the Effulgence Weapon itself,

the sturdiness of the physical weapon was also a crux to controlling the rate of the tremors.

Fang Xingjian took another longsword, once again condensing the Effulgence Weapon and immersing into it. He then slashed out. Hundreds of sword Qis shot out, and at the same time, the steel sword in his hand could no longer keep up with that pressure and shattered inch by inch. It turning into countless shards, landing on the ground.

However, immediately after, another steel sword was sent to his hand by sword Qis. Fang Xingjian let out another slash, the longsword shattered, and another steel sword came.

Just like that, Fang Xingjian performed the Supreme Mistwind Sword with the Ether Effulgence Weapon. With each slash and each condensation of the Effulgence Weapon, the longsword would immediately shatter and the Effulgence Weapon would dissipate. He would then use the sword Qi from the Supreme Mistwind Sword to bring him a second steel sword, once again condensing his Effulgence Weapon and slashing out.

While hundreds of sword Qis were circulating around him, tens of steel swords were also circling around him in the air.

Each time he performed a sword stance, the longsword in his hand would be changed, allowing him to constantly be able to apply the Effulgence Weapon to the longsword in his hand and demonstrating an astonishing sharpness. However, each attempt would also sap him of his physical strength, and he furthermore had to unceasingly condense the Effulgence Weapon.

Very quickly, Fang Xingjian appeared like the descent of a typhoon. Hundreds of steel swords shattered and left countless sword trails in the ground, each of them with a depth of countless meters, displaying damaging and penetrating prowess unlike anything ever seen before.

'It's a pity that Ether Divine Art is not a type of sword arts, and

the tremors for the high frequency Effulgence Weapon I want to create makes it very unstable. If I wish to succeed, I can only work on it slowly and patiently, hoping that success will come when the conditions are ripe and the Effulgence Weapon will be formed.

'However, on the secret manual for the Ether Divine Art, there was method which smelts and casts materials to quickly form Ether Effulgence Weapons. Maybe I can try that out.'

Fang Xingjian sat down cross-legged, putting the last steel sword on his feet. With each of his breath, faint white light flashed out.

He noticed that ever since his Ice Age Meditation Art reached level 3, he no longer needed to sleep. This allowed him to be able to cultivate the Ether Divine Art every night.

With that, other than cultivating sword arts and Waves while constantly tempering his attributes, the rest of the time was spent on his Ether Effulgence Weapon.

'I'm left with ten plus days before the academy's external combat training. Since I've learned almost all of the sword techniques in the academy, then it's time to learn other sword techniques outside to allow my Unparalleled Sword Intent and mental cultivation method to progress. It would be even better if I can search for some materials for casting, and see if there's any materials which can help aid the formation of Effulgence Weapon.'

With the progress of his mental cultivation method, his ability to think, plan, and remember had all improved greatly, and he did not even need to sleep anymore. It was obvious that the constant leveling of the mental cultivation method was very effective, and it could also raise his efficiency in the other areas.

Chapter 125 War

The next morning, Fang Xingjian, who was seated cross-legged in the training room, opened his eyes. The sword in his hands turning into dust, scattering into the air. His Effulgence Weapon could not form, and while he had learnt it and reached level 1 in this skill, no matter how much he cultivated, he was not able to gain additional experience points.

Only after the Effulgence Weapon took shape would one be able to gain more experience points and level up.

Now, Fang Xingjian could only continue to train patiently, hoping that his Effulgence Weapon would be able to form one day.

'It seems like I'll have to start from using materials and see if I can use the method recorded in the manual for the Ether Divine Art to smelt and incorporate materials, thus giving form to my high frequency Effulgence Weapon.'

Fang Xingjian now understood the path he needed to take to become stronger as well: to cultivate his Waves, Effulgence Weapon, as well as to temper his attributes. All of these required one to train very, very slowly, taking all of eternity to train.

But his mental cultivation method, sword arts, and sword intent could all do some brushing up.

Early this morning and after breakfast, Fang Xingjian put on his blue and white Knight attire. Similar to how he had decided the day before, he brought along the small sword pendant exclusive to Knights and headed for Huang Lin's office.

On the way, however, he saw many servants rushing about everywhere in the academy, and there were even many soldiers whom he had never seen before setting up barricades in numerous places.

It was as if they had changed from a period of peace to war

overnight.

However, to Fang Xingjian, these soldiers did not have much use. They were not even official Knights and could only be there to guard the place and protect ordinary people.

In fact, Knights were the main force in the Empire's armies. An official Knight had the powers to defeat a thousand-man army of ordinary people, and just ten of them would be able to bring down a city guarded by ordinary people.

If there were one hundred Knights, then no matter how many ordinary soldiers came, they would not be able to win.

Thus, the Empire's main force tended to be an army of Knights formed from either three to five people, over ten people, or at max, a hundred people.

It could be said that the wars across this world would be one with over tens, or at the most, just over hundreds of such Knights.

In history, there were only a few wars which truly activated thousands or tens of thousands of Knights. All of them were able to shake heaven and earth.

And once Divine level experts appeared, just a few of them would be able to determine the flow of the war.

Therefore, the wars in the Miracle World comprised of the battle histories of the strong. Ordinary guards were only used to defend the territories and suppress ordinary commoners.

No one would be so moronic as to use an army of thousands or tens of thousands to face off Knights.

What really determined the victory or defeat was the results from the fights between the Knights.

Most ordinary soldiers not only have lousy equipments and mediocre skills in martial arts, most of them did not have any experience in war and would only have chased off wild beasts or

hunted ferocious beasts.

It was because they were not required at all in war. Even if they were to fight, they would only be lambs waiting to be slaughtered by the Knights. Although they could sneak sudden attacks on the enemy's' troops who were not Knights, it would not affect the battles between the Knights, even if they were to win.

The victory or defeat to wars were almost not dependent on them at all. It was why the Empire's echelon had never thought highly about the construct of the troops at the lowest level of the army.

On his way, Fang Xingjian suddenly saw a familiar-looking Knight and grabbed hold of him. That Knight was also an official student in the academy who appeared to be angry until he saw that it was Fang Xingjian. He immediately broke into a faint smile.

"Oh, Xingjian, it's you."

Fang Xingjian nodded and asked, "Why is the academy suddenly so heavily guarded? Did something happen?"

"Oh, you haven't heard? That's right, you've been focusing on your cultivation all the while and must have not received the news yet." Suddenly, that person showed a hateful expression, "It's those Black Devils, those people from the small island in the West Sea. Don't know what's with those people from the Western Garrison, letting those Black Devils get past them. I've heard that they've even gotten through to Kirst's territory."

In the past, about a thousand kilometers away from the Empire's west coastline, there was a huge island. Many black skinned humans stayed there, calling themselves the descendents of the Sun God. They formed a country called Garcia.

Garcia had been plundering on the West Sea and had been even more arrogant in the past ten plus years. They had, from a few years back, started to land on the Empire's coastline to plunder, kill, and set the places on fire, sparing no living thing, not even a

fowl or dog.

While the Empire was very strong, it was impossible to let the Knights split up and separately guard along the endless coastline.

Therefore for the past two years, they had started to fortify the defenses and clear the lands, evacuating the many villages located near the coastline. The Knights from the Western Garrison would focus on their attacks, wiping out the enemy's primary force.

It was said that a few months ago, the Western Garrison had eradicated one of Garcia's main force. This time around, Garcia amassed their troops and had over three hundreds Warriors, who were at least of the level of Knights, to charge through the west coastline. Caught unaware, the Western Garrison had let many of the small troops to break through them.

With so many strong Warriors who had been coming with extraordinary strength, ordinary villages and cities were not able to fend them off. Within a short period of time, countless citizens died horrible deaths under the blades of the foreigners.

That Knight continued to say, "There's news that someone had seen Black Devils outside Kirst, and someone from the Western Garrison had wrote to us to request for the academy to send assistance. We will probably need to join the Western Garrison for the combat drill this time around and fight against those Black Devils."

Saying that, hints of killing intent appeared on that person's face. "Hmph, this is for the best. I've long got tired of waiting. To think that those Black Devils, despite coming from such a tiny country, would dare to create disturbances on our borders, killing our people..."

Fang Xingjian did not continue to listen to him. He knew that the time he had left was even shorter now.

'Has the war started?' Fang Xingjian knew that with his current

abilities, there were not many Knights who were his match. Only those core disciples from great aristocratic clans or factions could potentially be his match.

But what kind of place was the battlefield? With hundreds of Knights clashing against each other, there would definitely be the appearance of enemies who were at the level of Conferred Knights. He needed to strengthen his prowess very quickly.

After he had consecutively challenged so many Prefectural Champions and threatened Charlie, his Ice Age Meditation Art had improved tremendously and his sword intent was also just a little bit away before it leveled up.

'I must attain another breakthrough before the war starts.'

Fang Xingjian knew that as long as he maintained an attitude of doing as he wished, without inhibition, the cultivation for his Ice Age Meditation Art would get increasingly faster. This was especially so if he did not succumb to pressure, maintaining his initial will each time he faces pressure, threats, or difficulties. Each time he managed to maintain his initial will, it would mean that he had managed to make it through another door, allowing his mental cultivation method to progress even further.

Cultivating the Ice Age Meditation Art, Fang Xingjian's heart could not stand unfairness.

Therefore he planned to enter Kirst to plunder sword arts, taking whatever he wanted and answering to his heart's call without any inhibitions. He would not go about any detours. Moreover, he had no time for all those. It was another ten plus days before his first year was up. Fang Xingjian had only four years before he reached the end of his life.

Of course, there must be a limit towards all these. If not, it could not be considered true to his heart and extinguishment of unfairness, but rather foolishness and recklessness. The fine differences between these two proved to be another crux to the

cultivation of his mental cultivation method.

With that, not only would he be able to strengthen his mental cultivation method, he would also be able to accumulate sword arts. Only then would Fang Xingjian be able to achieve a breakthrough within a short period of time.

Just as Fang Xingjian was thinking about this, he had already stepped into Huang Lin's office. A few Knights who exuded a strong presence and had blood stains on their Knight attire was just leaving Huang Lin's office.

Chapter 126 Conspiracy

Just as Fang Xingjian was on his way to Huang Lin's office...

At the foot of a volcano far away, thick fumes and ashes unceasingly sprouted out from the volcano, occasionally causing huge tremors across the land. The villages in the area had all evacuated.

Rebecca stood at the foot of the volcano looking at this natural might. She furrowed her brows and asked, "Kaunitz is cultivating here? This time, he had gotten us to come here in such a hurry. What would it be for?"

A servant next to her shook his head and said, "Young Master did not say. He only mentioned that it is a grave issue and that I must definitely invite these few seniors of his to come and meet up with him."

There were two other elders who had came at the same time with Rebecca, a man and a woman.

The old man looked to be in his seventies or eighties, but had a simple and unsophisticated appearance and lean and skinny body, as if he was a villager living in the mountains and plains.

Contrary to the old man, the old lady next to him was dressed in luxurious-looking clothes and covered in splendid jewels. Her display of wealth and power was even greater than Rebecca's.

However, she also had an air of arrogance, as if she did not care about anything in this world.

This old lady had been Rebecca's close sister when she was young, an aristocrat from the Great Western Region's Green Jade City, Cynthia. The person next to her was her husband, a man who was very fearful of his wife, Zhakov.

Hearing the servant's words, Cynthia frowned, saying, "Rebecca, this nephew of yours is really too outrageous. As his elders, we've

come to meet him from such a long distance away. It's one thing for him to come out to greet us himself, but to think that he's even putting on airs and getting us to wait for him. This disrespect for seniors is truly ridiculous."

That servant explained in a soft voice, "Madam, it's not that Young Master Kaunitz has no respect for his elders. It's just that his cultivation has reached a crucial point and he's not able to leave as he wishes."

"Hmph," Cold eyes gleamed in Cynthia's eyes. She was deeply ingrained with the concepts of having to show respects for seniors, clan regulations, as well as how aristocrats were of a different class from commoners. What she detested the most was others showing her disrespect. Hearing the servant's explanation, she let out a cold laugh and sent a slap over through the air. Her Reduced Force Field sent the servant rolling on the ground and spewing out blood.

She was also a Knight; no, she, her husband, and Rebecca were all Knights. Moreover, they were all Knights at the pinnacle of the first transition, having come from aristocratic families and cultivated for decades, eating numerous good food.

They could be considered the batch of people at the very top of all first transition Knights.

After beating up the servant, Cynthia said slowly, "Rebecca, why is it that the Tresia Clan is getting increasingly unruly? To think that even a servant would dare to be so rude. We're having a discussion here, who is he to speak?"

That servant covered his face in pain and quickly said, "I deserve to die! I deserve to die! Please spare my life!"

Rebecca said, annoyed, "Scram. We'll wait here by ourselves." She then turned to speak to Cynthia, "Sister, don't be angry. Kaunitz, this child has now gotten the appreciation of the First Prince and has reached a crucial stage in his cultivation. As his seniors, let's just wait a little while."

"Hmph." Cynthia shook her head. "You are still too soft-hearted. If a junior had asked me to wait for him back in Green Jade City, I'll definitely punish him."

"I heard recently that there's a Windstorm Sword Hero genius who had even beaten Kaunitz up right in front of you?" While saying that, she showed a look of despise. "The youngsters these days are getting increasingly disrespectful. Only in Kirst would you see such a crude person becoming a Prefectural Champion."

Just then, the air in the surroundings suddenly twisted violent and the temperature increased over ten degrees. It continued to increase without stopping until it almost exceeded a hundred degrees.

The scorching heat was strong enough to scald a person to death. But to three senior Knights, it was the equivalence of soaking in a hot spring.

As the temperature rose, a gush of sulphur smell surged towards them. A nefarious feeling surge within them, and it was as if the three of them came to hell from the human world in just an instant.

"Haha, Aunt Cynthia is right. That Fang Xingjian is disrespectful towards those of greater seniority, goes against human ethics, and doesn't give a hoot to us aristocrats. If we were to let this beast progress, he will only bring disaster to the Empire, causing endless slaughters."

As he said that, Kaunitz gradually walked up to the trio. His body was covered in a layer of dark black scale armor, with two long winding horns pointing towards the sky. He held onto a longsword with each of his six arms, ether particles rippling violently from every single sword.

This caused him to appear very evil and extremely horrifying. He seemed more like a vicious spirit from hell than a human.

Rebecca also received a huge shock. Her expression the quickly turned into one of delight. "Kaunitz, this... this is the Inferno Indestructible Physique the First Prince had imparted to you?"

"That's right." Kaunitz appeared very proud of himself. "I've taken the Dragon Blood Pill and has changed my blood vessels and bone marrows, becoming half human, half dragon. I've also brought the Inferno Indestructible Physique to an unprecedented maximum level of 13.

"Now, I don't just have the powers of dragons, I've also gained several specialties including the Demon's Nerves (increases reaction and movement speed), Heart of the Land (extraordinary recovery abilities, able to absorb geothermal energy, stamina will never dry up), and Fiend's Muscles (under the situation where one's physical strength is reduced many folds quicker, increases one's explosive force and the rate at which muscles contracts).

"Now, although my five attributes have all just hit 50, the effects are comparable to a Knight with 50 or even 80 points in their attributes."

It was obvious that the earlier news of Fang Xingjian having been crippled had resulted in the First Prince devoting all of the resources he had intended to nurture Fang Xingjian with into Kaunitz.

Just those ten Dragon Blood Pills had allowed Kaunitz to gain an increase of over 20 points in his attributes.

Even if it was the First Prince, he would not have been able to bring out so much resources casually. However, the effects were truly tremendous. It had merely been a short one month and Kaunitz had already experienced tremendous growth, comparable to five year of his usual level of hard work.

Hearing his words, even the arrogant Cynthia nodded in agreement, saying, "As expected from a member of the royalty, to have spent such a great fortune. Even if we combine the efforts of

multiple clans in Green Jade City, we may not even be able to match up to this. Seems like you are already close to attaining the Divine level. In a few years' time, our Empire will probably have another Divine level character.

In Kaunitz's body, the First Prince's clone frowned slightly, sending a message to Kaunitz coolly, "Alright, cut the crap. Get down to business."

Kaunitz smiled and said, "The First Prince is person of great spirit and means. This is but a small case to him. This time around, the reason I've invited you three elders here is to discuss about Fang Xingjian.

"The First Prince hopes that we can make use of the opportunity of hunting down the Garcia people to have the three of you help me raise my level and quickly reach the pinnacle of level 19 as soon as possible. Also, there's another thing, which is to suppress Fang Xingjian, forcing him to sign the Devil's Note."

Chapter 127 Leave

"You're here?" Huang Lin lifted his head and took a look at Fang Xingjian, fatigue brimming in his eyes.

Fang Xingjian asked, "Teacher, are we going to war?"

"Mmm." Huang Lin nodded. "Western Garrison requested for us to work hand in hand with them to wipe out those Black Devils from Garcia.

"We'll be taking action at the end of the month. You should go prepare yourself too."

"End of the month?" Fang Xingjian did some calculations. If that was the case, there would only be another eight days before they made their move.

Thinking of that, he said, "Teacher, I'd like to take a few days leave and make a trip to Kirst."

Huang Lin asked, surprised, "To go into the city? What do you want to do?"

Fang Xingjian had already thought up an excuse for himself. "I've reached a bottleneck with my mental cultivation method. I would like to have a change of environment to change my mood and see if I can have any new comprehensions."

"Oh, it's your mental cultivation method." Huang Lin nodded. "Everyone needs to work on their mental cultivation method themselves. Even I'm not able to help you with this. Go ahead and have a walk around in Kirst." He believed that with Fang Xingjian's current status, not one person would dare to offend him. Even if he were to go to Kirst, there should not be any problems.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian went through the academy's formalities that afternoon and left with a sword in hand, heading straight for Kirst.

He had three objectives this time around. To gather sword techniques, to brush up his mental cultivation method, and to find a suitable casting material which would be a good match with his Effulgence Weapon.

The mental cultivation method Fang Xingjian was cultivating, Ice Age Meditation Art, required a calm and peaceful mind with no inhibitions. However, for Fang Xingjian, he did not adjust his mental state and calm himself like any ordinary people. He relied on exterminating external demons, eradicating all the things that could perturb his mind and emotions in order to remain calm.

And while he was stripped of the feelings of love, kinship and friendship, he still maintained vengeance, fury, and a concept of what was right or wrong.

Thus, when he came across different things, he would still frown upon them, and still feel fury.

And so, he took off his Knight attire that night, changed into his tattered clothes, attached the Silver Dragon at his waist, held onto a steel sword in his hand, and headed for the commoner district.

In this world, the poorer the place, the messier it would be, and the higher the number unfair occurrences; unlike how it was in the academy with no one daring to offend Fang Xingjian.

And this time around, Fang Xingjian wanted to test something out. He wanted to see if his mental cultivation method would progress if he were to take the initiative to offend other people and then exterminate the external evils with a calm mind.

However, even after he had made a few rounds in the commoner district, no one came to provoke him. Most people would be on their guards upon seeing the longsword he was holding, so who would freely provoke him? This was a world where every single citizen cultivated and countless people made their way to the level of Knights. Who would know if the person holding a sword would be Wei Xiaobao or Ximen Chuixue? Therefore, most of the time, no

one would deliberate provoke people carrying weapons.

However, the commoner district was the commoner district. Fang Xingjian took a few rounds around, and while there were not one person who provoked him, he could hear the sound waves from the air with a slight twitch of his ears. It was the sound of crying and begging which came from a lady.

"No!

"I beg of you, please don't do this!"

With a shift, Fang Xingjian disappeared.

In a small little house in the commoner district, a girl who was about the age of fourteen or fifteen years old had her hands tied up, and another lady was holding onto her legs. A man around forty plus years old touched her face, revealing an extremely excited expression.

At the next moment, he started tearing off the girl's clothes, feeling all over her body.

The little girl continued to cry and struggle, but stopped and fell into a daze after the man gave her five to six consecutive slaps.

The man grinned and tore off the girl's clothes. As he stared at her bare chest, he was just planning to have his way when two streams of sword Qi swirled in, knocking off the man and woman who had been holding down the girl's legs.

The man's physical attributes were quite good. After all, he was from the Miracle World. If it was in the modern Earth, with his physique, he would be able to become an olympic champion.

The man jumped to his feet, drawing out a small knife and pointing at Fang Xingjian who was at the door. He asked, appearing threatening but was actually cowardly at heart, "Chap, what are you doing? How dare you spoil the fun for your grandfather, Teru. Do you want to have a few more holes on your body?" He had yet to understand how he had fell down earlier.

Fang Xingjian swept a glance towards him, then at the lady behind him. He noticed that the lady was pregnant and had not been able to get to her feet after he she had been swept to the ground by his sword Qi.

Hearing the man's voice, sword light flashed in the air. The man let out a terrifying cry and one of his ears dropped onto the floor.

"I'll kill whoever dares to make another sound."

In that instant, the whole room quieten down. The man looked at Fang Xingjian with a horrified expression, and even the victimized girl stopped crying as she looked at Fang Xingjian, terrified.

Fang Xingjian pointed to the young girl and asked, "You, speak up. What's going on here?"

The young girl took in a few inhales and under Fang Xingjian's Knightly pressure, she was no longer nervous. She broke into tears, saying, "I came across that pregnant lady on the streets and she suddenly squatted down, saying that her stomach was in so much pain that she couldn't walk. I sent her home... but... but..."

Saying this, she once again broke down into tears.

Cold gleams of light flashed in Fang Xingjian's eyes as he stared towards the man and woman at the side. The woman looked frightened, and the man anxious and wanted to lie and argue, but his teeth clattered under Fang Xingjian's gaze and not a single word came out from his mouth.

Fang Xingjian let out a cold snort, and with a few consecutive flashes of sword light, the man's arms was chopped off.

It caused the man, who had been in tears, to let out agonizing cries. Fang Xingjian then cast his glance on the pregnant lady, saying coldly, "On the account that you're pregnant, I'll not punish you today. But you'll need to redeem yourself. In the future, if I find you that you commit more evil deeds, I'll definitely get rid of you and your whole family."

That woman immediately knelt down, kowtowing unceasingly. Fang Xingjian let out a cold snort and dashed out as if he was riding on clouds.

As for the girl, she would naturally leave by herself. Fang Xingjian reckoned that the couple would not dare to try anything funny anymore.

Moreover, Fang Xingjian had only hatred; hatred towards evil. He did not have the feelings of love towards acts of kindness. The reason he had killed people and eradicate evils was just so that he could wipe out external demons, cleaning his heart of all unfairness. It had absolutely nothing to do with benevolence or kindness at all.

If one had to compare, his condition was closer towards complete annihilation; an uncompromising castigator, Rorschach [2], not a Superman or Batman [3] who would save both the good and the evil.

The night sky in the Miracle World was different from the Earth's. Other than a bright moon, there were no stars at all. The sky was completely pitch black, as if an endless darkness had covered the world.

Fang Xingjian thought about the event from earlier and took a look at his Stats Window. He noticed that his mental cultivation method had progressed by 0.01%. He then killed a few more thieves, bandits, and hoodlums. While he cleared the gloom in his heart, he further gained about 0.02% of experience.

But it was also then that he gradually began to notice how uncivilized the Miracle World was and how much it had fallen behind in times. The lower middle class in society were filled with too much darkness and viciousness, causing him to feel extremely unsatisfied. Even if there was a progression for his mental cultivation method, he still did not like the feeling.

As long as a person had an normal understanding of the concept

of right and wrong, they would not feel happy even after seeing those cases of rapes, robberies, blackmails and extortions.

Anyone from the modern society would not have felt happy if they were to come to this world akin to dark middle ages, seeing the hideous side of the human nature.

While Fang Xingjian had lost his emotions of love, kinship, and friendship, his concept towards right and wrong had not gone through a tremendous change yet.

'Most of the Knights and Conferred Knights in the Miracle World are gathered in the academy and army. The reason most of them try to raise their abilities is so that they could fight for more privileges, more resources, and more wealth. How many of them would turn their gazes towards the darkness in the world?

'If I'm the same as them, cultivating only for the sake of becoming stronger and taking revenge, then wouldn't I also become a person who swarms shameless around the rich and influential, a person who chase only after name?

'If the world is not peaceful, how would I be able to feel at ease? How would I be able to calm my heart?'

Fang Xingjian frowned, the mental cultivation method in his mind circulating extremely quickly. Ideas unceasingly popped up in his mind, yet constantly disappeared as well.

'Then what good would my sword arts be?

'I had been suppressed for sixteen years in the Fang Clan and had not been able to gain freedom of my heart and soul at all. If I continue to be like this in the future, how different would I be from Fang Clan?'

Thinking of Fang Clan, thinking of his grandmother, thinking of that black woman who had wanted to harm him, the flames of fury flared up even more in Fang Xingjian's heart.

'If I cannot use this sword in my hand to clear away all the

feelings of unfairness in my heart, ridding the world of unjust,
what good would it be if my sword arts standard is very strong?
What good would it be even if I were to grow stronger?

'If a person is useless to the world, to society, then no matter how long he survives, no matter how strong he is, he would just be a great b*stard.'

As he thought about this, Fang Xingjian's empty mind seemed to explode, as if streams of silvery thunderbolts had struck it. As he focused on the mental cultivation method in his mind, countless thoughts drowned him, giving him the strong urge to raise the longsword in his hand and eradicate all the evil-doers in the world.

[1] Wei Xiaobao: Protagonist in the novel ‘The Deer and the Cauldron’, who was not an adept martial artist, but rather, an anti hero who relies on wit and cunning to get out of trouble.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Deer_and_the_Cauldron

Ximen Chuixue: Close friend of Lu Xiaofeng, who is the protagonist in the series Lu Xiaofeng Series. Nicknamed "God of Sword", he is the best swordsman.
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lu_Xiaofeng#Ximen_Chui_xue_.28.E8](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lu_Xiaofeng#Ximen_Chui_xue_.28.E8.BA.AE)

[2] A fictional character and an anti hero of the acclaimed 1986 graphic novel miniseries *Watchmen*, published by DC Comics. A ruthless crime-fighter, his beliefs in moral absolutism—good and evil with no shades of grey—have driven him to seek to punish evil at all costs. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rorschach_\(comics\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rorschach_(comics))

[3] Well-known superheroes published in comics by DC Comics.

Chapter 128 Metamorphosis of the Mental Cultivation Method

Whenever Fang Xingjian thought about the varying injustice and darkness in the world, his mental cultivation method would start to circulate at an increasing rate.

Letting out an exhale, he seem to want to swallow down the accumulated feelings of depression in one breath.

"If I cannot eradicate the evil and wipe out the feelings of unfairness in my heart, I won't be satisfied no matter how high my level of sword cultivation is, or how much power and authority I wield."

At this moment on Fang Xingjian's Stats Window, the Ice Age Meditation Art appeared blurry, as if it would undergo a transformation at any moment.

Unlike the physical body, the mental cultivation method corresponded to one's spirit and thoughts. It was something that could be comprehended.

To succeed in training the physical body, one would need to plough through long hours of tough training day and night, unceasingly training each and every muscle, each and every bone.

But one's consciousness was akin to nihility; something that could be changed at will.

Therefore, while a person could develop different views due to the accumulating years of environmental and situational influences, a person could also gain instant comprehension when subjected to certain stimulations from events or from having certain ways of thinking.

This was why Fang Xingjian had taken over one month to change his Waves while cultivating it, turning the Mistral Windgod's Waves into the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves.

And now, with a change of his thinking, his Ice Age Meditation Art had started to go through a change. When the thoughts in his consciousness settled down, his mental cultivation method could go through a metamorphosis.

There was still a chance of turning back the changes to one's physical body and Waves, but if one's thoughts were to change, it would be extremely difficult to reverse the changes.

Take for example, a monk that had broken the Buddhist rule of abstinence in lust, it was simply impossible to get him to forget about **** and revert to his initial innocent state.

Another example would be when a serial killer had killed hundreds of people. How difficult would it be for him to forget about all about killing and repent?

With mental cultivation methods, it was hard to reverse any changes once the first step was taken.

However, Fang Xingjian did not regret this at all. He had to start from a different way of thinking to be able to begin his cultivation in the Ice Age Meditation Art. If he had to wipe out all of his desires and retain all the disturbances he had in his mind, what meaning would there be to stay alive?

Although he calmed his heart by eradicating external disturbances, which allowed for his experience gained to soar very quickly, it was a natural flow for his mental cultivation method to experience an eventual change as long as he persisted.

But how could it be possible that Fang Xingjian would have any regret?

'If I must follow the way the Ice Age Meditation Art is supposed to be cultivated, turn myself into a cowardly tortoise, an ice mountain, I'll be better off dead.'

At that moment, Fang Xingjian had fixed his goal of travelling around, eradicating evil-doers to wipe out external evils and attain

a peace of mind, thus improving his mental cultivation method.

Thinking about this, Fang Xingjian started to feel as if all his body was at ease. It was as if every single muscle, every single bone, had turned active and free.

The mental cultivation method on his Stats Window started to turn blurry, as if it was going to undergo a change at any moment.

Looking at the transformation to the Stats Window, Fang Xingjian thought to himself, 'Oh well, I'll lend you a helping hand. I'll complete my mental cultivation method before I look for sword arts and materials.' In the next moment, he dashed to the back alley behind a restaurant. He saw three burly looking gangsters who were carrying weapons.

Kirst's gangs were all people who had cultivated some form of martial technique, but were unable to pass the Prefectural Selection. Thus, they were stuck between the aristocrats and the commoners, forming organizations who exploited the commoners for a living.

The three of them felt as if their vision blurred for a while before Fang Xingjian appeared before them.

The three of them got on their guard, and a young man who appeared to be the leader spoke up, "Brother, may I ask what matter you have with our Fire Crow Gang?"

This Fire Crow Gang was considered a small gang in Kirst, with only over ten people. They took charge of two streets and charged for protection fees in exchange for protecting the businesses in the area from the harassment of hoodlums. Sometimes, they would also help with catching thieves or hounds after creditors.

While they were a gang, they were not considered a big evil.

Fang Xingjian nodded, and with a flick of his finger, sword Qi cut across the faces of all three of them. They froze in their tracks. To be able to create strong forces and sword Qi with just a flick of a

finger was something that only strong Warriors at the Knight level were able to accomplish.

The three of them immediately broke into a pacifying smile and asked, "May I know which Lord Knight you are? What matters do you need us Fire Crow Gang to help with?"

Fang Xingjian said coldly, "In Kirst City, what evil-doers and evil gangs are there? Tell me."

The three of them were stunned and had yet to react when they saw Fang Xingjian gently flicking his nails, creating a crisp metallic sound. They immediately broke out in cold sweat.

The three of them quickly said, "If we're talking about evil-doers and evil gangs, it'll have to be the Venomous Serpent Jerry and his Venomous Serpent Gang."

The three of them spoke in greater detail, "This Jerry from the Venomous Serpent Gang is a martial arts practitioner who been cultivating for over thirty years and will be turning forty years old soon. His martial arts is amongst one of the better ones in Kirst. But of course, he can't be compared to Lord Knights such as yourself."

Back then, Jerry had also devoted all his focus on the pursuance of martial arts and wanted to take the test to become a Knight. After many failing attempts, however, he became dejected and led his Martial Brothers to form the Venomous Serpent Gang. It quickly got out of hand and they soon became the biggest gang in Kirst.

"There are many gangs in Kirst, but everyone are locals. Therefore, most would only take some protection fees or get some money from people who are unlucky.

"But Jerry and the Venomous Serpent Gang are different. They would often force young girls into prostitution and deal with human trafficking. They had also raided homes and plundered

houses, committing acts of murders and arson as well."

Fang Xingjian frowned, "Even though you've said this, are there any actual cases?"

"Of course." That person continued, "We don't know where they just bought a bunch of young kids from. Recently, they've made them beg in the aristocratic district. They even broke their feet and dug out their eyes, just so that the kids would look more pitiful and could get some money from the aristocratic ladies. Who in Kirt does not know about this?"

"Last year, there was a couple that came by and found their kid, causing a huge ruckus. They wanted to bring the case to the City Lord, but, hehe, the next day, they were already buried. Now, the wild grass before their tombstones should already be higher than a person's waist."

"Not just that." Another person spoke up. "There's also the Harrison family at the east of the city. Their youngest daughter was born a beauty and was well-liked by many. But the hoodlums from Venomous Serpent Gang came to ask for her hand in marriage and dragged her away directly. When she returned the next day, she hanged herself."

Fang Xingjian listened as they listed out the evil deeds committed by the Venomous Serpent Gang. Each event seemed very coherent, not like some fabricated lies.

And because of this, the cold gleam in his eyes became increasingly stronger. He could not pacify the fury that he was feeling inside.

Fang Xingjian asked, "Is there no one who will step out to stop the Venomous Serpent Gang?"

"Hehe," someone let out a weird laugh and said, "They have someone backing them up. How could ordinary commoners stop them?"

"Hmph, since when have those aristocrats cared about our lives? Even if there are thousands or tens of thousands of lives like ours, to them, it would not even be comparable to a single finger of theirs."

"That's enough. I'll go ask around to see if what you guys have said are true. If there's a single lie in it, I'll return and chop off all your limbs."

When Fang Xingjian said this, it was as if icy-cold wind was coming out from the gaps between his teeth. The three shivered, but stopped very quickly and said, "Sir, please feel free to verify what we had said. There's not a single lie in what we said. These Venomous Serpent Gang hold a candle to the devil, and have committed heinous crimes. No matter how many we list, it would just be 10% of what they had done. "

Fang Xingjian's eyes narrowed. In the next moment, his silhouette disappeared with the wind as if he had not been there in the first place, leaving the three men staring at each other.

Chapter 129 Knocking On the Door

At the northern side of the commoner district, there was a two-story high building.

While it was the commoner district, the interior design was exquisite. The floor was laid with black and white ceramic tiles, and the outer walls coated with a layer of golden colored paint. Under the shine of nearly a hundred fire torches, the feeling it gave out was a mixture of dignified and rustic.

This was the biggest money squandering establishment the Venomous Serpent Gang had set up in Kirst City. One would be able to gamble, look for prostitutes, or drink here. Many Old and Young Masters from the aristocratic clans would frequent this place as well, not just ordinary businessmen.

While it was already late in the night, the place was still brightly lit up. Horse carriages could be seen stopping at the sides; many men and women entered and exited the place.

Fang Xingjian headed for the main entrance, and once he stepped in, a young man came up. Although there was a hint of despise reflected within his eyes after seeing Fang Xingjian's tattered clothes, he hid it very well from his expression. He smiled and asked, "Young Master, is this your first time here? Do you want to play chess or cards, or look for the girls to have a chat?"

Fang Xingjian did not say a word but walked straight to the main hall. There were many tables for card games and sounds of cursing, cheers, men's reproaches, women's teasings, as well as pungent stench of alcohol and smoke gushing over. This caused Fang Xingjian to furrow his brows.

He lowered his head to look at the young man who was brimming in smiles. Fang Xingjian could not even bother to talk with him. He simply sent out a kick, which the person to the ground, and said, "Get someone who can take charge to talk to me."

That young man was kicked to the ground and felt a pain akin to a few of his rib bones breaking. He immediately let out a horribly cry similar to ones pigs let out when they were being killed, "Guys! Someone's here to create trouble and wreck havoc!"

Over ten strong men walked over. Each of them seemed to have a tough, stocky build, looked courageous and strong. They were all men who had been training in martial arts for many years, but yet were not able to become Knights.

"Chap, are you courting death?"

"This is the Venomous Serpent Gang's territory. You dare come look for trouble here?"

The few men walked over slowly, unhurried. They looked with curiosity and ridicule at Fang Xingjian, who was alone. He looked only about sixteen to seventeen years of age and was wearing tattered clothes. They did not feel that a young boy like this would be much danger.

Many gamblers also looked in their direction. Seeing Fang Xingjian being so silent, all of them broke out in laughter.

"Young man, you're really daring."

"Haha, Big Bear, you guys just give him a slight bashing. After all, he's only a kid."

Looking at the strong man who was grinning hideously as he walked over, Fang Xingjian threw a cold glare and kicked on his chest. The man let out a horribly cry and flew out a distance of about ten plus meters, crashing onto a gambling table.

"Damn, he's been trained."

"Everyone attack together. Kill him."

"Just because he had learnt a few moves, he thinks he can wreck havoc in Venomous Serpent Gang's territory? Which of us here hasn't been trained before?"

The men at the side bellowed out furiously and all charged up together. Fang Xingjian threw them all a cold look, not moving his hands, or rather, not even caring to take any action. As before, he lifted his leg and kicked out, causing a series of after images. Within a second, all the ten plus burly looking men were kicked to the ground, with more than half the gambling tables smashed down together with them. Even a few gamblers were implicated and thrown to the ground too.

Various cries of horror and bellows filled the whole hall. The other gamblers also quieten down immediately. The young man who was still crying out earlier was so scared that his legs were trembling, and he was slowing crawling outwards on his four limbs.

Fang Xingjian did what the trio from the Fire Crow Gang had suggested, and verified that what they had said about the Venomous Serpent Gang was true. After hearing how the Venomous Serpent Gang's evil crimes knew no limits, and that they had engaged in human trafficking, forcing young ladies into prostitution and causing the deaths of many lives, Fang Xingjian found it hard to push down the strong sense of fury he was feeling.

Therefore, he rushed over here immediately. He wanted to have the Venomous Serpent Gang as an offering to his sword, allowing the progress for his mental cultivation method.

In just a moment, Fang Xingjian kicked the ten plus burly men to the ground, then pulled over a chair and sat down without a care.

A helper stood out, feeling both angry and frightened. He had not participated in the joint attack against Fang Xingjian earlier, and therefore had not been injured. He looked at Fang Xingjian and said, "Who exactly are you? Have our Venomous Serpent Gang offended you in any way?"

"You guys did not offend me." Fang Xingjian said coldly, "But you've done deeds of great evil. If I don't kill all of you, I won't feel

content."

That person fell into a daze, looking at Fang Xingjian as if he was looking at a fool, and then broke out in loud laughter, "You're actually a big fool. You think that just because you have a few tricks up your sleeves, you'll be able to uphold justice and eradicate evils."

Fang Xingjian said calmly, "I've never thought of upholding justice. I just want to kill all of you to make myself feel contented."

The person nodded. "Alright. Do you dare to wait here? Our brothers from the Venomous Serpent Gang would be coming in a while. I'll wait and see how you're going to kill us all." After saying that, he turned to leave, wanting to call for help.

But the moment he turned, a whistling sound rang out. A chair knocked against his leg, breaking it.

He grabbed onto his leg as he rolled on the ground, crying out in pain. Fang Xingjian said coldly, "Did I say that you can leave?"

"Those who are not from the Venomous Serpent Gang can just scram."

At the next moment, a large number of gamblers and customers who came for the prostitutes ran out. Within a few blinks of the eye, those that remained in the hall were the helpers who had fallen to the ground, as well as a few other men who did not know whether they should remain standing or leave.

They were all the helpers who had not attacked Fang Xingjian. At that moment, they did not dare to fight against Fang Xingjian, but they were also afraid that their boss would blame them and thus, were unwilling to leave.

Fang Xingjian did not care about them. He simply sat down on the chair, waiting quietly.

About twenty plus minutes later, many footsteps sounds rang out. Over a hundred men were holding axes, choppers, and clubs as

they dashed in, surrounding Fang Xingjian and looking at him coldly.

The man whose leg had been broken earlier was helped to his feet. There were now more people, which could have given him a sense of security, because he pointed at Fang Xingjian and said furiously, "Chap, let's see you carry on with your arrogance! No matter how well you can fight, would you be able to win against so many of us?"

While he knew that Fang Xingjian should be very strong, he looked really too young. Thus, he had only treated Fang Xingjian as a normal strong Warrior who was at level 9. Who would have thought that he was a sixteen years old, genius Knight?

At that moment, he was very confident that they were going to win. He pointed to Fang Xingjian and cursed, "You b*stard! How dare you come wreak havoc in our Venomous Serpent Gang's territory? Guys! Chop off all his limbs! I'm going to feed him to the dogs!"

But at that moment, Fang Xingjian asked, "All of you want to kill me?"

That leader laughed out loud, "Why? Are you scared now? I'm telling you it's too late! Hack him up!"

Fang Xingjian looked at over a hundred people that were charging towards him. He stood up slowly, and waves of air currents exploded outwards from around him as his Reduced Force Field was thrown out blatantly. Fang Xingjian simply took a walk around the hall, and all of them dropped to the ground with broken arms and legs. Terrifying cries filled up the whole hall, as if it was a living hell.

That leader fell into a daze within a moment, his laughing expression turned into one of endless terror.

"Kn....Knight!"

Obviously he was still a person with some knowledge and knew of the Knight's Reduced Force Field.

Chapter 130 Dispute

Fang Xingjian gradually walked up to him and asked, "Where's your boss? Why did he not come? Where is he?"

It turned out that the boss of the Venomous Serpent Gang was very cautious. He did not turn up despite knowing that someone was here to wreck trouble, only sending his subordinates over instead.

The leader who was being stared at began to shiver, unable to say a single word. Fang Xingjian furrowed his brows and was about to ask again when loud footsteps sounds came from outside again.

"Everyone stop!

"Are you guys thinking of rebelling?"

Tens of guards from the City Guards Institution charged in. When they saw the people on the ground, groaning out, they were all stunned. The head of the guards frowned and shouted at Fang Xingjian, "Who are you? What has happened here?"

That leader of the gangsters seemed to have found himself a life buoy, and he grabbed onto the thigh of one of the guards and shouted, "Help! Save me! This person wants to kill us! Save me!"

Looking at this scene, the captain of the city guards frowned and looked at Fang Xingjian, not able to identity Fang Xingjian's identity outright. Although that chap from the Venomous Serpent Gang had deliberately chosen not to reveal that Fang Xingjian had performed the Reduced Force Field, after seeing so many people lying on the ground, how could he fail to understand that Fang Xingjian was not an easy character?

Therefore, he forced out a smile and said, "May I ask who you are? Could we take a step outside and have a talk?"

But Fang Xingjian did not give him any face. Throwing him a sideward glance, he said, "You're in charge of this area with the

Venomous Serpent Gang's territory right? You've really 'put in great efforts to govern the place', allowing this area to be turned into a place with such foul atmosphere."

How could that captain not tell the sarcasm in Fang Xingjian's words? But the more the other party acted like this, the more he did not dare to look down on him. He bent forward slightly, saying with a face full of smiles, "You must be jesting. I wonder how the Venomous Serpent Gang has offended you?" With that, he pushed a bag of money to Fang Xingjian.

Fang Xingjian let out a cold snort and slapped away the hand which was secretly passing him the bag, and then said coldly, "Tell the head of the Venomous Serpent Gang Jerry to come receive his punishments within two hours time. If not, it would not end so simply if I were to take action myself.

"You're under Hogan, right? To think that you've allowed something like the Venomous Serpent Gang to form under your jurisdiction. After I've dealt with Jerry, I'll come for you next."

The captain's countenance turned grim. He had already showed Fang Xingjian a lot of courtesy, but the other party had paid them no regards. He had even especially mentioned Hogan's name, though he did not seem to show Hogan any respect either. This made the captain even more unsure where this person was from, and he could only gradually retreat.

That captain then carried on and asked, "At least you must let us know your name? It'll let our brothers know better on what to do next."

But Fang Xingjian had already closed his eyes, ignoring the captain's question.

That captain could only walked out of the hall with a pale countenance, furrowing his brows as he thought about who this person was.

But a soldier with a large build who stood at the very back walked up to him quietly. It was the previous Eldest Martial Brother Ogden from The School of Sword Arts.

He looked at the captain and said, "Captain, that person in the gambling den, seems... seems to be Fang Xingjian."

"What?" The captain anxiously asked, "Are you sure?"

Ogden said, "A few of our brothers had went to observe the academy's competition. If you don't believe me, you can ask them."

The captain asked around, and truly, quite a number of them all felt that the guy in the gambling den was Fang Xingjian.

The captain smiled bitterly, "To think that it's such an important character, a sixteen year old Windstorm Sword Hero. This thing is beyond us." He spoke to one of his subordinate at the side and said, "Go pass the message to Jerry. Let him bring out whatever backer he has, if not the matter may get worse."

He then recalled Fang Xingjian's words earlier, and let out a shudder as he said, "Come, let's go look for Boss Hogan. This is like a fight between the gods. It's beyond us."

Fang Xingjian kept waiting in the hall. The leader also calmed down. His gaze when looking at Fang Xingjian were filled with enmity and terror.

However, he and the rest of the helpers were being monitored by Fang Xingjian, so no one could save them. They could only bear with the pain and stay there, letting out occasional groans of suffering.

An hour later, Hogan accompanied an elderly man here. Behind them, there were seven muscular and stout men who did not seem to be of any good.

Hogan shooked his head and smiled, "Xingjian, Xingjian. Why did you not tell us when you've come to Kirst?" Looking at the wounded lying on the ground, he smiled bitterly and said, "What is

this?"

Fang Xingjian did not say a word, but looking at the old man beside Hogan and the seven burly looking men behind them, he asked, "Which of them is Jerry?"

That old man beamed and pointed to a middle-aged man with a full beard and was blind in one eye and said, "This is Jerry, the head of the Venomous Serpent Gang. The other six are his brothers, the echelon in the gang."

Fang Xingjian threw him a glance and asked, "And who are you?"

Hogan introduced, "Haha, this is Old Master Edgar. Old Master is also a senior Knight in Kirst and the current clan head of Edgar Clan."

As he said this, his lips trembled slightly, already passing Fang Xingjian the message to Fang Xingjian through the trembling air created by his Reduced Force Field, "Xingjian, this Venomous Serpent Gang has the support of Edgar behind them. Edgar Clan is one of the aristocrats in Kirst.

"Their clan is not big, so they are not able to set up their own academy or trade like Tresia. That's why they only do some dishonest trade.

"He is already showing you great respect, to have brought you the Venomous Serpent Gang's echelon. Let this matter go after killing these seven people. Old Master Edgar admires your talent a lot. You can have a good talk with him."

Fang Xingjian ignored Hogan's secret message and looked at Edgar, asking out clearly, "Old man, you're the one supporting Jerry's Venomous Serpent Gang?"

Seeing how Fang Xingjian was asking out so straightforwardly, Edgar's face which was full of smiles earlier, froze up, appearing a little awkward.

He had not expected the other party to ask out so straightforwardly before the hundred plus people around.

Hogan's countenance turned slightly grim as he continued to communicate with Fang Xingjian through the sound waves, "Xingjian, what are you trying to do?!"

Fang Xingjian only stared at Edgar and said, "Then are you aware that this beast Jerry abducts and trafficks young children from other places, torturing them, breaking their limbs, and making them beg?"

"He even forced young ladies into prostitutions, abducting girls from other places, forcing them to sell their bodies. And after they lose their beauties and their bodies can no longer take it, he would throw them out to fend for themselves.

"Do you know how many families have been ruined because of their existences? Do you know how many people want to kill them?"

Edgar smiled awkwardly and looked at Fang Xingjian, appearing baffled. He said, "I have no relations to them. How would I know what the Venomous Serpent Gang has done?"

Hogan also got furious as he continued to communicate with Fang Xingjian, "What on earth are you trying to do? KIRST is not the only one with such gangs. There's no end to people like these who does all these bad deeds in this world. Even if you've eradicated the Venomous Serpent Gang, there'll still be the Fire Serpent Gang, the Ice Serpent Gang, the Dark Serpent Gang. Would you be able to wipe out all of them?"

"At least these people are still under our control and would not go overboard. It's better to keep them than to allow for the formation of another gang which is hard to control.

"Do you know that once you've eradicated them, the vacant spot would cause fights to break out between the many gangs? Do you

know how many people will need to die?

"Only by keeping the status quo would the commoner district remain peaceful, without chaos."

Chapter 131 Today, I Know That I Am Me

Fang Xingjian looked into Hogan's eyes and said coldly, "If you've anything to say, just say it out, stop communicating through sound waves."

Looking at Hogan's furious look, Fang Xingjian continued, "After wiping them out, there'll be other gangs? That's why we shouldn't do so?"

"Then what about the people who had fallen victims to them? What about them? The children who died in their hands, the girls who were ruined for life... Should we forget all about these?" Fang Xingjian shook his head, "These people have committed evil deeds, done others wrong, but other people have to take the blame for them? Such a mindset is truly problematic."

"In fear of the formation of other gangs, in the fear of even more battles and bad deeds between gangs, because of the wish to stabilize the situation, we should be indulgent towards the evil-doers of today?" By doing so, by giving in to them, wouldn't it be asking the good people to pay for what the bad people have done?"

The more Fang Xingjian said, the more he felt that his thoughts became increasingly clearer, as if a layer of fog which had clouded up his brain had dissipated, as if the sun was blazing forth from a cloudy sky.

The mental cultivation method in his consciousness continued to circulate unceasingly, and the blurriness on his Stats Window rapidly changed. The initial words 'Ice Age Meditation Art' was now nowhere to be seen.

Hogan also became furious as he looked at Fang Xingjian angrily, saying, "Then what are you thinking of doing? Killing all the bad guys? Are you a kid? Is this something possible?"

"What is the law and government for? If everyone is like you,

then a nation would no longer be a nation. To a nation, stability is above everything else.

"What we can do is our best to control them, to maintain the stability, pushing down all offences into a reasonable scope. Do you know that the way you're freely killing would cause the death of how many innocent lives?"

"The deaths of those innocent people are none of my concern." Fang Xingjian looked into Hogan's eyes, his face cold as he said, "I only kill those who deserves to be killed. If, because of their deaths, the other gangs start to fight and kill each other, this is the fault of the other gangs. Should the faults of those evil-doers be blamed on us?"

"The good people should not need to bear with this liability or give in to the faults committed by the bad people.

"Since they've done more wrong, then they should be killed."

Fang Xingjian only felt that after he had said his piece, he felt a great sense of satisfaction, and it was as if streams of silver-colored lightning had slashed through all darkness in his mind. The mental cultivation method on his Stats Window became increasingly stable and seemed to have gradually form words.

He said in a clear voice, "You don't even understand these reasonings, you can't even insist on your own stand, and you're even thinking of giving in to these weak and evil good-for-nothings. Why are you still being a Knight?"

Hogan laughed coldly and asked, "That's some pretty lip service. You think that these people you've killed are the bad people. Do they not have wives? No parents? no children? Just as you're creating havoc and boiling discontent amongst the people because of your indiscriminate slaughterings, what do you do?"

"You're only satisfying your indiscriminate slaughterings. When have you considered about the commoners?"

"Evils are evils. These scums commit acts of evil in the world and are therefore deserving of deaths. When their kin sees them committing acts of evil, they should have advised them to stop, and if unsuccessful, break off ties with them.

"But they are just normal people, unlike us Knights who have iron will and can clear away all evil. Therefore, I don't blame them for bending in favor of the people close to them.

"I will not blame myself, however, for problems which arise because of this. And if they do not repent on their own mistakes after I've killed someone and instead, wish to take revenge on me, then I'll punish and kill as they deserve.

"How can I change my mind and give in to these scums just because of threats from other people?"

After saying that, Fang Xingjian's mind turned completely blank. An unprecedented state of comprehension rose in his heart.

'These are my true thoughts. These are what I truly feel. This is the real me.'

On the other hand, Hogan only continued to smiled coldly and said, "Then what is wrong? What is right? What is evil? What is justice? There are so many thieves, robbers, prostitutes in this world... How many of them have a story they wish to hide? There are so many Knights... Which of them has not killed before? How do you judge?"

"Whether it's right or wrong, justice or evil, there's naturally an arbitration process. Calling it a blurred line is just because people's interests or benefits are involved." Fang Xingjian said. "With my sword arts, I want to eradicate all external evils and clean the world, clearing the feelings of grief and unfairness in my heart, creating a clean and untainted world."

"That is just using your own perception to overrule other people's perceptions!" Hogan obviously was extremely against Fang

Xingjian's approach. However, when looking at Fang Xingjian, Hogan could sense the odd aura rising from him, and thus suddenly said, "You... you've changed your mental cultivation method?"

Fang Xingjian recalled his suppression over so many years, recalled the mental oppression he was put through back when he was in the Fang Clan, the feeling of being unable to feel liberated, and said calmly, "For so many years in the past, I did not have enough power, and was not even able to be myself.

"Now, I'm trained and equipped with sword arts and my powers are increasingly stronger, so my inhibitions when taking actions have increasingly lessened.

"But if I can't even be myself, can't even hold on to my free will, and can only be twisted and oppressed by others, then what's the point even if I were to cultivate even more sword arts? What's the point even if I were to become even stronger?"

Fang Xingjian said coldly, "I want to be the person who cleans up the world, so naturally I must have a heart to be able to withstand the world. I'm willing to accept all the rights and the wrongs in the world."

With that, a loud explosive sound rang out in Fang Xingjian's consciousness, as if a myriad of Burmese glass lizards [1] had suddenly exploded and dissipated. Thereafter, he looked at the mental cultivation method on his Stats Window. The first part had already appeared from the initial blurriness, 'Universal Sword'. But the words at the back still tend to be in a blurred state and was hard to figure out.

However, just looking at it alone, Fang Xingjian could already feel a sharp aura that came gushing towards him. He could feel that a strong surge of unbelievable energy was brewing, waiting for the day it would reappear in the world.

Afterwards, he did not continue to appreciate the changes to his

mental cultivation method, but turned his gaze towards Edgar, Jerry, and the others.

After listening to the two's conversation, Edgar had already sensed that things did not seem to seem to be right, but he conducted himself well and did not leave. He merely waited for the two to finish their conversation before he asked, "Fang Xingjian, what do you want? Do you still care about the Empire's rules and regulations?"

"What do I want? When I, Fang Xingjian, does things, no one can restrict me. I only do things to restore calm and peace to my heart." Fang Xingjian gradually drew out his longsword as an extraordinary sword intent surged out from his body.

Hogan suddenly felt as if something had exploded in his mind, and he let out a loud bellow, "Run!"

But it was too late. Fang Xingjian swung his longsword across, and streams of white-colored sword Qis swept through, as if they were sword light. Other than Hogan who did not seem to have been attacked, Jerry and the other seven non-Knights all seemed to have been attacked by formless sharp swords, turning into a hundred pieces, exploding into a lump of bloodied mess.

As his clan's senior Knight, Edgar was not comparable to Rebecca, but he was at least the same level as the senior instructor, Zadeh. However, at this moment, Fang Xingjian had activated the Unparalleled Sword Intent together with his Supreme Mistwind Sword, and sword Qis shot out as if they were a series of laser attacks.

Over ten streams of sword Qis slashed around him through the air, causing him to be covered in bloodied wounds as he retreated in pain.

With Fang Xingjian's crazy waves of sword Qis coupled with his unrestrained Unparalleled Sword Intent, even if Edgar was comparable to the level of a senior instructor like Zadeh, he had no

means of fending off at all.

It was obvious how much Fang Xingjian had held back in his exchange with Zadeh, and how profound his level of sword arts currently was at. It was probably hard for him to find someone who was his match amongst all those at the first transition.

Despite so, with the protection of his Reduced Force Field and Knight attire, along with his own abilities, Edgar was only injured and his life was not at risk.

Hogan gritted his teeth and stood before Fang Xingjian, saying, "Do you know that what you've done now is made yourself an enemy of all the aristocrats in Kirst? Just for this lousy mental cultivation method? Is it worth it?"

Fang Xingjian shook his head, "It's not that I've made an enemy out of them, it's what these people deserve."

He threw a glance at Edgar and said calmly, "Today, I'll spare your life. But if I were to find out that the things done by the Venomous Serpent Gang was something which you had deliberately allowed and was not oblivious to them, I'll come again for your life."

He then looked towards Hogan again, "Hogan, don't let me find out that you're involved in these. If not, my sword will show no mercy."

Saying that, Fang Xingjian's silhouette flashed and he disappeared without a trace.

At the same time, a voice rang out from afar, "Breaking through the feelings of bewilderment with a sword; today, I know that I am me."

Edgar spoke out, frightened, "Lunatic, this fellow is a complete lunatic!"

At the next moment, a series of cries rang out from the hall. All the members of the Venomous Serpent Gang which Fang Xingjian

had found out that they were perpetrator of heinous crimes were all slashed and killed by the sword Qis Fang Xingjian had sent out before he left.

Hogan's countenance turned increasingly grim, "No regards for rules and regulations! He simply has no regards for rules and regulations!"

That night, the Venomous Serpent Gang was eradicated right from the roots. And the people who commit crimes of evil in the name of Venomous Serpent Gang, after a deeper investigation by Fang Xingjian, would either be slashed to their deaths or broken of their limbs, causing a reign of terror with great bloodshed.

[1] The Burmese glass lizard or Asian glass lizard, *Ophisaurus gracilis*, is a species of legless lizard.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ophisaurus_gracilis

Chapter 132 Collect

In the study in Edgar's residence, Fang Xingjian sat there flipping through a sword arts manual.

No matter what, Edgar was still considered an aristocratic clan, and while it was not a clan that was highly regarded, they had collected various secret manuals for Nurturing and Training martial arts.

Since Fang Xingjian was looking to collect sword arts, he started browsing through them.

Just as he was looking through the secret manual, the door to the study opened and Edgar's clan head walked in. When he saw Fang Xingjian at the desk, he face turned pale and he got a huge shock. Fang Xingjian's sword arts, which was truly unfathomable, had left too deep an impression in his heart. The wounds which he had received from Fang Xingjian the other day had yet to heal either.

Fang Xingjian did not even lift his head, but stared at the secret manual, saying, "I've done a check on you. It's true that you're unaware of many of the messed up stuff."

It was true. Based on Fang Xingjian's investigations, while Edgar secretly backs up the Venomous Serpent Gang, it was primarily to amass wealth through them and make connections, as well as to gather some materials for cultivation.

And as for the dark and ruthless things done secretly by the Venomous Serpent Gang, they tended to take the approach of hoodwinking those above and deluding their subordinates. Edgar did not know anything.

In fact, as an aristocrat, why would Edgar hanker after the small money from forcing people into begging and girls into prostitution? Those were merely the selfish actions made by Venomous Serpent Gang's echelon in order to satisfy their own

wallets.

Hearing Fang Xingjian's words, Edgar let out a sigh of relief. However, he was still unwilling to concede verbal defeat as he said, "Fang Xingjian, you broke into Kirst City, killing without a care. Even if you're a Knight, we can't let this go. I've already reported this to the association and to the academy. You can just wait to be put through investigation."

This was the advantage a Knight has. If Fang Xingjian had not the status of a Knight, he would have probably been arrested, encircled and attacked by countless people, or surrounded by the men from the City Guards Institution.

But him being a Knight made everything different. Other than the Royal Knight Association, there was no one else in the Empire who could pry into his conduct and responsibility.

Moreover, those he had killed were merely a bunch of hoodlums. It may cause a huge ruckus if this were to happen on Earth, but in the Miracle World, they were but numbers in the eyes of those aristocrats and Knights.

Hearing Edgar's words, Fang Xingjian shook his head, "While you did not take the initiative to commit acts of evil, you were indulgent to allow the gang to amass wealth. The reason the Venomous Serpent Gang were able to commit so many acts of evil eventually goes down to you, but I won't kill you. These few days, you can just help me get some stuff done."

Edgar's face was flushed red from anger. He was just about to retaliate when he recalled the other party's abilities, recalled his rumored relationship with the Governor Devitt. The fury on his face gradually turned into bitterness.

High level of sword arts and have strong backing. He could not afford to offend someone like this.

"What is it that you want?"

"Nothing much." Fang Xingjian closed the secret manual he was holding as another Nurturing sword technique appeared on his Stats Window. "I'll be returning to the academy in five days time. In this five days, you'll need to do your best to gather sword arts manuals and materials for casting.

"The sword arts manuals must not be repetitive. As for the casting materials, they must be in great varieties. Just get a little of each will do."

When Edgar heard this request, he found it a little weird, "What kind of sword arts manual are you looking for?"

"It doesn't matter, as long as they are sword arts manual." As he spoke, Fang Xingjian's silhouette had turned into faded shadows, and eventually disappeared.

"I'll come by everyday at this time. Edgar, don't let me down."

Not knowing since when, Fang Xingjian had already left.

Edgar let out a sigh relief, thinking to himself that Fang Xingjian's requirements were not very high. He just need to send someone to get the job done.

On the other hand, Fang Xingjian's silhouette dissipated with the wind. Encompassed by a slight breeze, he arrived at the rooftop a few thousand meters away within a few blinks of an eye.

Not killing Edgar with his sword meant that Fang Xingjian did not have to be faced with the countless Kirst's aristocrats' fury.

But at the same time, when he arrived at this conclusion, he noticed that the constantly changing mental cultivation method on the Stats Window had also come to a stop.

Now, on his Stats Window, his mental cultivation method had turned into 'Universal Sword Dom***' followed by a row of blurriness.

Fang Xingjian thought to himself, 'The physical body requires

slow and gradual cultivation to change it, but the cultivation of the spirit is something that can be comprehended in a short moment.

'But on the contrary, being able to firm up my heart through small actions and experiences would also mean that I would be able to gradually change my thoughts through unyielding persistence. This would be the training after the initial comprehension.

'And although I have achieved the comprehension, I have now lost the pressure from the city's aristocrats. This pressure was the motivating factor, but now that it's gone, it's as if I am short of the tempering, and thus the progress of my mental cultivation method has come to a stop.'

It was like how a millionaire suddenly achieved enlightenment one day and decided to become a buddhist monk. This was considered a mutation of one's spiritual state.

But this was also segregated into different levels. It was easy to give up on the secular world and step into the world of buddhism, but the same could not be said for the other mental states. For example, it was impossible for a person to suddenly achieve enlightenment one day and gain the aspiration to be able to rule over the world like the Emperor.

To be able to attain the same mental state as that of an Emperor, the mental state of a pinnacle character in the human world, it required one to take a step at a time towards the path to becoming an Emperor, to be able to bear the weight and responsibility of the world, and to be able to look down on all lives in the world.

It was definitely not something which could be comprehended just by playing some role-play games and reading novels or mangas about Emperors, just like how it was for one to be able to enter the world of buddhism.

Fang Xingjian's mental state worked in this manner as well. It was not something which could be achieved by just saying a few words or thinking a few thoughts. He must put it into practice, live

up to it. One would only be able to achieve a certain mental state by putting thoughts into actions. The higher the level of the mental state, the more this was so.

However, Fang Xingjian knew that there was no way he could turn back to slash Edgar, since he had not committed any great crimes of evil. Therefore, it would be useless even if he had killed him. It would only be slaughtering the innocent and cause unrest in his heart.

He could only spend the next few nights in Kirst City to search for villains to slash and, at the same time, head to Edgar's place everyday at the same time to gather sword arts and check on the materials.

However, it was rare enough for there to exist the Venomous Serpent Gang in Kirst. There would not be so many great villains in real life.

Five days later, Fang Xingjian had collected fifteen sets of Nurturing sword techniques which Edgar had spent money to purchase from the various martial arts schools in the area.

...

Five days later, in the study, a whole table of various materials were set out before Fang Xingjian. Most of them were ores, while the rest were plants, vegetations or bones of beasts.

Fang Xingjian casually picked up a small piece of ore. Streams of white colored light formed on his palms, and at the next moment, a thin layer of fog appeared on the ore's surface. Amidst Fang Xingjian's gaze of anticipation, the ore started to crack and peel off.

Shaking his head, he threw the ore away and picked up another metal.

Fang Xingjian was trying to see if there were any materials that could withstand his Effulgence Weapon, allowing him to follow in accordance with the records of the Ether Divine Art, speeding up

the formation of the Effulgence Weapon through smelting materials.

However, throughout these five days, despite trying the various materials Edgar had brought him, none of them succeeded.

Only until he tried out this piece of metal did a hint of astonishment appeared on Fang Xingjian's face.

The metal piece unceasing trembled, then started to release high temperature.

Chapter 133 Return

Just like that, Fang Xingjian analyzed that piece of metal for several hours, discovering that it seemed to be able to convert kinetic energy into heat with only a small amount of energy depletion. It could be said to be an extremely perfect metallic material.

Fang Xingjian had seen several unique casting materials in the Miracle World for the past few days, including various metals which were like jelly, metals which could change their forms according to one's will, and iron bars which could extend upon absorbing sunlight.

But it was his first time seeing such an amazing material that was a great match for his Effulgence Weapon.

Fang Xingjian looked to Edgar and asked, "What is this?"

Edgar took a look and said, "This is Seism Steel. This material is not considered to be sturdy, but it could fend off various impacts and crushing resistance. It's considered quite a good material.

"But this thing is very rare."

These few days, after having interacted with Fang Xingjian, he discovered that if they did not talk about stuff related to killing and eradicating villains, Fang Xingjian was generally someone who was relatively easier to communicate with. He also started to get more familiar with him.

He threw Fang Xingjian a glance, asking, "You want this thing?"

Fang Xingjian nodded, "What's the price like?"

"It's not the problem about money." Edgar shook his head and said, "The Garcia people have attacked and the Western Garrison has raised the security across hundreds of kilometers away. Things like the Seism Steel have also been taken in by the army.

"The mine producing Seism Steel has also been guarded, and normal people are not able to access it at all.

"If you want it now, you need to think of a way to get them through the military. Otherwise, you'll have to pass through the battlefield to head to the mine to look for them."

Fang Xingjian frowned. This Seism Steel was simply too suitable for him to use as a smelting material for his Effulgence Weapon, and once there were sufficient amount of it, he had the confidence to allow his Effulgence Weapon to take form within a day.

"There's not even a bit of it left in Kirst now." Edgar shook his head. "The only reason I was able to get my hands on it was because it just so happened that someone was left with a little bit of its essence. If you're looking for it, other than the mine and the military, there's no other way out."

Fang Xingjian nodded, picked up that piece of Seism Steel and headed for the door.

Edgar was stunned. He said, "You're leaving?"

Fang Xingjian did not reply. He had accomplished a big portion of his goal in Kirst. His mental cultivation method could really be improved consciously, and he was even able to affirm the direction of his mental cultivation method, his own heart, his own path.

He had already completed his collection of sword arts, and as long as he trained these sword arts he had gained to the maximum level, it would be sufficient to level up his Unparalleled Sword Intent.

As for his Effulgence Weapon, he had already gotten the right direction. He needed to gather Seism Steel to speed up the formation of his Effulgence Weapon.

Seeing Fang Xingjian's leaving silhouette, Edgar was stunned and he could not help but ask, "Young man, you have outstanding talent and a bright future before you. Why do you need to make

things difficult for those scums at the bottom of the society?

"There are so many darkness in the world. Are you able to eradicate all of them?"

Fang Xingjian did not turn back, but just spoke as he walked, "At least I have the heart and will to do so."

Edgar was stunned speechless for a long while. Only after Fang Xingjian's silhouette had completely disappeared did he then mumble to himself, "What a strong will to kill."

...

With Fang Xingjian's speed, he managed to return to the academy at a very great speed. But once he came back, he saw a figure standing outside his villa.

Fang Xingjian stopped, and said to the person, "Master."

Huang Lin turned over, wearing a poker face as he asked, "You've killed a lot of people while you were in KIRST City?"

Fang Xingjian did not hide but look at Huang Lin and said, "Yes."

"Why did you kill them?" Huang Lin asked.

Fang Xingjian reply, "Kill those who deserves to be killed in order to appease my heart."

Huang Lin sighed, "Who are those who deserves to be killed? This is a world where the weak will stand as easy prey to the strong, where the strong stays and the weak are eliminated. Who hasn't done a few wrongs in their life? It's fine if you've killed these people since they are just ordinary people. But have you ever asked yourself, if the other party was a Knight, Conferred Knight, or Divine level expert, would you still kill them?"

Fang Xingjian did not hesitate as he replied, "I will slash them one by one."

Huang Lin's brows furrowed even more. "The way you're doing this, your future path will only get increasingly narrow. No one

would like to have a companion like you. No matter a commoner, an aristocrat, or the Empire's echelon, if they were all to become your enemy, what would you do?

"If I had done something wrong, and it was an act of great evil which I would not be able to make up for even with my life, will you also kill me?"

Fang Xingjian frowned and remained silent for a moment. He had thought of lying, thought of making up various excuses, but he was constantly thinking. The thoughts in his consciousness got increasingly clearer, and increasingly firmer.

Facing Huang Lin's gaze which was like a sharp sword, he said calmly, "It must be so."

His words had yet to finish when an overwhelming strength surged towards him. With a loud thud, Fang Xingjian was sent flying and thrown into the villa as he spewed out a large mouthful of blood.

'This is teacher's... this is a Conferred Knight's true abilities?'

Fang Xingjian crawled to his feet gradually. 'To think that even I was completely unable to react when he display his full speed.'

At the next moment, countless sword lights descended from the sky, as if heavy rain pouring down, seeming as if they were going to completely encompass Fang Xingjian.

Fang Xingjian's countenance turned grim. He drew out his longsword, and turned it into sword Qi tornadoes, gushing towards the sword lights.

With a series of crisp clinking sounds, it was as if with every sword Fang Xingjian received, a new wound would appear on his body. In the blink of an eye, a large number of wounds were left all over his body.

Huang Lin's full powered attack, a Conferred Knight's true prowess, was fully displayed before Fang Xingjian without

reservation.

Streams of sword techniques gushed down like a great river. They were so fast that Fang Xingjian could only see blurred shadows. The strength so tremendous that each time he received a blow, his bones and muscles would let out creaking sounds.

With a bang, the longsword shattered. Fang Xingjian let out a grunt, and retreated seven steps before he managed to stand firm on his feet.

He lifted his head and saw that the whole villa was now encompassed by up to ten thousand sword forces.

It was Huang Lin's Killing technique – Void Laceration Long Sword. It froze sword forces in the air, forming a unique view as if there was a laser cage.

Huang Lin's voice came from afar, "You rebellious disciple. You don't need to participate in the actual combat training this time around. I've stored sufficient food in the villa. You can just stay here and reflect on yourself."

Fang Xingjian closed his eyes and sat cross-legged on the floor, his mind still replaying Huang Lin's sword technique earlier which was like a great gushing river. However, the speed was too fast and he was not able to see it clearly, let alone find a flaw or even learn it.

'The me now is still not a match for a Conferred Knight?'

...

On the other side, the Headmaster looked at the exhausted Huang Lin as he sighed and asked, "Why do you have to do this?"

Huang Lin smiled and said, "I can't let him be like me. The actual combat training this time round is too dangerous. It's better for this old man to shoulder it all."

The Headmaster shook his head. "Why is it that all of you who

train in the sword have such bad tempers."

"If one's heart is not upright, the sword would not be straight." Huang Lin smiled and said, "Had he not the relentless spirit to press on despite going through deaths a hundred times over, had he only cared for his well-being, he would be trash no matter how high the level of his sword arts cultivation, even if he were to be put through a hundred deaths. And there was no way that he would be worthy to become that person's subordinate."

"While this chap's mental cultivation method is slightly extreme, at least he has something which belongs only to himself."

"With the determination to press on forward, he would have greater chances to break through Heaven's Perception and step into the second transition."

Chapter 134 Getting Out of the Cage

Over the next few days, most of the Knights in the academy left together with the troops. In the blink of an eye, the whole academy had turned cold and deserted.

Fang Xingjian sat cross-legged on the floor, cultivating his sword arts while simultaneously looking at the mental cultivation method on his Stats Window.

‘Universal Sword Dominance**’

Even since the other day, he had faced up to Huang Lin's reprimands but did not back off. His mental cultivation method had become clearer again, and he just needed an additional turning point to reach its completion.

These few days, he had been kept locked up by Huang Lin, therefore he decided to fully focus on his sword arts cultivation for now in order to complete the Unparalleled Sword Intent. After a few days, he had reached the maximum level for yet another three sword techniques. He now had a total of seventy-eight sets of sword techniques which were at the maximum level.

Other than that, he naturally had not stopped tempering his attributes and cultivating his Waves.

He checked the basement of the villa and discovered that there were truly plenty of rations and preserved ferocious beasts stocked up, sufficient to last him for very long.

As for the sword forces left behind by Huang Lin, he had also tested them out. However, it was not easy to destroy them.

After so many days had passed by, Fang Xingjian lifted his head and let out a sigh.

The last day of the year had passed by and Fang Xingjian still had four years out of the promised five. He was now seventeen years old.

Looking up into the sky, Fang Xingjian's expression was very calm, but it was still as if flames were burning in his eyes.

"Demonic City..."

At that moment, loud noises came from afar. Fang Xingjian frowned as he looked into the far distance, only to discover that the noises were growing increasingly loud. It seemed that many people had come out.

While almost all the Knights in the academy had left, there were still many people left behind, including the servants, chefs, and maids. As the din grew increasingly louder, Fang Xingjian saw a tan young man in his twenties heading in his direction.

That young man's skin was very dark and dry, the result of exposure to the blazing sun for an extended period of time. His hands and feet were filled with calluses, indicating that he must have done a lot of physical labor.

Walking up to Fang Xingjian, he dropped to his knees right before where Huang Lin had left his sword force. He kowtowed repeatedly, banging his head against the ground and creating loud colliding sounds. In a short moment, his forehead was covered in blood.

Fang Xingjian looked at him coldly, with no feelings of sympathy and benevolence. Fang Xingjian watched as the young man kowtowed for over ten times, his forehead dripping in blood as he said, "Lord Fang Xingjian, I'm Walilan from Harvest Fishing Village."

Fang Xingjian looked at the young man's eyes and expression, which was filled with pain and fury, and slowly recalled everything.

Harvest Fishing Village was the fishing village which had taken him in when he had first arrived in the Miracle World. With the exemplary memory he had attained with his mental cultivation

method, the image of a shy young man from his mind gradually matched with this young man before him.

He slowly asked, "What happened?"

"The Old Master is dead! Everyone in the village is dead!" Walilan sprawled down onto the ground and broke out in tears. The guards and servants who were chasing after him all came to a stop, exchanging glances as they looked at this scene.

"You guys can take your leave." Fang Xingjian dismissed most of the servants before asking, "Who did it?"

"It's the Great Warriors from Garcia." That person cried. "Other than me, everyone else in the village are all dead. After those people came ashore, they killed everyone they saw, even the women and children!"

Garcia's Great Warriors were comparable to the local Knights. It was the how the people from Garcia addressed the Warriors who had completed the first transition and gained extraordinary strength.

Hearing the young man's cries, Fang Xingjian said, "Do you know who in Garcia had done it?" His gaze was like a sharp sword, cutting through the air and reflecting into the young man's eyes. "Don't lie to me. Otherwise, I'll definitely kill you with one slash."

That young man shivered intuitively as a gush of cold air gushed forth. However, he had not lied, thus he could reply without any hesitation, "It's a Black Devil by the name of Mumukeya. When I was in hiding, I heard the other Black Devils calling their leaders as such."

One of the servant, who had yet to leave, frowned and said, "Mumukeya means the most courageous hunter in Garcia's language. This time round, the ones leading the Garcia troops are three Destined Warriors (corresponds to Conferred Knights). One of them is called Mumukeya."

Mumukeya, Garcia's second transition Destined Warrior.

Of course, Garcia did not have a complete legacy like the Empire did. Most of them depended on superiority and chance to successfully complete the second transition.

They did not have the second transition legacy the Empire had, which was the most important one of them all, the ten-day stages. Breaking through one stage allowed one to break through to the next level. It slowly changed one's life traits, allowed for more in depth interaction with ether particles, and even increase one's damaging prowess to be akin to natural disasters.

Thus, all the Destined Warriors were all at level 20 and had no way to advance any further. But even so, ordinary first transition Knights were unable to defeat them.

Fang Xingjian looked towards the young man and asked, "You want me to take revenge for you?"

The servant at the side said in astonishment, "Sir, you can't! This time, Garcia had brought along three hundred Great Warriors, and Mumukeya is one of Garcia's Destined Warriors. He is comparable to the level of our Conferred Knights, and his abilities are not to be undermined..."

Hearing the servant's words, the young man also began to hesitate. Before this, he was only overwhelmed by fury, thinking of revenge. How would he understand the current battle situation and Mumukeya's abilities?

Seeing his hesitant look, Fang Xingjian smiled. However, his eyes were flashing with killing intent; fury accumulated within him, as if he were a volcano about to erupt.

With the move of a single hand, a longsword had already landed in his hands. He then reached out his other hand to draw the Silver Dragon out from his waist.

He thought to himself, 'This is good too. I wanted to wait until

my sword intent or Waves reached a new level before participating in the battle to increase my level, aiming to reach first transition level 19 before the Regional Selection.'

But Fang Xingjian only felt that his mental cultivation method was beginning to stir, as an extremely violent surge of energy was hovering around in his consciousness.

He understood that if he could face up to the endless pressure and slash that Mumukeya, he would definitely be able to slay the unwarranted emotions in his heart and understanding his true nature, allowing his mental cultivation method to achieve great success.

If he could not even withstand this little pressure, then there would be no need to talk about cleaning up the world. If he hoped for his mental cultivation method to progress further, it would also be extremely difficult.

This was the path he had chosen, a path which was extremely narrow and tough. However, Fang Xingjian did not regret it in the least.

"You wait in the academy. I'll definitely bring back Mumukeya's head and take revenge for your whole village."

At the next moment, a crazy gale created hundreds of after images, blowing away the servants and the young man. The Silver Dragon in Fang Xingjian's hand were like streams of silver colored thunderbolts, slashing towards the sword force left behind by Huang Lin.

If it was Fang Xingjian's own sword Qis and longsword, then it would be very hard for him to slash through these sword force and make his escape.

But now, he held a sword in one hand, displaying the Supreme Mistwind Sword with increasing speed. In his other hand was the Silver Dragon. He relied on the sharpness of this level 7 Empire's

Divine Weapon to consecutively slash the sword force.

That sword force had been casually performed by Huang Lin, and it was already quite a feat that it could sustain for such a long period of time. It could even withstand the blows from steel longswords. But how could it not be harmed in the slightest after continuously receiving attacks from a level 7 Empire's Divine Weapon like the Silver Dragon, on top of the supersonic sword attacks?

After about a minute under the siege of countless supersonic slashes, endless crackling sounds rang out. When all the smoke dispersed, a black shadow abruptly shot out, shortly followed by a series of whizzing sounds. Up to a hundred steel swords rose up within the villa, shooting out together with the black shadow like a platoon of flying swords, piercing through the air and creating light swooshing wounds.

Accompanied with Fang Xingjian's disappearance, an extremely loud whizzing sound rang out.

"Slash, slash, slash. Slash to create a noble spirit that will never perish."

"Slash, slash, slash, slash, slash. Slash the world upside down."

Chapter 135 Chase

At this moment, the western coast of the Empire's Great Western Region, had already become a battlefield because of the havoc caused by Garcia's three hundred Great Warriors.

Most of these three hundred Garcia's Great Warriors were split up into countless small teams comprised of three to five people. They spread out across the land and caused great damages, burning villages down, killing people, and looting as well.

These Garcia's Great Warriors' abilities were not comparable to the Empire's Knights because they had not managed to pass down their martial arts knowledge in Garcia.

But now, there was a situation which had never occurred before, one where they send out such a large number of people to carry out a large-scale battle. To think that they were able to suppress the Western Garrison which comprised of over a hundred people.

Thus, they had to request for the Royal Academy's support.

If fact, it was not just Kirst's Royal Academy. There were also two other prefectures who had sent out their own Knights.

After all, all of the Royal Academies were schools training the next generation of soldiers. Now that the students were activated, the Empire's terrifying battle potential was immediately displayed.

But given how Garcia had split up into tens of teams of Knights to wreck havoc everywhere, the Empire was not able to stop this within a short frame of time.

Despite so, most of the cities were safe with the support of so many Knights and Conferred Knights. Those who were in danger were the villages which had insufficient defensive abilities.

After all, there had been said to be ten thousand official Knights and five thousand Conferred Knights in the whole Empire. The battle faced by the Western Garrison was considered merely a trifle

issue to the Empire, but it was a complete disaster to many commoners at the lower hierarchy.

...

Fang Xingjian left the academy and first started running towards the direction of the fishing village. However, what he saw were only ruins.

He then rushed towards the villages in the vicinity and subsequently witnessed over ten of them burnt down into ruins. He finally came across some survivors after a while and, after affirming that these were indeed acts committed by Mumukeya and his men, began to charged towards the west at great speed.

His speed was fast to start with. Even if he were not able to rush at full speed for an extended period of time, his running speed would be at least comparable to the cars on the expressway.

His whole body was supported with streams of sword Qis, and with a gentle leap, he flew out tens of meters away. Each time his sword Qis were depleted over ten streams of sword Qis would be created again with a casual wave of his hand.

At the same time, up to a hundred steel swords were following behind him, letting out soft whooshing sounds.

He was like a sharp arrow, dashing quickly through the forest and astonishing countless birds.

On the way, he would eat dry rations whenever he felt hungry, drink water from the streams whenever he felt thirsty, and take a ten minutes break after running for two hours. This ensured that his physical strength was constantly maintained at the optimum, and while he proceeded with great speed, he did not come across any battles on the way.

When the next morning came, he had already tramped over mountains and through ravines, arriving at a piece of low lying land.

Howl! Howl! Howl!

Call of wolves rang out. As Fang Xingjian dashed through the forest, a few wolves suddenly appeared behind him. They were huge, each of them at a length of at least four to five meters long.

A year ago, when Fang Xingjian had come across such ferocious beasts, he could only run. But now, when he came across these huge wolves, he could only break into a faint smile.

While he was in midair, he suddenly twisted his upper body. As he turned his head back towards them, his longsword swept out. An extremely sharp white colored sword Qi shot out a distance of up to a hundred meters like a laser beam.

At the next moment the huge wolves were slashed into pieces. Tens of huge trees also fell with a loud bang.

Just these few huge wolves alone provided Fang Xingjian with 0.5% experience. Currently, at level 10, his experience was at 11.3%. Most of them had been gained from the killings he had done today.

This was also his first time slaughtering beasts to raise his level. As for those from the Venomous Serpent Gang previously, the experience gained from those useless bums were not even comparable to him training a set of sword technique.

'As expected, it's really not very fast to level by hunting down ferocious beasts. It takes too much time to find them.

'I wonder how much experience I can gain from killing Knights.'

Fang Xingjian gently landed before the wolves' corpses and looked towards this pile of meat. He had decided to have them for dinner.

Just then, his ears twitched slightly and he heard sounds of crying. Turning his head, he could see black smoke occasionally surging into the air from the far mountain range behind him.

Fang Xingjian squinted his eyes slightly and strong gales

gathered. In the next moment, he had already disappeared together with half a wolf's corpse.

In a village with about a hundred villagers, there were a still a few houses which were in flames. Most of the other houses had already been turned into ashes.

Over ten elderly and small children knelt down at the village's entrance, bawling loudly.

Strong gales swept by and Fang Xingjian appeared before them. At the same time, light shuffling sounds rang out and up to a hundred steel swords had already pierced into the ground.

A young boy about ten plus years old shouted out loudly, "You... you are a Knight?"

Fang Xingjian ignored him and took a close look around the place. When he saw a few corpses with their organs showing, he could not help but frowned.

He asked, "Were these done by the people from Garcia?"

"They are not human! They are beasts!" The crowd suddenly raged. Over ten elderly and young kids knelt down before Fang Xingjian as they cried out.

Early that morning, four of Garcia's Great Warriors had dashed into the village, killing everyone they saw regardless if they were men or women. They slaughtered indiscriminately, raped the women, and burned down the place.

Fang Xingjian walked up to one of the corpse and discovered that it was a pregnant lady whose child was forcefully dug out from her body while she was still alive.

The people from Garcia were more ignorant than the people in the Empire. Their condition was as if they remained in a state, as if they were from a tribe. Their Great Warriors who invaded external land were even more brutal.

He asked, "How long had they left?"

"Slightly more than an hour." that young boy said. "Lord, please help us take revenge." The young boy's skin was very tanned, and despite his young age, his hands were already filled with calluses. His eyes were bloodshot, filled with terror, shock, and vengeance.

Fang Xingjian nodded and asked, "Which of you know the way?"

"Me!" the young boy spoke out. "I'd always went around with my dad to hunt in the area. I know the place very well."

Fang Xingjian put down the half of the wolf's corpse he was carrying and said casually, "Help me roast these meat. I'll be back shortly."

At the next moment, without bringing along those steel swords, he grabbed onto that young boy and turned into a breeze, disappearing without a trace. The elderly and children were left staring at each other, not knowing what to do.

That young boy who had been grabbed by Fang Xingjian was letting out a series of terrified cry. When Fang Xingjian stopped, the boy realized that he was already on the top of one of the mountains outside the village.

"Where did they head off to?"

That young boy took a look around and then pointed to the northwest direction and said loudly, "There! They headed to the direction of the Mountain Goat Ravine!"

The next moment, the images in the surroundings transformed, flashing by very quickly as if one was looking at the scenery while on a running horse. But this time around, the boy put up with the discomfort and did not cry out.

However, his physical attributes were too weak and Fang Xingjian needed to stop to let him take a break after a short distance. In the meantime, he took the chance to check out his directions.

After the constant moving and stopping for slightly over half an hour, Fang Xingjian put the boy down.

The boy was not even able to stand steadily on his own. Dizziness hit him and he dropped to the floor while he mumbled, "'It's... it's okay... I can still hang on..."

Fang Xingjian said calmly, "We've already caught up to them."

He threw a glance at the young boy and said, "You wait here."

The next second, Fang Xingjian's body brought up a series of after images as he dashed out.

Chapter 136 Kill, Kill, Kill

Four Garcia's Great Warriors were walking in the forests, each of them carrying a bag the size of a human on their back. Despite so, they could run and leap rapidly on the tree branches. They were as agile and at ease as the mountain apes, displaying great prowess, outstanding balance, and lasting stamina.

In their bags were things they had looted during the battles.

As they proceeded, they were blabbering in Garcia language.

"Quick, quick, quick!"

"It's all you guys' fault that we're going to be late."

"Hahaha, when you were having fun with that woman, you didn't mention anything about being late!"

The four of them teased as they moved, occasionally letting out loud sounds of laughter. It was hard to see them as soldiers.

This was also the unique traits of Garcia's Garcia. Their civilization was only at the tribal level, and a minority of them held extraordinary powers. Thus, it was inconceivable for them to have strict military discipline.

Just as they were rushing on their way, the black man in the far front suddenly stopped in his tracks. His whole body fell down from the tree and, at the same time, his head flew upwards. Blood spurted out like a fountain.

Only then did Fang Xingjian gradually land and appear before them, encompassed by a hundred sword Qis.

"Damn it!"

"Beimuluo!"

"Watch out!"

Faced with the sudden attack, the three of them immediately

split up, looking furiously at Fang Xingjian who had slashed off their comrade's head.

One of them spoke out in a shoddy and awkward Common language, "Sinkoda's[1] Knight?"

"Hehe, weaklings like you guys dare to chase us?"

"I'll eat you up to avenge our comrade!"

Fang Xingjian did not look towards them but merely looked at the sword in his hand with a hint of coolness reflecting in his eyes.

"Really weak."

Even the senior instructors in the academy could not even be his match, let alone the barbarians from Garcia.

Back when he was in the academy, Fang Xingjian had looked through the information on them.

These barbarians were not trained in martial arts. They had gone through the most primitive muscle training to squeeze out each of their body's potential and temper the five attributes.

They had also comprehended extraordinary strength through various evil acts, including cross-mating with various ferocious beasts, devouring and being devoured by beasts, and eating their own kin who had died, including dead deformed infants.

Now, having tried attacking them, he could tell that they were truly weak, about the same level as those Knights who were at the first two years of their transition. None of them had attributes above 70 points.

Fang Xingjian did not reply the other party at all. The sword Qis encompassing him had once again disappeared.

Roar!

The three Garcia's Great Warriors let out a roar as their bodies showed signs of beast transmogrification. Fur, beast ears, sharp claws had appeared and their bodies abruptly swelled up as well.

Beast transmogrification was an ability Garcia's people had gained after going through cycles of cross-mating, as well as devouring and being devoured by wild beasts. This ability was extremely strong and could instantaneously increase one's attributes.

After all, this was something which modified one's body and depleted one's vital energy and blood. It meant that the individual had to harm himself first before inflicting harm on others, and if used too frequently, it would cause one's lifespan to be reduced. In many cases, many of Garcia's Great Warriors had recklessly abused their beast transmogrification ability, resulting in their sudden deaths at the age of forty.

However, this tribe was extremely bloodthirsty and keen on battles, therefore most of them would not live past thirty years old and would not care about the things in the future.

However, this time around, sword light rained down on them before they completed their beast transmogrification, causing one of them to burst out, splattering blood everywhere.

When they went through the beast transmogrification process, their visceral blood vessels were moving abruptly. One must understand how fatal it was to receive such an attack during this timing.

It was as if he had been pierced through by up to a hundred swords all over his body. Blood spurted out crazily, from which he immediately died, his body falling onto the ground.

The other two could only manage to throw out a punch before their limbs were slashed through the air by the three feet sword light. They laid down in their own pools of blood.

Although these four Great Warriors were considered very weak to Fang Xingjian, they were already regarded as elites in Garcia. They were level 19 Great Warriors who had hunted down countless wild beasts and slaughtered thousands.

Fang Xingjian looked towards his Stats Window. Having killed these two level 19 Great Warriors, Fang Xingjian directly leveled up, reaching level 11 with 8.4% experience and another 11 points increase in his agility attribute.

As expected, killing Knights with a higher level compared to his own would allow him to gain a lot of experience.

This increment to his level allowed Fang Xingjian's agility to break through to 106, and his prowess once again improved in leaps and bounds.

'As expected, killing people and monsters is the best way to level up.

'If I can gain a few more levels, I might not lose even against a Conferred Knight.'

The corner of Fang Xingjian's lips curled up slightly as he looked towards the black man on the ground whose four limbs had been slashed off. He asked, "Tell me, where is Mumukeya?"

...

Seeing that Fang Xingjian had, in just a moment, disappeared without a trace,, the young boy felt extremely perturbed and unsettled.

Although Fang Xingjian appeared to be very powerful, the boy had seen it for himself the scene where the four Garcia's monsters had dashed into the village, wreaking havoc everywhere as if they were invincible.

Sabers, swords, as well as bows and arrows were unable to penetrate their skin. Water and fire were unable to harm their bodies, and with just a simple punch, they could bring down a small house...

The more the young boy thought about it, the more he felt that it was too rash for Fang Xingjian to chase up to the four enemies by himself.

"This is bad. This is too rash. How could I let him charge in alone?

"We should have waited for his comrades to come before attacking together. To be going up against four men single-handedly..."

Just as the young boy became increasingly worried, scared, and anxious, Fang Xingjian had already walked up with the four black men's heads hung at his waist. After killing the other two black men, his Stats Window now reflected level 12 at 5.2%.

As for the four black men's corpses, they were not comparable to Knights but they could still be used to make the lowest level Inferior Remains Divine Weapons. Thus, Fang Xingjian had naturally buried all of them and made markings.

His attributes once again gained the Windshadow Sword Divinity's job progression and were now:

Name

Fang Xingjian

Age

17

Occupation

Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level

12

Strength

56+5

Agility

112+5

Reaction

55

Endurance

49

Flexibility

51

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute)

Nurturing Sword Techniques

94 sets

Training Sword Techniques

12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword

Level 30

Radiant Light Sword Technique

Level 6

Specialities:

Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles

Elementary Berserkness

Unparalleled Sword Intent (79/100)

Potential

11,000 point increase/day

Waves

Level 5 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method

Level 3 Universal Sword Dominance**

He now had a total of 112 points for his agility attributes and his Single Sword World Subjugation had also been improved to increase his movement and attack speed by 224%. Fang Xingjian's abilities now far surpassed that of the senior Knights and was moving in an increasingly unfathomable direction.

Looking at the Fang Xingjian who had suddenly appeared along with the four heads hung at his waist, a loud boom rang out in that young boy's head. In the next moment, he was already kneeling on the floor, unceasingly kowtowing to Fang Xingjian, warm tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Ask you something, how to get to Kremlin Coast?"

The young boy was stunned for a moment, then took in a deep breath before beginning to guide Fang Xingjian.

After hearing it, Fang Xingjian nodded. He grabbed onto the boy's body and with a leap, he was like a big bird, soaring up a height of up to a hundred meters before once again landing on the ground and then followed by another leap.

This time around, he no longer needed the boy to lead the way. Although Fang Xingjian slowed down in order not to kill the boy, they still arrived at the village just over ten minutes later.

At that moment, the rest of the people in the village were still

clearing up the corpses. They looked towards Fang Xingjian in a daze.

Fang Xingjian casually threw the found heads on the ground and the ten over elderly and children immediately dropped to their knees.

"Thank you, my lord! Thank you, my lord!"

"Father! Mother! We've taken revenge for you!"

Fang Xingjian could not bother to see the crying scene and headed straight to the wolf's corpse only to find out that they had not roasted the meat.

An elderly trembled as he stood up, saying, "My lord, please hold on for a moment. We'll immediately clean the pot and start the fire to cook the meat for you."

"Forget it." Fang Xingjian shook his head. He had gotten the news from the two Garcia's Great Warriors earlier that all of the people from Garcia had started to retreat, and Mumukeya was even reaching the coast soon. He had no time to waste.

But if Knights like him went without meat or ferocious beasts for an extended period of time, it would not be good for their bodies. After all, they needed the energy to sustain their physical strength.

Fang Xingjian then casually slashed off a piece of meat the size of a human head and bit down on it. His teeth were as if he had many sharp blades, and he managed to swallow them all after a few bites.

An elderly then implored, "My lord, the flames of war are raging everywhere and those Garcia's Black Devils can be seen all around. Could you bring us out to safety? We beg of you!"

As he said that, the rest of the people also dropped to their knees, begging for Fang Xingjian to protect them and bring them to a safe shelter.

However, Fang Xingjian threw them a cold glance, not wanting

to bother.

He wanted to clean the world, then slash all external devils, yet he had completely no interest in taking care of the weak and protecting the kind.

He only wanted to slash the evil, not promote kindness.

It was just like how he had slaughtered Kirst's gang without caring for what had happened to the rest of the people who were good. However, if there were more people who commit acts of evil, he would just kill more.

He threw a glance towards the people and casually said, "Not interested. You guys can just look for a place and hide. They won't be searching too thoroughly."

After having said that, he swung his longsword and dashed out together with his hundred swords, leaving sounds throughout the village.

Everyone looked at the departing Fang Xingjian and could only think that this person had a strong heroic spirit and was extremely valiant. It were as if he was a hero like those spoken of in the legends.

But thinking of how they had now lost his protection and would need to face up to the dangers that were to come by themselves, they could not lift up their spirits.

[1] Author had a typo in earlier chapters, resulting in us translating as Sinkodati. Will be amending to reflect as Sinkoda from now on.

Chapter 137 Asking For Directions

With a bang, a bug was crushed to death by the foot of a person who had descended from the sky.

Kaunitz, dressed in a suit of red and had faint red colored prints on his head, looked at the stretch of fallen trees and frowned.

In the scorching forest, he seemed to once again recall the days he had spent cultivating in the volcano. His expression was slightly twisted, as if evil light was beaming out from his eyes.

Kaunitz had been brought up and nurtured by the Tresia Clan as a genius since young.

And because of this, he had received endless sword arts training, but had not had the time to deliberate over the knowledge pertaining political, trade, management and interpersonal relationships.

He had initially thought that there was no need for him to learn all these. As long as he had a sword in his hand, he had the confidence to slash apart everything before him.

Since young, he had always been first in terms of his sword arts. Regardless if it was at home, in his clan, in the academy, or in KIRST Prefecture, there had been no one who had been able to surpass his talent in sword arts, and neither had he thought that there would be anyone in the world capable of doing so.

The best sword in the world. Whenever this thought appeared in his mind, his blood would boil, and scorch all over his body.

But that was until he met Fang Xingjian.

Recalling Fang Xingjian, his large heart which was encompassed by dragon blood once again leaped a few times, furiously.

It was Fang Xingjian who had first let him taste failure. When he discovered that the other party had transitioned into a Windstorm

Sword Hero, and that there was no way for him to catch up to him no matter what he did, neverending feelings of terror had fallen upon him.

'Unable to surpass Fang Xingjian, and far from being able to compare against his talent... Then what is the purpose of my existence? What was the use of my cultivation all these years? Do I exist just to be stepped under his feet, so that I look up to him all my life?

'Why? Why must there be such geniuses in this world? Why are there such monsters in this world?'

Jealousy, vengeance and fury turned into endless flames, and together with his Divine Flames of the Earth's Core, burned his body in the volcano.

Endless evil energy twisted his thoughts, torturing him, and also bound to torture everyone he came across.

The Killing technique Ancient Path of Hell emphasized the fact that if the practitioner did not first enter hell himself, then it would be impossible to make the opponent fall into hell.

And now, subjected to both his internal flames of fury and the external Divine Flames, Kaunitz had turned into a demon from hell whose only target was Fang Xingjian.

Besides him, Rebecca squatted down to take a look at the slit on the branches and the wolves' corpses on the ground. Her eyes narrowed and she said, "This little b*stard really does run fast."

On the other hand, Cynthia frowned and said, "I'm more worried about his levelling up after killing the ferocious beasts and those Black Devils. It would only be more trouble for us. We need to find him quickly."

Kaunitz laughed coldly and said, "It's useless even if he were to level up. Each level of the Windstorm Sword Hero would only give him 8 points in agility. No matter how many levels he gains, his

agility will only be between 150 and 160 points. Although it is quite amazing, the methods we've prepared to deal with him are sufficient."

What he did not know was that Fang Xingjian's job was not the Windstorm Sword Hero, but the Windshadow Sword Divinity, which gave him 11 points in agility with each level. Fang Xingjian also had the progressive specialty, 'Single Sword World Subjugation', which increased his movement and attack speed by 2% with each additional agility point.

Rebecca stood up, looked towards the mountain range in the distance and said, "He's headed that way."

A loud explosive bang rang out under their feet, and they dashed out towards the mountain range in the distance, along with streams of air currents.

Kaunitz and the others stepped into the village. The red-colored prints on Kaunitz's forehead gradually formed a ball of red flames. It was the sign that he had mastered the Inferno Indestructible Physique.

Throwing a vague glance towards the village's devastated state, Kaunitz turned to looked towards the ten or more elderly people and children walking towards them. When they saw how Kaunitz and the others were dressed, a white-haired elderly man in the lead spoke out, "All of you are esteemed Knights?" He agitatedly said, "You're here to kill the Black Devils too? Earlier, one of your comrades, also a Knight, killed four Black Devils and left."

As he spoke, the other villagers all brought out the food they had prepared, hoping to offer it to Kaunitz and the others. Regardless if they were young or old, each of the villagers revealed sincere smiles, obviously being very welcoming towards these Knights.

However, Kaunitz and the others only looked at them coldly. None of them took the food. Nor did any of them speak out.

Kaunitz glanced at the offered poultry, fish and meat, all covered in sand, dust and seemingly burnt, and a hint of abomination and disdain flashed in his eyes.

A feeling of unrest grew in the villagers' hearts. Kaunitz walked up slowly to a young girl, smiled as he squatted down, then he patted the child on her head and asked, "Hello. Was the Knight who earlier passed by here carrying a lot of swords with him? And when he walked, did all the swords follow and fly behind him?"

The little girl nodded seriously, "That's right. Lord Knight ran very quickly, and those swords flew after him very quickly too."

An evil smile broke out on Kaunitz's face before he continued to ask in a soft tone, "Then do you know where he was headed to?"

Just then, the young boy who had shown Fang Xingjian the way earlier slapped off Kaunitz's hand which was holding the girl's hand, and stood in front of her, "How do we know that you guys are his comrades? And if you are, then why would you need to ask where he was headed to? Don't you even know this?"

Hand at his chin, Kaunitz looked at the people before him, gave it some thought and then suddenly smiled again.

"Originally, I just wanted to come up with a lie.

"But after some thought, I realized that you guys are just commoners. You are not even worth to be lied to by me. "

Kaunitz stood up slowly and coldly asked, "Where did that b*stard head off to?"

Everyone present immediately tensed up. The white-bearded old man trembled as he made his way up, saying, "Lord, that Knight had left just like that. We really do not know where he went."

With a pfft sound, Kaunitz blew on his fingers and a hole was made through the elderly man's head as he fell to the ground. It seemed as easy as killing a lamb or cow to him.

Rebecca and the others stood behind him, completely indifferent to what had just happened.

This was the Miracle World. In this era, which was even darker than the Middle Ages, these villagers and commoners were no better than lambs or cows in the eyes of aristocrats such as Kaunitz.

"Each time I ask, I'll kill one person." Kaunitz let out a faint smile and said, "Where did that b*stard go?"

With another pfft sound, another person fell.

Some people screamed out, thinking of escaping, "Noooo!"

There were people who dropped to their knees, "I beg of you, my lord, please spare us. We really don't know anything."

Amidst the panic and chaos, the little boy clenched his fists, his pupils unceasingly contracting and expanding, as if he had entered a state of contradiction.

Kaunitz's gaze landed on him, and with a smile, he appeared behind the little boy. He pat the boy on his shoulders, whispering next to his ears, "You seem to know something."

The young boy trembled suddenly, saying, "I... I don't know anything."

But how could a boy of ten years or so hide from Kaunitz and from the First Prince within Kaunitz? He patted the boy on the shoulder and with a pffft, another old lady dropped to the floor.

The boy shivered and cold sweat covered him yet again. Terrified cries kept ringing in his ears accompanied by Kaunitz's voice, like a devil's croon, asking, "The one behind you, is she your younger sister?"

"Don't!"

Kaunitz grabbed his youngster sister. The red silhouette was like a ghost, suddenly appearing ten meters away. Looking at the boy's

nervous expression, he grinned, "I'm asking one last time." His palm caressed the little girl's head as he asked, "Where did he go?"

The boy was but a kid of ten years or so. How could he possibly bear experiencing such a catastrophe and facing such great pressure? He dropped to his knees right there, making great efforts to speak out, "He... he went to... Kremlin Coast."

Kaunitz smiled, "You're clever for not lying to me."

The next moment, the girl in his grasp turned into a ball of flames, and in less than a second, she turned into ashes.

"Ahhh!"

The young boy cried out, his eyes wide open and the blood vessels in his neck all popping up. He charged towards Kaunitz, but at the next moment, he was lit up by a spark, nothing but ashes left of him, in the blink of an eye.

The slaughter started and ended at that same moment. Kaunitz nodded. This time around, their secret operation had not respected the Empire's laws. So how could they not wipe out all witnesses?

Moreover, doing it here would allow them to conveniently push the blame onto the Black Devils.

Rebecca spoke up, "That little b*stard really did go to chase Mumukeya. Kaunitz. The person you prepared also followed the troops and is heading in the same direction, right?"

"Of course." A twisted expression appeared on Kaunitz's face. "This time around, there's no escape for him. He is just a Windstorm Sword Hero who has barely transitioned three months ago. But even if he suddenly surged to first transition level 19, he will still be dead meat."

"Hmmm?" The First Prince in his body let out a dissatisfied cold grunt.

Kaunitz immediately reacted, and channelled his thoughts to the

First Prince, "Of course, he won't really die. After receiving our 'great hospitality', he will only fully bow down to you, becoming your most loyal dog, your most docile blade. I promise."

Chapter 138 Injured

Countless rays of black lines spread across in the sky. Rushing back and forth, they released swooshing sounds as they cut across the air. It was as if they were bomber aircrafts soaring through the sky.

A few of Garcia's black-skinned and black-eyed Great Warriors stared angrily at the steel swords flying about in the sky.

One of them furiously said, "Damn it, where did this monster come from? He is only a first transition Knight but has a battle prowess close to that of a Conferred Knight."

Another person spoke up, "We can't let this continue any further. We've already lost seven of our men. If this goes on, we'll be wiped out before we meet up with our comrades."

"Hmph. He killed seven of our people but got injured himself. He's definitely not in a good state since he was hit by Manya's curse. Moreover, we've already destroyed a large number of his longswords in the sky and there's only about twenty or so of them left. If we fight to the bitter end, we'll definitely be able to kill him."

"What are you talking about? We should retreat first and deal with him after we meet up with the other teams."

"Retreat? Are you still one of Garcia's warriors? We've lost seven brothers and you're thinking of retreating? You idiot. How will we be able to escape if the opponent's speed is so fast?"

Facing a strong Warrior like Fang Xingjian who had unparalleled speed, unless one was able to defeat him, what awaited was only death. It was impossible to even think about escaping.

While the three of them were still in the midst of the endless argument on whether they should retreat or fight to the bitter end, the twenty odd steel swords moved together at once. At the next

moment, they turned in their direction and shot toward the three men's hiding place.

"Watch out!"

"It's coming!"

"F**k it!"

One of Garcia's Great Warriors stood up immediately, releasing huge bursts of aura. Countless thick black hairs sprouted all over his body, making him become a monster like King Kong.

He opened his mouth wide, bellowing loudly. Huge bursts of air currents were swept up and shot out like shock waves, clashing head-on with the twenty odd flying swords.

Bang, bang, bang, bang! Loud explosive sounds rang out and in that instant, more than half the flying swords shattered.

To think that this King Kong's abrupt and violent exhale could shatter longswords made of steel. How ferocious was his power?

However, after just one attack, the King Kong seemed very weak. Looking at the remaining flying swords, he could not even make a move to dodge them. It was just then that a Black Devil dashed out. Raising his two hands high up, he gathered endless earth-colored aura on his arms and formed two earth elemental magnetic shields.

The remaining flying swords clashed violently against them but it was as if they had sunk into mud, sucked in by this magnetic energy. Not only were they unable to penetrate the shields, but it was to the extent that they were shaking repeatedly, and yet were unable to fly out.

However, even when all the flying swords had been fended off, the trio still did not seem to have relaxed in the slightest. It was because they knew that the most dangerous attack had yet to come.

The Flame God Unit and the Divine Vanguard Unit were the elite teams in Garcia's expeditionary unit this time around and after being pursued for a few consecutive days, none of them had died under those flying swords.

The flying swords were merely a form of defense and support for the opponent's attacks. Truly, the most powerful thing had always been that swift and elusive sword which came and went like a shadow.

As expected, just as all the flying swords' attacks had been blocked, a black shadow appeared suddenly behind the King Kong. Silver-colored sword light like a dash of silver colored lightning thrust towards the King Kong's back in an instant, sending down sword Qis like violent rain.

Pffft! Cut by countless sword Qis, the King Kong's back was cut open like a piece of cake. In that instant, up to a hundred wounds appeared on his back with blood spurting out in rivers.

However, just then, green-colored flames spread out all over the King Kong's body. Fang Xingjian's gaze twitched a little as he tried to quickly back off. However, it was too late. Fang Xingjian's attack was already dashing toward the King Kong's back. To reduce his speed and then accelerate in the opposite direction he needed a moment at the very least.

However, he was too close to the target and the explosion happened too quickly as well. At that moment, he was already accelerating in the opposite direction, but green flames had already splashed all over him. He let out a low grunt and immediately dashed into the woods, rolling incessantly and dashing about trying to extinguish the fire.

"Hahaha." That King Kong fell to the ground, breaking out in crazy laughter. As he did so, he continued to spew out blood from his mouth, "Sinkoda's devil, you're doomed. My brothers will avenge me."

The Great Warrior Garcia, who had been controlling the magnetic force, walked over and looked at the fallen King Kong. As he looked at how the King Kong was covered in charred and opened wounds, and at his body, continuously burning in the green flames, an expression filled with grief reflected in his eyes.

He thought of how they had crossed the ocean to come to the Empire; going through battle after battle, killing in order to make a path for themselves and for Garcia's future. When they had received the order to retreat, they had thought that they would be able to bring back immense fortune, but to think that eventually their comrades had fallen.

He gritted his teeth and said, "Sinkoda's devil, you've killed many of our comrades. I'll let you die slowly in hell and have a taste of agony which you've never experienced in all your life."

The third Great Warrior, who had been hiding, also stepped out with green flames reflecting in his eyes. He looked toward the King Kong and said, "Rest in peace, we'll avenge you." The next moment, he pierced his longsword into the King Kong's heart.

The King Kong showed an expression of relief and his body convulsed slightly before he finally died.

It turned out that their earlier argument had been nothing but an act. In order to kill Fang Xingjian, they had come up with a plan. However, one of them had to perish together with Fang Xingjian. The Great Warrior, who controlled the green flames injected more than half his energy into the King Kong beforehand, prepared to detonate it at anytime.

In the back of the forest, Fang Xingjian looked at the flames which were still burning on his chest and right arm. Furrowing his brows, he said, "Too careless."

On the other side, the Warriors who controlled green flames and magnetism had already chased up to him.

"Sinkoda's coward! Do you only know sneak attacks?! You've been wounded by my Venomous Flames. There's no escape for you now!"

"There's no water source within over a hundred li [1]. You're dead meat!"

"Come out! We'll show you our Garcia martial art techniques!"

Previously, Fang Xingjian had shadowed them day and night, relying on his great speed to assassinate them. Each time he killed a person, he would hide far away quickly and repeat the attempt when everyone had let their guard down. He had not given these two teams the opportunity to face him in a battle head-on.

It was only at this time, after performing their vicious plan of a suicide attack, that they were finally able to injure Fang Xingjian.

However, just after the two had finished talking, Fang Xingjian walked out slowly. Looking at their astonished expressions, he coldly said, "Martial art techniques? A bunch of people who live the lives of savages are fit to talk about martial art techniques?"

Looking at the two's furious expressions, Fang Xingjian activated Boundaries Negation. Taking a step forward, he had reached supersonic speed and with a second step, he gained a speed two times faster than the supersonic speed.

With a third step, he had already appeared behind the two Great Warriors. Fresh blood and flying swords filled the sky and the two of them were turned into a lump of minced meat. Blood rained down over Fang Xingjian and he then used this rain of blood to extinguish the green flames on him.

After the flames were extinguished, Fang Xingjian's muscles gradually wriggled under the circulation of his force. The next moment, various bruised and venomous blood spurted out from his wounds. Then his wounds gradually squirmed and compressed together as they sealed up.

His three major specialties, Internal Healing, Internal Training and Elementary Berserkness were activated at once, healing his injuries.

[1] Chinese unit of length. One li = 0.5 kilometer

Chapter 139 Acquaintance

Looking at his wounds, Fang Xingjian shook his head and thought to himself, 'Initially I wanted to pay more attention to how I use my potential points and temporarily give up on the Boundaries Negation, slowly assassinating them one by one. But to think that this resulted in me suffering injuries... Strong warriors in the first transition are truly not to be underestimated.'

During this time, he had been chasing after Mumukeya, encountering quite a few battles on the way. Sometimes, he had also encountered other teams of Knights, but he would basically ignore them and go on his own way to kill those from Garcia.

Currently, his experience was lower since his level had increased. He was now at level 14, with his experience at 87.9%. This greatly surpassed the speed at which he had initially planned to level up at, through hunting ferocious beasts.

As expected, the fastest way to level up was to attack and kill Knights of the same level. It was a pity that there were generally few chances of doing so.

Fang Xingjian's agility had now reached 134+5 points, propelling his usual speed far above that of other first transition Knights. His speed was extremely fast. However, compared to the 139 points he had in agility, Fang Xingjian's other attributes were merely at about 50 to 60 points. This greatly restricted the speed he could display. Unless he activated Boundaries Negation, there was no way he could fully display the full prowess of his 139 agility points.

The agility attribute represented one's ability to quickly contract and release the energy in one's muscles. If agility was at a very high level, but strength, reaction and flexibility were insufficient, without the latter attributes to overcome air resistance, transit the muscles' energy, resist the various forms of pressure that one would come into contact with when moving at high speed, and

without the ability to quickly react to situations, in no way was it possible to fully display the prowess of the agility attribute.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian's usual speed had increased, but only upon activating the Boundaries Negation, and thus using the ether particles to form an acceleration field to transmit information and break through the limits of his other attributes could he perfectly display the prowess of his agility attribute and attain an unbelievable speed.

However, the Boundaries Negation depleted one's potential at 1000 points per second. This was why Fang Xingjian did not use it often.

Now, just by performing the Supreme Mistwind Sword he could transcend the supersonic speed. If he continued to perform the Supreme Mistwind Sword in order to accelerate, he could even reach 1.5 times the supersonic speed. After all, the Supreme Mistwind Sword allowed one to control the air currents in the atmosphere through sword arts. So with the increase in his speed, the atmospheric pressure increased, and the accelerated effect of the Supreme Mistwind Sword also got increasingly weaker.

But despite that, it was sufficient for Fang Xingjian to handle those Great Warriors from Garcia with 1.5 times supersonic speed. As the saying went, if one does not manage to hit the target on the first attack, one must gain distance and make his escape.

But he never would have thought that his opponents would be so intrepid. Back when they were killing those seven Warriors, they had already shown how dauntless they were, shooting out various flames, curses and shockwaves until their very last breaths. Now, these people even went so far as to inflict him with serious injuries, with the intention of perishing together with him.

Although he had immediately expended his potential points to activate the Boundaries Negation, releasing three times the supersonic speed and killing the opponent in that instant, he could

not undo the damage and wounds that he had been dealt.

Especially those flames with poisonous elements, causing Fang Xingjian to feel weak once the poison invaded his blood flow.

Fang Xingjian immediately took out the antidote he had won from the Netherworld Valley and drank it.

"Poison, burns, and the previous curse..."

Earlier, when he had killed a Garcia Warrior, the moment that person died, something like radioactive contamination burst out from his body. This was something the Garcia people had called curses, and which was causing Fang Xingjian's physical strength to continue slipping. But at least, it was not deadly.

'While these Garcia's Great Warriors are inferior to the Empire's people in terms of the grasp and knowledge of the human body and martial arts, their valiance, as well as the various eerie extraordinary powers they possess are truly troublesome.

'Even I would fall into their trap if I'm not careful. I wonder how many ordinary Knights will be sacrificed this time around.'

With his high level of cultivation in his martial arts, and with his excellent sword techniques, Fang Xingjian continued to size up his injuries, checking out the condition of his blood vessels, organs, and nerves. He unceasingly channeled in extremely small levels of energy, slowly closing up his wounds, compressing his bones together in order to let them heal, as well as channeling his vital energy and blood and protecting his organs.

'Even if I have the Elementary Berserkness, I'll still need at least six hours for my wounds to recover so that they won't affect my ability to battle.'

Fang Xingjian furrowed his brows, looking at the cracked longsword in his hand, 'My swords are gone to. I have to think of a way to replenish their number.'

Thinking of this, Fang Xingjian healed himself for another half

an hour before he stood up again. Just as before, he buried the three black men's bodies, hoping to recover them after the war had ended. They could be used as ingredients for Inferior Remains Divine Weapons.

And then, moving his feet, he leapt over a distance of more than twenty meters, dashing through the forest like a cheetah at full speed.

Although he had burns, and was also suffering from poison and a curse, his running speed was still about the same as that of ordinary Knights.

...

While Fang Xingjian was on rushing on his way, beyond Kremlin Coast, there was a steel cruiser over a hundred and fifty meters in length that was floating on the surface of the sea.

Countless Garcia's laborers were building a stronghold along the coast, occasionally looking towards the steel cruiser with feelings of fear reflected in their eyes.

In the cruiser's command center, there was a yellow-skinned man with a brush, who wore black-colored battle gear. He seemed to be very bored, looking at the electronic screen in front of him.

This electronic screen was very shabby, its various cables and transistors exposed in full view. It could only display some blurry black and white images. The images seemed to have been taken through other people's line of vision.

The yellow-skinned man looked at the battle scenes, and laughing coldly he said, "These Black Devils are really trash. To think that they've only managed to capture ten or so Knights after so many days of work. How am I supposed to answer when I get back?"

"There, there, Fang Wei. After all, they don't have much of a powerful legacy. These results are actually quite good. We've

achieved our three goals to capture Knights, test out the surveillance system and weaken the Empire," said a young lady wearing a white tank top and blue denim shorts who was sitting beside him.

On the young lady's exposed back and legs there were many twisted patterns similar to tadpoles, their meaning unknown. They were exuding a faint glow.

Watching the screen, she said with indifference, "Ten or so Knights are enough for us to bring back in order to study the Empire's martial arts legacy.

"Although Earthlings are unable to pick up the Empire's martial arts, they are still very valuable.

"I've heard that during this time, the Science Academy has already made some progress. In another one or two years we should be able to set up anti-ether force fields over the entire Demonic City. When that time comes, neither Demonic City nor the Miracle World will pose any threat to us anymore."

As she said this, she lifted up her hand and looked at the glowing magic prints with an intoxicated expression, "It's truly as the Mage Kings have said, that the magic prints contain the powers of the Other World's Evil Gods. I feel that ever since I've come to the Miracle World, my powers have been increasing with the diabolic energy pouring into me. This is the true prowess of the magic prints.

"I'm now at level 20, but with my current powers, I have already achieved a level comparable to a freshly transitioned level 20 Conferred Knight, or maybe even slightly above them."

Fang Wei looked at the lady next to him, a hint of dread seeming to flash in his eyes. This young lady was the number one genius in the branch family. Ever since she had come to the Miracle World, her aura had become increasingly scary, as if some weird monster had been born inside her. She was growing stronger with each

passing second.

Chapter 140 Crisis And Chance Encounter

Unwilling to be continuously suppressed by the other party, Fang Wei tried to stray from the subject, "It's a pity that the academy has yet to completely figure out the laws in the two worlds. If not, we would be able to bring the armored troops and the intercontinental ballistic missiles [1] over and would have long flattened this world. It wouldn't be like how it is now. Everything we've brought here have just turned into a pile of useless junk, yet we still have to stay here to reconstruct and study them based on this world's physics laws."

The young lady shook her head and an unfathomable look filled her eyes. "Fang Wei, don't look down on the people in this world. You have to admit, their development of the human body far surpasses ours. If we hadn't received the Evil Gods' help, there's no way we'd be able to surpass them in this area.

"Moreover, the law of the two worlds is extremely profound. The more you analyze deeper into it, the greater their differences are. It's not that I look down on those maniacs from the Science Academy, but they can probably forget about sending things like nuclear bombs over here within a few hundred years.

"Furthermore, even with nuclear bombs, we may not necessarily be able to do anything to those Divine level experts. Once they charge all out and go on a mass killing spree on Earth, even those Mage Kings would have a headache dealing with them."

Just as the young lady was saying this, Fang Wei's gaze turned. On the run-down electronic screen with blurry black and white blurry images, there was a man holding a longsword, landing gradually on the ground.

"This person... looks very familiar..."

"Fang Xingjian?"

Hearing Fang Wei's words, that young lady's eyes narrowed. Exuding a strong killing intent, it was as if she was a tiger that had just woken up.

"You're sure that this is Fang Xingjian?"

Fang Wei said a bit hesitantly, "He looks a bit like him, but his disposition seems a bit different and his looks seemed to have change a little as well. However, Onassis Clan's Caroline should already killed Fang Xingjian. Why would he be here?"

The young lady said coldly, "It seems like not only is he not dead, he had a great encounter and received the Empire's Knight legacy. He's really the b*stard child of someone from the Other World. If not, it'd be impossible for him to pick up martial art techniques.

"Due to this person backed off, my younger brother was chosen to become that Fang Xingchen's apostle.

"That Fang Xingchen has the aptitude to become a mage. I've nothing to say to this.

"Therefore, I had planned to wait until I reached the Divine level before I bring back my younger brother. However, since I've met this Fang Xingjian here, I shall claim the merit in bringing him back home and let the Old Granny deal with him herself."

Old Granny had been on guard against the branch family all these time. Not only did she suppress them, she had even chased them out of the main residence, leaving the Old Granny's own children in the main residence.

If it had not been because Fang Qian was truly outstanding, she would not have had the chance to come to the Other World, receiving the chance to cultivate and upgrade herself.

However, she knew that after the incident with Fang Xingjian, the Old Granny had been infuriated. If she was able to catch Fang Xingjian and bring him back, her words in Fang Clan would hold more weight, she would have a higher standing, and more training

resources in Fang Clan.

Moreover, if Fang Xingjian had not escaped, why would her brother have been sent to become Fang Xingchen's apostle?

An apostle tended to have greater battle powers if their blood relation and age were closer to the mage. If Fang Xingjian had been around, her brother would not have been brought into this.

As she spoke, currents began to move agitatedly around her, and a faint sound of a tiger's roar could be heard.

Fang Wei shouted, "Fang Qian, we are not allowed to participate in this mission. If you take part and get discovered by the Empire, it may become a threat to our bigger plan."

At the same time, the image shown on the screen was of Fang Xingjian displaying his Boundaries Negation at the very end. The next moment, the image disappeared and another scene was shown. It meant that the two Garcia Warriors had died.

Confidence brimmed in Fang Qian's eyes, "He even got injured while killing Great Warriors, so he's at most at the pinnacle of the first transition. For me to catch him, it'll be as easy as slaughtering chickens and goats. How would we be discovered?

"Furthermore, this person does have some luck. Not only did he not die, he even picked up the Empire's legacy. If we were to catch him and bring him back to the Old Granny, it'll be a great merit."

Saying this, the energy throughout her body charged up into the skies and even made a small hole in the clouds.

"Fang Wei, you go control the surveillance system and see where is he heading off to."

Fang Wei shook his head helplessly, "This is only the trial product made by the Science Academy to accommodate to the Miracle World's law of physics. We can only check out current situations and cannot track back to what had happened earlier. We can't even use it for communication. Now, we can only try our luck

to see if other Great Warriors have come into contact with him."

On the other side, Fang Xingjian was still unaware that there were some familiar acquaintances who had fixed their gazes on him.

He continued to advance and about an hour later, he came across some footsteps. He squatted down to take a look and discovered that they were footprints from armors.

"The casting of the Garcia people is of a really low standard. These should be the traces left behind from the armors of the Empire's Knights."

Thinking about this, he took a look around the surroundings and found other traces.

Therefore, he continued his chase in the direction where there were even more traces. However, when he came to a big tree, four people surrounded him suddenly.

"Haha, Tai Long, I told you that someone would definitely follow the traces we left behind. Your armor is too heavy."

The one who spoke up was someone really skinny. However, while he was wearing a Knight attire, it was hard to conceal his wretched disposition.

The one called Tai Long was a Knight wearing a set of heavy armor which encompassed all over his body. When he heard this, he shouted out, "Who are you? Why are you following us?"

"Isn't it obvious? One look and you can tell that he is a Knight." A green haired female Knight smiled and looked at the ragged Fang Xingjian, asking, "Fellow, which academy are you from? Have you been separated from your team mates?"

On the other end, a Knight who was covered in a black suit casted a few glances in Fang Xingjian's direction. He seemed to feel that Fang Xingjian was of no threat to him and leaped up a branch, starting to be on his guard to the surroundings.

Fang Xingjian casted a glance at these four and said, "I'm from Kirst Royal Academy. Who are you guys?"

"Oh? From Kirst? We are from Lathander Royal Academy." The green haired lady smiled, "This time around, you guys from Kirst really have stolen all the limelight. Do you know the guy called Hamil? He had killed seven of those Black Devils alone by himself. Seems like he'll have a chance in the next Regional Selection."

Fang Xingjian shook his head, "I've been rushing on my way till now and am not very clear about the current situation. Do you guys have spare weapons?"

The wretched-looking skinny man smiled, took out a longsword from the bag he was carrying on his back and tossed it to Fang Xingjian, saying, "Did you just transition recently? To think that you dare to be so rash even though you are alone. Seems like you've suffered quite a bit."

Fang Xingjian swung the longsword casually for a bit. Not answering the question, he asked instead, "Where are you guys heading to next? Have those Garcia people retreated successfully?"

"Not yet," The green haired lady said. "They were suppressed by us and are now retreating at full speed towards the Kremlin Coast. We are now pushing in on them and gathering towards the coast. It's said that General Oliperth plans to eradicate them there."

Oliperth was the Western Garrison's commander and also the highest in command in this battle. At the same time, he was also the guy whom Huang Lin had secretly asked to provide guidance to Fang Xingjian on his Waves.

Seeing that Fang Xingjian did not say anything, the green haired lady looked at him again. Looking at the burn wounds he had and how dirty his Knight attire was, she shook her head and said, "Forget it, you can come along with us. If you're to go on alone like this, you'll end up being eaten up by those Black Devils."

The guy in the black suit, who was standing on guard on the tree, said in discontent, "We don't have the time to guide novices. He'll slow down our speed."

The green haired Knight smiled and said, "He's considered outstanding to be able to come all the way here by himself. He's not likely to drag us down."

The black suit guy let out a helpless sigh, looked at Fang Xingjian and said, "If you drag us down, we won't stay to wait for you."

Fang Xingjian said with indifference, "The same can be said to you." Swinging his longsword, he tossed away his lousy sword from before and kept the new one in his sheath.

Fang Xingjian threw a glance towards the four of them. He was currently injured and was not familiar with the directions to Kremlin Coast. Moreover, if they were to proceed on, they were likely to meet more and more Black Devils. He decided that he should really stay together with a team of Knights for now.

The green haired Knight laughed, "Alright, let's make a move quickly. If we're late, it might already be over by then. I haven't killed enough of those Black Devils."

[1] An intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) is a guided ballistic missile with a minimum range of 5,500 kilometres primarily designed for nuclear weapons delivery (delivering one or more thermonuclear warheads).
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Intercontinental_ballistic_missile

Chapter 141 Medicine

On their way, Fang Xingjian gradually learned about the identities of these four Knights.

They all came from Lathander Royal Academy and were level 19 Knights who had transitioned for five years.

The lady with green hair was about twenty-eight to twenty-nine years old and was the leader of this team. Her name was Reiya and she excelled in archery. She always carried a warm and gentle smile, but the other three would never go against her orders.

The man who was wearing a metallic armor was called Tai Long. He was good in using a pair of axes and had a strength attribute of over 80 points. When he charged forth while wearing his set of armor, he would be akin to a human tank.

That wretched-looking, thinnest fellow was called Grand. He specialized in stealth and assassination. His speed was about 85 points which was about the same as Fang Xingjian's speed now that he was injured.

The last person, the person in black suit who had seen Fang Xingjian as a burden right from the beginning, was called Wei Longzi. While Fang Xingjian had yet to see his true appearance under his black clothes, he could tell from the name that this guy should be a Westerner with black hair and eyes.

Wei Longzi's close combat battle skills should be the strongest amongst the four Knights. This was why he would be on the lookout around the team most of the time.

They did not ask for Fang Xingjian's name. It might have been because to them, Fang Xingjian just seemed like a novice to them.

Of course, since they did not ask, there was no way that Fang Xingjian would take the initiative to tell them.

As they were getting near to Kremlin Coast and could meet

enemies anytime and anywhere, the five-man team got increasingly cautious and the speed at which they progressed got increasingly slow.

However, although they came across many signs of battles, they did not come across any enemies. Even so, to be on such vigilance and to be progressing while being extremely focused, it was still extremely exhausting to one's spirit and physical strength.

Seeing how Fang Xingjian could still keep up with his pace despite covered in injuries, the wretched-looking Grand laughed and said, "Lad, you're not bad. To think that you're still able to keep up with us. But don't force it, just let us know if you can't keep up. We can take a rest as well."

Fang Xingjian did not say anything. He merely focused on exercising his muscles, vital energy and blood, circulating the forces in his body to activate his Internal Healing and Internal Training specialties. This was to match with his physique which was boosted by Elementary Berserkness and, in turn, accelerate his recovery speed.

The other three casted a glance toward Fang Xingjian, feeling that Fang Xingjian was indeed quite good. As a newly transitioned Knight, to be able to keep up with their speed despite suffering from injuries... He was considered to be quite outstanding.

Despite this, they did not treat Fang Xingjian as part of the attacking force. After all, time was not something which anyone could easily surpass. Other than a small number of monstrous talents, most newly transitioned Knights would hardly be comparable to the senior Knights.

To them, a novice Knight like Fang Xingjian, who had suffered from so many wounds just to arrive here, would at best be able to be a match for a Great Warrior.

Of course, they would not say it out directly but just decided in their hearts that if they were to be engaged in battle, they would

put in more effort to take care of him if the situation was not dangerous.

After progressing carefully for about two hours, the green-haired lady, Reiya, suddenly stopped in her tracks and waved her hand. Everyone immediately came to a stop as well.

She squatted down, took a look at the blood traces left on the ground and said, "It's fresh. You guys stay here, I'll head up to take a look."

She immediately jumped and, like an agile monkey, climbed up to the top of a tree nearby. The color of her eyes changed slowly as she started scanning the situation in the thousands of meters around them.

In the next moment, three fleeing figures appeared within her vision. She landed quickly, saying, "There are people escaping in our direction. They are Knights. Let's go meet up with them quickly."

Saying this, she took the lead while Fang Xingjian and the others quickly followed behind.

Reiya then continued, "Wei Longzi, you go to the front and be our cover. Tai Long, you stay at the back. Grand, you follow me. Novice lad, you stay in the middle and provide support."

She spoke very quickly, but just as she finished, Wei Longzi had already headed to the front to be the vanguard while Grand stayed besides her to protect her, and Tai Long, dressed in his full suit of armor, had already gone to the back.

Fang Xingjian was made to stay in the middle to provide support, obviously in consideration of his lack of ability, and to allow him to stay in the safest spot. Although they did not say it out clearly, their consideration to him had said it all.

Fang Xingjian was not angry about it at all. What was there to be angry about when others are treating you well and taking care of

you? He merely continued to focus on his recuperation. To him, every additional second he could use to recover his abilities earlier was good.

The five of them progressed in this formation at high speed and one minute later, they met up with the three people who were escaping.

All three Knights were guys and when the person leading the team saw Fang Xingjian, his eyes lit up. "Xingjian, you've come?!"

With a slight swoosh, an arrow pierced through where the three of them were standing. Reiya asked coldly, "Wait. Explain your identities first."

The Knight, who had called out Xingjian's name earlier, shouted out, "I'm Kirst Academy's Jack."

As for the other two Knights, one of them had a full beard while the other person's head was so bald that he did not even have a strand of eyebrow. Both of them came from Green Jade Royal Academy. The one with the beard was Dupra while the bald guy was Wales.

Reiya turned to Fang Xingjian and asked, "You know that Jack?"

Fang Xingjian nodded, saying, "I do. He's from the same class as me."

Hearing that, Reiya also nodded. For now, she accepted the trio's identities and continued to ask, "Why are the three of you together? What about the rest? Why are you escaping? Is there anyone chasing after you?"

Jack said hurriedly, "We were originally from a seventeen-man team, formed with people from both of our academies, but we were attacked by those Black Devils. The one in the lead was their Destined Warrior Mumukeya. He's still chasing after us now. Our instructor had stayed back to help fend them off. We don't know how the situation is now."

While Mumukeya was only a level 20 Destined Warrior, he had, after all, succeeded in the second transition. The threat he posed was not one an ordinary Knight could compare with.

Hearing Jack's words, the other Knights were all astonished. The gap between one at the second transition and one who was at the first transition was like the difference between one who had completed the first transition and one who had not transitioned at all. The difference was beyond compare.

Fang Xingjian's eyes narrowed as well. However, recalling that he was still injured, he closed his eyes once again and concentrated on his recovery.

Reiya gave it some thought and said, "Mumukeya is a warrior with great speed. We have to hurry. We should take this path next..."

Just as they were discussing the route they should be taking in order to lose Mumukeya and get closer to the Empire's main troops, Jack walked up to Fang Xingjian, looked at him and asked, "Xingjian, you're injured?"

Fang Xingjian nodded with his eyes closed.

Jack was silent for a moment before an unprecedented struggle appeared in his gaze. He took in a deep breath and slowly took out a packet of medicine from his bag. He then smiled and said, "Xingjian, this is the medicinal ointment provided by the Netherworld Valley. It's as famous as their poison. Use it, it'll speed up your recovery."

Fang Xingjian opened his eyes, took a look at the medicinal ointment and said, "Alright."

Jack then helped Fang Xingjian to apply the medicinal ointment on his wounds. Once it was applied, Fang Xingjian could feel a cooling sensation flowing through and it was as if his wounds were being massaged by countless tiny hands. He could feel that his

wounds were recuperating at a faster rate.

Jack clenched his fist with strong guilt reflected in his eyes as he looked at Fang Xingjian who had once again closed his eyes, focusing on his cultivation and recovery.

Chapter 142 Danger

It was on the day war broke out and the Western Garrison requested for assistance.

Jack had taken leave for the purpose of returning to KIRST City and to return home.

He stood outside the familiar-looking small, wooden house. Looking at the warm light emanating from the house, he thought of his daughter and wife and the corner of his lips curled up into a blissful smile.

Opening the door, he walked in. "Alice, daddy is back. You guys..."

At the next moment, when he turned in and looked toward the main hall, his expression froze.

"Kaunitz..."

Kaunitz, wearing a red attire, was smiling as he sat there on a chair. In his arms, cute Alice was deep in sleep, looking like a sleeping kitty.

Jack's wife was kneeling down at the side, trembling with terror reflected on her face. When she saw that Jack had returned, tears came pouring down from her eyes.

Looking at Jack's frozen state, Kaunitz smiled. Patting Alice on the head, he said, "Jack, long time no see."

By then, Jack had already calmed down. He said coldly, "Kaunitz, what do you want?"

Kaunitz smiled, his finger stroking across Alice's tender cheeks. "I only want to see how much you love your wife and daughter."

Jack said coldly, "Attacking another Knight's family in order to threaten them is a great violation of the Association's regulations. The whole Tresia Clan would be clouded in shame from your

actions."

"Is that so?" Kaunitz smiled, "However, I can sacrifice the whole Tresia Clan for own sake. Would you be able to do the same for your adorable daughter and wife?"

As Kaunitz said this, with a slight stroke of his finger, Alice's little finger landed on the ground. Still in her dreams, her brows furrowed. Kaunitz had apparently done something that caused her to not awake in fright even after going through such pain.

"No!" Jack's wife suddenly screamed out. After receiving a slap from Kaunitz across the air, she fell to the floor. Tears blurred up her vision as she looked toward Kaunitz with terror and panick.

With a loud bang, Jack pounced forth but was grasped by Kaunitz with his Reduced Force Field. Kaunitz, who had mastered the Inferno Indestructible Physique and changed his blood into a combination of human's and dragon's, was not someone Jack could be a match against.

Looking at Jack, who was struggling in mid-air as if he was a frog held up by someone, Jack's wife knelt down, crying out, "I beg of you, I beg of you to let us go... I beg of you..."

Kaunitz shook his finger, looked at the grim-faced Jack, who was like a beast, and said, "Don't be so agitated. It's just a finger. But if you don't listen to what I have to say from now on... it wouldn't be just a finger."

Jack forced himself to calm down and he stared at Kaunitz as he asked, "What on earth do you want?"

"Just a small favor." Kaunitz smiled and passed Jack a packet of medicinal ointment, saying, "After you guys go to the battlefield, if you meet Fang Xingjian, you must use this medicinal ointment on him."

Jack froze and then bellowed furiously, "Don't even think about it!"

Kaunitz did not say anything. He only moved his finger slightly to slit Alice's arm, leaving a long trail of blood.

"No!" Jack's wife knelt there, torn apart. She muffled her mouth with her hands and cried silently.

The muscles, vital energy and blood all throughout Jack's body suddenly swelled up, his Reduced Force Field thrown out at full force. However, the powers coming from Kaunitz was like a huge of mountain suppressing him down, not giving him a chance to move an inch.

Kaunitz said calmly, "Jack, I'm not kidding. Or do you think there's still another way out for you? Fang Xingjian is someone the First Prince has set his eyes on and the First Prince is the future king of the world. Do you think there's a chance that the things he has set his eyes on will be able to escape?

"I've come here today to give you only two options. One is for you to agree to it and, thus, become one of the First Prince's people from now onwards. Your whole family will enjoy great happiness and prosperity.

"The other option is for me to kill you. Your daughter and your wife will even suffer the most horrible hardships before they die.

"Which are you going to choose?"

As he said this, Kaunitz laughed out loud, shook his finger and said, "Jack, you don't have a choice. When a weakling is confronted with someone in power, they never have the right to choose." With that, he carried Alice in one hand and Jack's wife in the other, and walked towards the shadows.

"If you leak out the secret, they will die. If you report this to the academy, they will die. If you meet up with Fang Xingjian but do not use the medicine on him, they will also die. No matter what it is that you do that puts us at a disadvantage, they will die.

"Furthermore, it won't be a simple death. They will both be sold

to the dirtiest brothels and be humiliated by the lowest laborers. They will eventually become lumps of rotten flesh which even dogs would not care for, and they will be tossed into the stinky drains in the commoner district.

"Jack, don't think about trying to put it under wraps. The First Prince's influence is something beyond your imagination.

"You classmates, your teacher, and even amongst the academy's echelon, there are too many people who are with us.

"Jack, you don't have any other choice."

Jack wanted to chase after him, but the moment he lifted up his foot, he was pushed down to the ground by a terrifying force. Dropping to his knees, he could only watch slowly as his wife and child disappeared into the endless darkness. The muscles all over his body kept swelling up but were then suppressed down. So, his muscles and bones kept getting injured because of this competition of strength.

"There are people who do special checks Fang Xingjian's food and medicine. They won't give me a chance to use this medicine!"

He trembled as he looked in the direction Kaunitz had disappeared into and bellowed out with a maniacal and pained expression on his face.

"Haha, don't worry. The moment the battle starts, you'll get plenty of chances."

As he said that, a piece of paper, exuding a strong sulphuric smell, landed before Jack. Kaunitz's voice was weirdly bewitching as it rang out to Jack's ears.

Jack said in astonishment, "Devil's Note?"

"Hehe, do you think you have the qualifications to sign on the Devil's Note?" Kaunitz snorted, "This is the Purgatory Contract the First Prince created himself. Sign it. We'll be able to find out as soon as you give him the medicine. At the same time, if you are to

divulge the secret, we'll find out as well."

"But the battlefield is so big! I won't be able to find him!"

"Sign the contract. We'll guide you to him."

...

After applying the medicine, Fang Xingjian immediately felt that his wounds were much better. The effects of Netherworld Valley's medicinal ointment were much better than he had expected them to be. His failing organs once again felt full of vitality. Even the minute blood vessels and nerves, which he could not heal by channeling energy over, were all starting to heal as well.

He let out a deep exhale that had the stench of fresh blood. It was from all the blood clots which were now scattered.

Looking at how Fang Xingjian seemed to be much more relaxed, confusion flashed across Jack's face.

Just then, a sharp shriek rang out. Jack suddenly quivered, shouting out, "He's here! Mumukeya is here!"

...

At the same time, on the other side, Kaunitz suddenly broke into a smile as he watched the scroll on his palm burn up despite there being no fire.

Cynthia asked, "After following them for so long, is it finally done?"

The next moment, Kaunitz, Rebecca, Cynthia and Cynthia's husband all suddenly sped up, heading toward Fang Xingjian who was two kilometers away.

Chapter 143 Assassination

"Too slow, too slow, too slow."

From the age of five, every time I opened my eyes, the first thing I heard was Teacher's furious bellow which was akin to that of a hot-tempered lion.

I am a member of Garcia. In Garcia, every boy will need to start receiving warrior training from the age of 5.

They said that a cheetah from the wilderness had given birth to me. Compared to those warriors who had been born from bears, wolves and dogs, my speed seems to be faster. As for who my father is, no one knows.

People from Garcia do not need parents; we only need comrades.

Running with weights, practicing archery, training with spears, swords and sabers... all these are now common occurrences.

We battle with lions and tigers in the forest and wrestle with huge bears on the ice plains. We board large ships to cross the seas and fight it out with pirates and soldiers.

"Too slow, too slow, too slow!"

Teacher's voice seemed to always resound next to my ear, supervising us to work harder on our training: to speed up; to be even faster, stronger and fiercer.

Failure would only mean death.

More and more warriors die in these trainings, but every year, there'll be even more warriors jumping onto the training regime.

We are from Garcia. We are born to be warriors and we are a tribe blessed by the gods. We crave for fresh blood; we crave for war. War is in our instinct and plundering is the source of our joy.

"Too slow, too slow, too slow!"

Teacher's voice was too noisy. He nagged at my ear everyday, causing me to feel aching pain in my head. I had even suspected that a small worm had found its way into my ears together with seawater while I had been crossing the seas.

I had cut open my skull and checked it carefully, only to discover that there had been no small worm at all. It had just been that Teacher's voice had truly been too noisy.

"Too slow! Too slow! Too slow! Eyahr, you are too slow!"

I turned 30 years old that year, and it was also in that year that I finally stop hearing Teacher's voice. It was because I had slit his head off myself and attached it to the belt on my waist.

I let him experience my speed for himself. Never again did he say that I was too slow.

In this absolute silence, I finally sensed the countless calls which I could never hear in the past; they were calls from ether particles.

Looking back, those of the same age as me had all turned into piles of bones already.

I chased after the gales and dashed towards lightning. I hunted down the strongest, most ferocious beasts on the plains and captured more terrifying beasts from the seas. My speed got faster and faster, and the world appeared slower and slower in my eyes.

Five years later, when I returned to the tribe, they called me Mumukeya.

...

Swoosh!

It was as if something sharp had swept across the air. It seemed like a slight breeze, a streak of electricity, or perhaps just an illusion.

The bearded Knight was in a daze as he felt a prickly numb feeling spreading from within his body. Seeing that everyone was

looking towards him, he asked in astonishment, "What happened? Why are all of you looking at me?"

The next moment, he was immediately split into pieces, splashing blood and organs all over the baldy who was beside him.

It was only then that terrifying shrieks rang out, causing everyone to feel severe headaches.

The green-haired Reiya shouted out, "It's Mumukeya! Everyone in formation! Activate your Reduced Force Field!"

At the next moment, everyone was gathered together, unleashing their Reduced Force Fields at full powers. With so many Knights activating their Reduced Force Fields at once, they managed to encompass every inch of space within a ten-meter radius. The power was comparable to that of a newly transitioned Conferred Knight.

However, just as everyone was getting into formation, that baldy, who had been splashed with blood all over, went into a daze. The next moment, he let out a loud roar and charged out with his saber.

"Mumukeya! Come out! I'm going to kill you! I'm going to kill you!"

Jack said anxiously, "That guy was his younger brother."

Reiya shouted angrily, "Get back over here, you idiot! Do you want to die?"

However, that baldy did not give a hoot about Reiya's shouts. He continued to charge out, bringing about strong gales with the saber in his hand. He slashed away over ten big trees, then bellowed manically, "Come out here, Mumukeya! Come fight with me! Didn't you want to kill us? Come out and fight with me!"

The next moment, a silhouette flashed past again. This time around, everyone could see it clearly. It was a blurry human silhouette. The silhouette drew out a long black line and went

through the baldy's body.

With that, the baldy dropped to the ground. Both his legs were broken and he rolled on the ground, crying out in great pain.

Wei Longzi, who was dressed in black, spoke out in a soft voice, "I'll go save him."

"Are you out of your mind as well?" Reiya frowned. "He crippled him on purpose just so that we will send people out to save him! We need to stay in our formation, within our six-person Reduced Force Field."

Reiya gave it some thought, then said, "We'll walk over slowly, all six of us together, and close in bit by bit."

Therefore, all six of them maintained their Reduced Force Fields, keeping a consistent flow of energy, and headed toward the baldy who was screaming out in pain.

After they had only walked for ten meters, a piercing shriek rang out once again. Jack let out a grunt as a slit suddenly appeared on his arms.

A weird sounding voice spoke out in awkward Common language, "Too slow! Too slow! Too slow! You guys are too slow!"

Reiya said harshly, "He is testing out the weakness in our Reduced Force Fields. We cannot move."

After all, the six of them did not have enough synergy. Once they moved, there would be weak spots where their Reduced Force Fields overlapped and they would be attacked.

However, the ability of a person at the second transition was truly not an ability which someone at the first transition could compare with easily.

Even if the six of them stood there motionless, Mumukeya would still continue with his consecutive attacks after waiting for a while.

Many streams of afterimages swept past the sides of the Reduced

Force Fields. Occasionally, the sounds of clashing metals would ring out and create a series of sparks.

That was because Mumukeya's dagger had pierced against their Knight attire and armor or swords and sabers.

Although the impact of every attack was weakened by their combined Reduced Force Field, Mumukeya's horrifying power and speed still continued to exhaust their physical strength, leaving many wounds on their bodies.

If it had not been because their combined Reduced Force Fields had caused Mumukeya's strength and speed to be greatly reduced each time he came within a ten-meter radius and that he would retreat after each attack, they would long be dead.

However, even so, wounds continued to appear on their bodies and their physical strength continued to be depleted. The situation would only get worse as it went on.

Coming from afar, Mumukeya's voice was like an owl's.

"Too slow, too slow, too slow.

"All of you can forget about escaping."

Reiya bellowed, "Get moving! Staying here would only be waiting for death!"

While continuing to display their Reduced Force Fields, all of them started to move at the speed of a tortoise. However, Mumukeya was like a hardworking bee, continuing to thrust, pierce and attack them.

Wound after wound appeared on their bodies and blood continued to flow, staining the floor with drops of blood akin to stars in the sky.

Although Jack was very nervous, he stared at Fang Xingjian from the beginning to the end, as if wanting to know his situation.

Chapter 144 Flaw

Fang Xingjian's eyes were brimming with light. The effect of Netherworld Valley's medicinal ointment was truly amazing. His injuries felt so much better within such a short period of time. They no longer affected his battle capabilities.

However, he still did not take any action. He merely stared at that figure that continued to dash around, assassinating them.

"This speed is not below mine, no... This Mumukeya is even faster than when I display the Boundaries Negation.

"When he attacks, he will enter our ten-meter radius and become weakened by our Reduced Force Fields. That is when he is at the weakest point."

"Flaw... I must wait for his flaw to appear! Find an opportunity to suppress him."

In Fang Xingjian consciousness, the unknown mental cultivation method was burning like fiery flames. It burned him up, making him feel like his blood was rising in temperature. However, his mind was completely at peace.

High Agility Motion Vision and Unparalleled Sword Intent circulated fanatically, searching for Mumukeya's extremely small flaw.

But his speed was simply too fast, and his attacks were too harsh and seasoned.

Fang Xingjian continued to suppress his urges, waiting for him to reveal his flaw. It was because he knew that once he attacked, he would only have fifty seconds, and If he did not settle this matter within fifty seconds, they would all be doomed.

"Is...is this how it is..."

Swooshing sounds continued to ring out as if blood was

splattering everywhere, as if the sound of blades were slashing across the sky.

A small pfft sound came from inside Tai Long's armor, after which fresh blood was spurting out through the gaps..

Fang Xingjang leaned his head back a little but a cut still appeared on his face, splattering half of it red with blood.

Each time Mumukeya entered their combined Reduced Force Fields, he would feel ten times heavier. It was as if there were many streams of forces everywhere, trying to stop his attacks.

Despite so, his strong physical attributes and battle instincts were akin to that of wild beasts. This allowed him to continue accelerating his thrusts. He relied on his familiar high speed movements to charge through the force field time and time again, leaving fresh wounds on everyone.

"Hahahaha." Amidst the fanatical laughter, Mumukeya grasped onto the baldie's head and lifted him up. The blood loss from his legs had already caused the baldy to lose his consciousness.

Mumukeya used his dagger to directly cut off his head and subsequently imitated a throat-slitting action towards Reiya and the others.

"All of you...will die."

Reiya and the others stared at Mumukeya furiously, but there was nothing they could do.

While Garcia's second transition Destined Warriors were no match for the Empire's second transition, they still had an incomparable advantage against a first transition Knight.

Even if Mumukeya's strength attribute was not sufficient for him to overcome the six-man team's Reduced Force Field, he could still rely on his unparalleled speed to gradually wear them out.

"There's no escape.

"Everyone of you...

"Will have to die!

"It's because you guys are too, too slow! Too slow!"

Reiya bellowed furiously, "Hang on! Help is definitely on the way!"

Wei Longzi looked at Fang Xingjian who was standing there unmoving, patting him on the shoulder while saying, "Lad, don't be scared."

Grand broke out into a grin, "At most, we'll just die. At least before I die, I must leave something on this Black Devil."

Facing Mumukeya's omnipresent, non-stop attacks, Reiya and the others were slowly reaching their limits. Their physical strength were being depleted continuously and they would soon not be able to unleash their full powers.

At the next moment, however, Fang Xingjian's pupils were like a pitch dark black hole. Unparalleled Sword Intent was activated to its limits, causing the green veins on his forehead to pop up.

A loud sound rang out! The violent sound wave suddenly shook up the whole place. It was the first time the wild beast with black skin and eyes first revealed its traces. The dagger in his hand was obviously not an ordinary item either. It clashed against Fang Xingjian's Silver Dragon fiercely.

The four people at the side bellowed out in their hearts:

"He fended it off!"

'How is that possible?

"This lad!"

"How did he do this?!"

In this moment, it was as if time had come to a stop throughout the whole world. Everyone stared at the scene in the mid-air where

Fang Xingjian had clashed with Mumukeya.

Without even a second to spare, shock, surprise, and various emotions flashed across everyone's eyes briefly. They were unable to react in time.

Fang Xingjian held onto Mumukeya in the Reduced Force Field in this one moment. It was only a momentary pause, and only two people manage to react. Reiya and Wei Longzi fanatically sent out their Reduced Force Fields. The formless energy crashed against Mumukeya, the latter of whom stopped there and let out a stifled explosion.

But this was already their limits. Their reactions and speed did not allow them to send out a second attack in time.

Mumukeya's face twisted up. With a strong step on his foot, he dashed out of the hold of the Reduced Force Field with his remaining speed.

Just as he was trying hard to retreat, however, dazzling light shone out. Fang Xingjian performed the Radiant Light Sword Technique he had acquired from Zhou Yong. The eye-piercing gleam was like a stun grenade, casting a bright light upon Mumukeya's vision.

It was a pity that the level of Fang Xingjian's Radiant Light Sword Technique was not high. This distraction only caused Mumukeya to be blinded for half a second. However, to high speed Warriors like themselves, half a second was very crucial.

At the next moment, another silver light pierced towards Mumukeya. Fang Xingjian, holding the Silver Dragon in his right hand and the steel sword in his left, had already activated the Boundaries Negation and gave chase despite his lack of time to perform the Supreme Mistwind Sword.

Silver light flashed with the first attack. Mumukeya was not able to see clearly and could only fend it off with his instincts, which

were like that of wild beasts. He fended off the attack by waving his dagger with his remaining strength.

For the second attack, Mumukeya wriggled his body and, like a huge python, escaped the attack.

For the third attack, Fang Xingjian slashed downwards with his Silver Dragon, aiming for the artery on Mumukeya's thigh.

At this moment, Mumukeya kept losing speed from receiving the consecutive attacks, and it was even within the perimeters of the Reduced Force Field. His strength was running out and he had yet to garner more.. Coupled with his blurred vision, he had committed the mistake of not using the dagger to protect his lower body.

Mumukeya was slowed down, stopped, then blinded by bright light. Fang Xingjian then made a series of attacks which finally causing his opponent to reveal a small flaw.

And such a tiny flaw was firmly grasped by Fang Xingjian.

With a twisted expression, Mumukeya brought up the other hand to fend off the Silver Dragon.

Pfft pfft. When the Silver Dragon was slitting, countless sparks shone. It was the Silver Dragon coming into contact with Mumukeya's Reduced Force Field. However, Mumukeya was not a person with great strength. His strength attribute was merely about 95+, and when he encompassed himself with the Reduced Force Field for defence, the impact was greatly reduced too. On the other hand, Fang Xingjian's Silver Dragon was a grade 7 Empire's Divine Weapon.

Tch tch tch tch tch! Amidst the exploding and scattering sparks, the Reduced Force Field was finally split apart like layers of cake. In the next moment, Mumukeya's palm was split open by the Empire's Divine Weapon and a hole appeared in it. He finally let out a furious bellow, taking this momentary resistance to dash out.

It was then that pitter patter sounds rang out. It was the second wave of attack from the others. They continued to attack him with their Reduced Force Field, but they were not able to catch up with his speed at all.

Nevertheless, one person continued to give chase furiously. The silver colored sword light was like a maggot attached to a bone, once again chasing up to Mumukeya's head.

At that moment, however, Mumukeya was no longer restricted by the Reduced Force Fields. He swung up his dagger and received the attack from the Silver Dragon.

Chapter 145 Heated Fight

Clank clank clank clank clank clank clank! The dense clashing sounds were akin to strong gales and heavy storms, ringing out agitatedly. Fang Xingjian and Mumukeya continued to charge forth and fanatically cross their daggers. Silver colored sword light and yellow sparks chased after them, unceasingly flashing in the forest like countless shooting stars.

Fang Xingjian did not give him any chances to treat his wounds. With Boundaries Negation activated, he performed the Supreme Mistwind Sword with the longsword in his left hand. Streams of sword Qis closed in from all directions like atmospheric dragons, leaving a vast area of wasteland. This was to help him accelerate. At the same time, the Silver Dragon flashed crazily, piercing towards Mumukeya.

"Too slow! Too slow! Too slow! Mumukeya, you are too slow!"

Having received a cut on his palm, Mumukeya did not dare to unleash his full powers. It would open up the wounds, causing him to incessantly bleed.

Fang Xingjian took this opportunity to unleash his full powers, suppressing his opponent's speed.

Roar! Hearing his opponent's sarcasm, Mumukeya let out a furious bellow, no longer caring about his injuries. He stopped in his tracks, waving his hands so quickly that it create afterimages, then went after Fang Xingjian with the countless dagger shadows.

The two of them stood where they were, bursting out hundreds of cold gleams as if countless shooting stars had collided, creating an explosion of countless star light.

Regardless of whether it was Mumukeya or Fang Xingjian, over tens of wounds broke out on their bodies in that moment. In just an instant, they were covered in blood. It was especially severe

Fang Xingjian, whose every injury appeared to have been cut all the way to his bones, blood gushing out.

'So fast!' Fang Xingjian was astonished. After the other party unleashed his full speed, he could not catch up to it at all. If he had not been unceasingly attacking his opponent's flaws using his Unparalleled Sword Intent, causing his opponent to defend himself, Mumukeya would probably have slit open his throat and pierced through his heart within just a few seconds.

This was especially so since Mumukeya's strength had completely overwhelmed his, causing him to back off after each clash. Fang Xingjian did not dare head in for a tough fight. He could only parry and defend himself time and time again with his exceptional sword cultivation, incessantly attacking his opponent's flaws to save himself.

To others, it seemed as if he had suppressed Mumukeya, but only he himself knew how much pressure he was under right now.

"I cannot make a wrong move... I cannot make a wrong move..."

Fang Xingjian made sure that each move of his could force Mumukeya to save himself. Only then would he be able to cause his opponent to be a tad slower and have his strength suppressed in the battle.

Once he made a wrong move,, Mumukeya's unparalleled speed would be able to split open his head in just a single opportunity.

The pressure of struggling between life and death kept hounding Fang Xingjian. Boundaries Negation circulated to the extreme. Even his mental cultivation method kept ringing, as if it would explode in the next moment.

Huge drops of sweat constantly appeared on Fang Xingjian's forehead but were flung out at great speed again and again.

Under the extreme anxiety and pressure, all of Fang Xingjian's focus was on the battle right now. Each of strand of his muscle and

each blood vessel seemed to have been brought out to their limits.

Reiya drew her bow, shooting green light. The others also threw out their Reduced Force Fields from ten meters away but could only reach their opponent's afterimage.

"This can't do. My bow and arrows can't catch up to him at all." Reiya looked at this scene in disbelief. "To think that the novice lad can actually catch up with his movements..."

"He didn't just catch up to him." Wei Longzi's appeared as if he had just seen something unbelievable.

"It's like... It's like..." Tai Long, who was covered up in armor, muttered, "He seems to have suppressed Mumukeya."

Grand gasped.

"Mumukeya... is not his match."

Suddenly, Wei Longzi's gaze flashed as he said, "Wait a minute. He said that he was from KIRST Royal Academy. This year, KIRST Royal Academy has a genius who transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero. Could it be... But even if it was him, Mumukeya is at second transition level..."

What was this? Although Garcia's Destined Warriors were far more than a match for the Empire's Conferred Knight, there had been no ordinary first transition Knights who could be a match for them.

Mumukeya's face turned green. Blood was gushing out from the other hand and his wound felt increasingly painful with more blood flowing out.

However, Fang Xingjian continued to progress under the extreme pressure. Each and every stance was brought to their limits. Not only did they fend off Mumukeya's attacks, he even gained the upper hand.

It were as if he was being squeezed down to a tiny dot by

overwhelming pressure, then bursted out at the very end. He felt very calm, as if there were nothing else that was important in life. It was as if nothing could compared to the battle he was having with Mumukeya, nor the importance of killing him.

When the pressure was taken off him, his mental circulation method circulated increasingly faster in his mind. The last few words on the Stats Window became increasingly clearer as well.

In the next moment, however, Mumukeya burst out, allowing the Silver Dragon to slash a wound on his chest. It forcefully slashed Fang Xingjian several tens of meters away. He then retreated. After all, his strength was greater than Fang Xingjian.

His eyes squinted slightly, the muscles under his skin trembling as if there was a large snake gliding about. Accompanied by a lot of black smoke, it was as if his muscles had wanted to charge out at anytime.

He could tell how exemplary his opponent's skills were. It was as if he had entered a state of comprehension and did not plan to fight it out.

"Good, you guys are good. It's been a long time since I last got injured." He looked towards Fang Xingjian with a gaze akin to that of a venomous snake. "I'll pickle you well and slowly eat you up piece by piece."

But in the next moment, he suddenly felt an overwhelming and evil aura nearing towards him.

This was his specialty, 'Wild Beast's Instinct', something which he had attained after toiling through countless life and death situations. It was a specialty which allowed him to sense tremendous threats in advance. It had helped him escape countless fatal situations.

'Their support?'

Mumukeya frowned, but did not have a slight bit of hesitation.

He made made an escape without dawdling.

If he did not manage to hit the target on the first attack, he would distance himself and make his escape. If he sensed any danger, he would rely on his unparalleled speed to quickly leave the place. This was how he had managed to survive until today.

"People of the Empire. Just wait. Next time we meet, I'll kill each of you one by one."

Without any Reduced Force Fields to hold him back, Mumukeya escaped at full speed. The others had simply no way to catch up to him.

Looking at the injured and escaping Mumukeya, Fang Xingjian let out a cold laugh. He wiped off the fresh blood at the corner of his lips as a feeling of great satisfaction washed over his body.

He took action alone, chasing him down over a very long distance. While Fang Xingjian did not manage to kill Mumukeya, he had finally managed to push him back.

Tremendous booming sounds rang out in Fang Xingjian's mind as his mental cultivation method circulated faster and faster. It were as if he would be able to attain a breakthrough at any moment, allowing this mental cultivation method to complete the metamorphosis.

He could sense a strong surge of energy brewing in this mental cultivation method. Once it was completed, the mutated mental cultivation method would have terrifying and formidable powers.

The event in Kirst City had allowed him to gain insight on his spirit. Chasing down Mumukeya, as well as taking part in the battles on the way, had allowed him to complete the training of his spirit.

As he gained more insights and trained harder, the rewards he reaped would naturally be more, and his mutated mental cultivation method would naturally be stronger as well.

Fang Xingjian wanted to rely on himself to clean up the world, slashing through all darkness and evils... What level of insight was this? What kind of wish was this?

Now, he was alone with a sword in hand, chasing down across the distance to engage someone who had gone through the second transition in battle. To want to kill a second transition Warrior whilst he was still at the first transition phase, what level of difficulty did this pose?

With his mental cultivation method, which had changed from such insights, wishes, and training, how strong would he be? Fang Xingjian started to feel more and more anticipation.

While the wounds he had suffered were serious and he was in such a bad state that some of his injuries were even showing his bones, he had managed to avoid taking fatal blows with his Unparalleled Sword Intent. Fang Xingjian circulated the energy in his body, activating his 'Internal Healing', 'Internal Training' and 'Elementary Berserkness' specialties, he closed up his wounds and stopped the bleeding.

While physical wounds would hurt, while he would lose a large amount of vital energy and blood, it was not sufficient to make him lose his battle prowess with his current attributes.

He threw a glance at the mental cultivation method which was circulating more and more agitatedly. Fang Xingjian took a step forward. He wanted to chase down Mumukeya. He was still left with thirty-two seconds of his Boundaries Negation, and if he were to be conservative, he would have at least ten seconds to attempt to launch another attack. If it failed, he could still retreat.

He felt that if he were to grab onto this chance, his mental cultivation method would be able to go through metamorphosis anytime.

But just as he took this step forward, his face suddenly turn red as he spewed out a large mouthful of fresh blood.

Chapter 146 Poison

An immense pain surge through his body. He felt as if a large amount of sulphuric acid was corroding his body.

Fang Xingjian reached out his trembling hand towards the antidote he had.

'Was I poisoned?

'When?'

He opened the cap to the antidote and gulped down the whole bottle.

Reiya and the others who were on the other hand also dashed over.

"Lad, you've been keeping us in the dark!"

"To think that you've managed to push back Mumukeya. What on earth is your agility attribute now?"

"From Kirst Academy... You must be Fang Xingjian? That genius who had transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero."

But after talking for a moment, the few of them immediately felt that something was amiss with Fang Xingjian.

Retch...

Spurting out another big mouthful of blood, Fang Xingjian could only feel that the world before him was in total chaos. He was down on one of his knees, vomiting out blood which looked like viscous venom, blood that corroded a large piece of the land very quickly.

"What happened to you?!" Reiya let out an astonished cry while Wei Longzi was already supporting Fang Xingjian. He stated coldly, "He's poisoned."

"Did Mumukeya smear poison on his dagger? Are we poisoned as

well?" Grand asked anxiously.

Just then, a laughing voice once again drew away everyone's attention.

"Haha, don't worry, you guys have not been poisoned."

Wearing a suit of red, the fire patterns on Kauntiz head seemed as if they were burning up as they jumped about. He entered together with Rebecca, Cynthia, and Cynthia's husband Zakov behind him.

Zakov looked in the direction Mumukeya had fled to and asked worriedly, "Mumukeya seems to be injured. Should we chase him down first?"

"No need for that. He's a Garcia's barbarian, no need to be too concerned." Kaunitz looked at Fang Xingjian coldly, pride and rejoice beaming in his eyes.

"Our target is Fang Xingjian."

He led the three to a spot fifteen meters away from Reiya and the others. Looking at how Reiya and the others were standing between them and Fang Xingjian, Kaunitz broke into a smile. "Why, are you guys thinking of stopping me?"

Reiya furrowed her pair of green-colored beautiful brows, asking, "Who are you? Does Fang Xingjian's poisoning have anything to do with you?"

Kaunitz did not pay any heed to Reiya but turned to look at Fang Xingjian who was being covered up by the others. Looking at Fang Xingjian's trembling face which had turned green, Kaunitz laughed harder. He seemed to be pleased.

Kaunitz enjoyed the feeling of this moment. He looked at Fang Xingjian excitedly, "Fang Xingjian, that poison is no ordinary one. It's mixed in vulnerary ointment and will slowly lurk in your body while your wounds are being healed. It will stay there for an extremely long period of time and only act up after it has completely merged into the blood and has flowed through your

body.

"Once it acts up, the muscles, bones and organs all over your body will be corroded, rendering you unable to muster your strength. By then, even Netherworld Valley's antidotes would be useless.

"And earlier, you had gone through vigorous movements during the battle, causing the toxin to slowly spread through your body. Do you understand now?

"Now, not only will you feel that your limbs growing weak, you'll also be unable to focus due to your body's deterioration. You won't even be able to keep up your Waves and, naturally your Reduced Force Field as well. You won't be able to use any extraordinary strength or skills at all.

"Haha, while you won't die, you won't be able to garner any strength. Even a child could kill you easily now..."

Looking at Kaunitz's proud expression, Reiya was in great disbelief. She asked, "Are you crazy? Helping the Garcia people poison one of your own? What on earth are you trying to do?"

"Hmmm, how could a mere Garcia guy be worth mentioning? Only commoners like yourself would not be able to see the situation clearly. Compared to these few Garcia people, geniuses like Fang Xingjian are much more important."

Reiya stood in front of Fang Xingjian, saying coldly, "If that's the case, then it's all the more reason for why we can't let you run rampant. Fang Xingjian is a genius of the Empire, the wealth of the whole country. We will report to the association that you poisoned and attempted to harm him. You can just wait to receive interrogation."

"Hahahaha, received interrogation? Hahahahahahahaha." Kaunitz covered his face as he broke out into laughter. His laughter became increasingly louder. In just an instant, it had already spread out in the forest to hundreds of meters away.

"Are you a fool?" He pointed with one finger, causing crimson red sparks to transform into laser light that pierced through the air. It was the a beam from the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core. Its powers was comparable to a high-powered laser weapon.

"Don't!"

"Reiya!"

No one was able to react in time. Reiya lowered her head in a daze, looking down at her chest. The crimson red beam had already pierced through her chest.

"Reiya!"

Wei Longzi dashed up to her in an instant. Looking at how Reiya continued to spurt out fresh blood, he trembled unceasingly, not knowing what to do.

He had grown up together with Reiya, learnt martial arts together, took examinations together, participated in the Prefectural Selection together, and eventually, became Knights together.

She had long since become his lover and kin. Looking at Reiya who had fallen in his arms, he felt as if the whole world had crumbled.

Tai Long, who was covered up in armor, walked over and furiously said, "Her lungs have been punctured and her blood is blocking up her passageways, causing her to be unable to breath. We need to find a way to heal her."

"I know first-aid, let me try." Grand walked over while Tai Long and Wei Longzi turned over, brimming in killing intent as they looked towards Kaunitz.

Wei Longzi held onto both his swords, criss-crossing them before his chest. He spoke out in a tone so icy-cold it seemed to be able to freeze the air, "No matter who you are, you're dead."

"You're really childish. Do you think that we'll let you guys leave?" Kaunitz shook his head. "Kill or be killed. Wasn't it very clear when I was explaining things earlier? You only understand now?"

"It's like how his Highness had said. The Empire's Knights are already rotting. It's impossible for people who believes in justice, morality, friendship, light to become truly strong.

"The weak falls prey to the strong. The winner takes it all. This is the true principle in this world."

"Shut up, you crap. Go reflect on yourself in hell."

Wei Longzi slashed out with his two swords, after which countless electric currents jumped about across both blades as if it were forming an electrified net, closing in towards Kaunitz.

However, Kaunitz only shook his head and smile. The next moment, three silhouettes had already dashed out. It was Rebecca, Cynthia, and Zakov. All three of them were Elders in their clans, nurtured for decades, and were old monsters who had been in the first transition for decades. By taking in countless heavenly and earthly treasures as well as nutrition from ferocious beasts, their attributes were pushed up to 100 points. On top of the fact that they had trained hard to attain many specialties, they were almost invincible amongst those in the first transition.

Dong dong dong. Soft sounds rang out as Tai Long, Grand, and Wei Longzi were knocked down, fresh blood flowing out from their bodies. They felt immense pain.

Looking at how the three of them had their faces twisted in pain, Kaunitz smiled and walked up to Fang Xingjian. Looking at how the latter had his eyes closed and seemed to be healing his injuries, he laughed, "Fang Xingjian, are you still trying to heal yourself?"

"It's useless. This poison is known as Eternal Wounds. If you don't take the antidote, it's impossible for you to recover. How is

it? Have you realized it has gotten increasingly difficult to breathe? It's because your organs are starting to fail."

He thought to himself, 'Mmm, his heart is weakening, and even his stomach is going to stop moving soon. Haha, the flow of his blood has also slowed down.'

Kaunitz twitched his ears, displaying his strong five senses from the Inferno Indestructible Physique.

Seeing that Fang Xingjian remained expressionless with his eyes closed as he tried to heal himself, Kaunitz's mouth twitched as he said, "Oh right, after seeing how things have come to this, you must already know who have poisoned you, don't you?"

Chapter 147 Gathering Together

Fang Xingjian closed his eyes, incessantly continuing to circulate his vital energy, blood, muscles and bones to heal his wounds while simultaneously attempting to force out the poison.

However, the toxin had already entered his organs through his bloodstreams. How would he be able to force the poison out?

He continuously channeled his force to move his organs, promoting the flow of his vital energy and blood. He fully activated his Internal Healing, Internal Training and Elementary Berserkness physique in order to stop the aggravation of the poison effects on his body.

'Use Internal Healing and Internal Training to slow down the movement of flow of the vital energy and blood, reducing the influx of the toxins, and then rely on the Elementary Berserkness physique to hold on... This should work...'

However, even so, Fang Xingjian's current condition was as Kaunitz had said. He felt that his limbs were weak and his organs were failing. Not even mentioning battling, he was even starting to feel that breathing was difficult and he could not even maintain his Waves.

As Kaunitz finished his words, Jack walked over gloomily. His eyes looked very listless and he seemed as if he was a walking corpse.

However, seeing this, Kaunitz continued to be even more excited.

At the same time, he continued talking to the First Prince who was in him, "Your Highness, Fang Xingjian is truly stubborn, intractable, and extremely arrogant. If you do not pressurize him, he will not give in. Now that he is both physically and mentally weak, it's the best time for us to put him down."

Although the First Prince was aware that it was likely Kaunitz

wanted to take revenge, he also knew that what he said was reasonable. Fang Xingjian was truly too arrogant and proud; they needed to pressurize him. That was why he simply watched on as Kaunitz took action.

Jack walked up to Kaunitz, dropped down on one of his knees and said, "Young Master Kaunitz, I've already done my job. The thing that you promised me..."

"Don't worry, both your daughter and wife are fine." Kaunitz smiled and patted Jack on the head as if he was patting a dog. He looked toward Fang Xingjian and said, "Fang Xingjian, do you see this? This is your friend, the person whom you've given guidance for martial arts. However, with just one word from me, he's able to die for me right now and he's able to poison you."

Seeing Fang Xingjian frowning, Kaunitz laughed out loud and said, "Fang Xingjian, do you understand now? Is talent important? Of course, it is, but a person's future, a person's prospects and a person's limits had already been decided by his parents, his family and his background from the very moment he was born.

"A commoner will forever be a commoner. To rise up, they must serve the aristocrats.

"Our resources, our savings, our knowledge and legacies are all beyond your expectations. "

Saying that, he walked up to Fang Xingjian and stomped down on his chest. Although Fang Xingjian was furious, he did not have the strength to retaliate.

"Just like right now. I can crush you as easily as I can crush an ant, but what about you? How can you retaliate?" Kaunitz shook his head. "You have no way of retaliating. Fang Xingjian, you've lost. I know you still can't accept this, but it only shows that you are too naive. Those who win get all the power and authority while those who lose can't say a thing. You must be unscrupulous to attain your eventual goal. Who would care how the win is

clinched?

"Power, wealth, background... all these comprise one's abilities. This world is not one in which you can do whatever you wish just by relying on your talent and acting alone."

Just then, Kaunitz suddenly looked toward Jack with great interest and said, "You were taught how to mete out torture in the City Guards Institution, right?"

Jack frowned, but thinking of his wife and daughter, he replied honestly anyway, "Yes."

"Hehehehe," Kaunitz laughed. "Then do it on Fang Xingjian. I really want to see you applying torture on him."

Jack said, "Sir, this is different from what we've said before."

Kaunitz shook his finger, saying, "You're in no position to negotiate with me. Get to it. Otherwise, I'll sell your daughter to the brothels. Oh, that might not be the case. I heard that there are many aristocrats who like little girls as well as mother and daughter combinations. Hehe, I can ask around to see if there are any around me."

"How long do you think your daughter will be able to hold out? She is quite adorable. How long would it be before she's broken?"

"How long would it be before she turns into a lump of rotting flesh in the drains?"

Hearing Kaunitz words and threats, strong feelings of struggle flashed past Jack's eyes. He kept clenching and releasing his fists and when Kaunitz finished his words, a hint of hatred flashed in his eyes. He shouted out,

"Enough!"

With that, he drew out a small knife and teetered toward Fang Xingjian as if he had lost all of his vitality.

"Haha," Kaunitz laughed, then turned to Fang Xingjian. "Do you

see this? This is the charm of power. Fang Xingjian, do you understand the gap between us?"

He patted Jack on the shoulder and continued, "Fang Xingjian, I'll give you another chance. If you sign the Devil's Note now and come under the First Prince, everything from before will be all bygones. If not, I'll let Jack do his job."

What would be more interesting than seeing Fang Xingjian's underling pierce Fang Xingjian again and again? Kaunitz looked at Fang Xingjian with great anticipation, waiting for his reply.

Fang Xingjian paid no heed to him. He continued to close his eyes, doing everything he could to deal with the toxin in his body. It was as if even opening his eyes would be a waste of his energy.

Kaunitz patted Jack's shoulder, saying, "Go, let me see the City Guards Institution's methods."

Jack did not say a word. He held onto the small knife and walked up like a corpse.

While they were talking, he had already arrived behind Fang Xingjian. With a pfft sound, he stabbed the small knife into the back of Fang Xingjian's chest. Fang Xingjian let out a low grunt and trembled.

Jack's tone was filled with desperation as he mumbled, "There's a gap in the human body right here. There are no organs or arteries. It will be very painful, but the injury will not be heavy."

Kaunitz nodded in satisfaction.

Jack looked at Fang Xingjian and the hand that held the blade trembled. He spoke out in a soft voice, "Xingjian, don't blame me. Both my daughter and wife are in his hands. I don't have a choice."

After a few consecutive pierces, no matter how much Jack forced or advised him, Fang Xingjian did not show any signs of reaction.

Fang Xingjian even made use of these couple of wounds to force

out some of the toxic blood in his body. After releasing some foul smelling, venomous blood on the ground, he felt more comfortable.

However, seeing how Fang Xingjian refused to budge or give in, for some reason, a growing sense of guilt formed in Jack's heart. He started to feel extremely aggressive.

At that moment, overcome with shame and fury, Jack could only feel that Fang Xingjian was very detestable, reflecting Jack as an extremely hideous person.

Looking at how cold Fang Xingjian was, Jack finally exploded.

"What do you understand? You are alone by yourself, without neither a wife nor a kid. There's no way that you would understand how I feel."

Stabbing the knife in again, Jack shouted out, "Fang Xingjian! What on earth are you holding on for?! Can't you just agree quickly? What's so bad about coming under the First Prince? What on earth are you persevering for?"

Kaunitz laughed as he watched this from the side. His eyes were filled with a lot excitement and satisfaction.

However, why would Fang Xingjian bother about Jack? He continued to heal his wounds continuously. After knowing about the poison in his body, he had used the Internal Healing and Internal Training specialties continuously in order to slow down the flow of his vital energy and blood and, in turn, relieve the symptoms to the poison.

Then while he was being stabbed repeatedly, he took the chance to release some of the toxic blood, slowing down its dispersion. He then relied on the Elementary Berserkness physique to begin the recovery.

He felt that his body had become more comfortable once again.

...

On the other side, Mumukeya had not really left. He simply watched the whole scene from a few hundred meters away.

Rubbing his chin, he spoke to himself, 'Internal strife?' His eyes remained fixed on Kaunitz as he mumbled, 'This red fellow... What does he have on him? Why is he giving me such a strong menacing feeling?'

At that moment, his ears twitched. Turning his head, he saw a young lady, dressed in black battle gear, land down right behind him from the sky. It was Fang Qian from the Fang Clan's branch family back in Demonic City.

Seeing Fang Qian's appearance, Mumukeya immediately dropped to his knees, saying, "Lord Holy Envoy, why have you come?"

Fang Qian had on a displeased expression, "Mumukeya, what is with you? Why are you dreading battle and not moving forth?"

Mumukeya lowered his head and saying, "I'm not afraid to battle them. However, I sense an unknown and strong surge of power from that guy in red."

"Stop finding excuses for your cowardice," Fang Qian snorted coldly. "Come with me. If you manage to catch Fang Xingjian, it will be a great merit and you will be rewarded by the gods."

Just as the two of them were engrossed in their discussion, a long whistle came from afar. Cutting across the sky from thousands of meters away, a black line was flying towards them at a great speed. It was as if it had slashed apart the whole sky, splitting the layers of cloud into two.

A silhouette dashed over with great speed. With each step, a beam of purple sword force appeared under his feet, allowing him to charge forth consecutively like he was on flat land.

Kaunitz's brow twitched and he said anxiously, "That's..."

"It's Huang Lin, that old man," the First Prince broke into laughter. "This old man must have heard news of Mumukeya's

presence and came here to help out. Today, he's here alone. This is a great timing."

While he said this, he came out from Kaunitz's body and swelled up. In just a few moments, he had turned into a giant man of fire with a height of over ten meters and confronted Huang Lin who was charging over from across the sky.

Chapter 148 Slash

"George!" Huang Lin stepped on two beams of sword force, his gaze was now even more cold as he looked at the man of fire who had risen up.

He lowered his head to look towards the direction Kaunitz was in. When he saw Fang Xingjian, his eyes squinted as if he was a tiger who had seen its prey.

"George, you shouldn't have laid your hands on my disciple." Huang Lin's voice was as cold as the gust of wind in Siberia at night, cold enough to pierce one's bones.

The First Prince broke out laughing as the trembling air was formed from high-temperature flame, giving off a feeling as if the heaven and earth were trembling.

"Huang Lin, you're just an old dog my younger brother keeps, but you're not bad in teaching your disciples. Ten years ago, one died. But now, there's one with even greater prospects.

"But I, George Krieg, have been unhindered in this world, dominating the world for decades. All the geniuses in this world should come under me.

"Back then, your disciple was lost. Today, it's just right that you're giving me another."

Huang Lin's killing intent surged. Ten years ago, he was still back in the Imperial Capital. His first disciple Victor was one with exemplary talent, especially in the area of sword arts cultivation. He was like the sunlight that lit up the whole Imperial Capital.

But he was still unable to fend off the temptations the aristocrats had brought. He drowned himself in pleasure, participated in drinking parties and gatherings; he even took turns lingering in the rooms of many young aristocratic ladies.

In the end, when he had been discovered, he had nothing on but

rags and had died on a woman's bed.

When Huang Lin brought his corpse back, results on the investigation of his death had been attributed only to an overdose of medicine which caused him to become brain dead, among other absurd reasons.

Huang Lin could only vaguely connect this case to the First Prince. He then created havoc in the Imperial Capital and had been forced to give up on his government post. However, a Conferred Knight talent like him was a precious resource, and even if he were temporarily removed from office, it would not be possible for him to disappear forever.

He was then assigned to the Western Garrison, next to Kirst Academy.

In Kirst, he had finally found an even more talented and disciplined disciple who could reach even greater heights in the area of sword arts.

"George," Huang Lin's voice was so cold that it would cause one's heart to tremble, "you deserve to die."

The next moment, purple-colored sword force swelled up from Huang Lin's palm, reaching two meters, three meters, ten meters... It continued to extend unceasingly.

The First Prince smiled. Huang Lin's Killing technique, Void Laceration Long Sword, was a Killing technique which materialize one's strength. The greater the strength displayed, the stronger the materialized sword force would be.

When the purple colored sword force reached fifty meters, the First Prince was still very confident. But when it swelled up to one hundred meters, his expression turned slightly grim.

The greatest trait of the Void Laceration Long Sword was that it could garner up the repeated explosion of brute strength, materializing them into a physical sword force. He now had a

sword force of over one hundred meters, which meant that he had created explosive outbursts for a hundred times.

"Huang Lin, it seems like you've not been wasting these past few years. You must also have held back when we were in the academy last time."

Huang Lin said, "George, if anything were to happen to my disciple today, after I slash your clone, I'll even dare to go all the way to the Imperial Capital to slash apart your true body."

"Hmph, arrogant." Seeing that the purple colored sword force was still growing unceasingly, the First Prince let out a cold grunt, creating flame streams of over hundreds of zhang [1], pushing them towards Huang Lin. It appeared as if fire was raining down over him.

Purgatory Demonic Compendium – Grand Solar Unending fire.

Traces of pure gold flames turned into flame hoops, surrounding the First Prince and Huang Lin. These pure gold flames could burn up with ether particles. Wherever they passed by, they would completely burn out the ether particles near the opponent, rendering the enemy unable to perform any extraordinary strength.

Wherever the Grand Solar Unending fire passed by, almost all extraordinary strength were cut off.

A serious gaze which had never been seen before flashed past Huang Lin's eyes. With a loud bellow, the purple-colored sword force he held, which was over one hundred meters, burst forth and slashed towards the flames.

High temperature, kinetic energy, strength... Various things came together to create a large explosion.

With a loud boom, strong gales raged, heading towards all directions while infused with flames as if they were fire tornadoes. All the clouds within hundreds of meters were scattered. As strong

gales raged towards the surfaces, sand and dust flew all over, plants and trees fell.

What was more terrifying was that the Grand Solar Unending Fire was still gradually spreading out, taking over every single space and preventing even Huang Lin from entering.

And this was just the start. As the flames and purple colored sword force kept clashing and exploding in the skies, it was as if thunder kept ringing out amidst lumps of fiery clouds, releasing extremely bright light and loud sounds. It appeared to be a battle between the gods and the demons as mentioned in the legends.

'It's a pity. If my true form was here, just an 'Overturned Hell' alone would be able to wipe all of you out. I wouldn't have to go through so much trouble then.'

The First Prince's true form was an expert which was at the pinnacle of level 29 in the second transition while Huang Lin was a second transition level 25 expert. The two of them could not be mentioned in the same breath. After all, in the second transition, each additional level would give the person an overwhelming amount of strength.

This was why the First Prince could suppress Huang Lin with his clone which only had one-tenth of his actual powers.

As if the flaming clouds were afraid of hurting the people on the surface, they continued to rise unceasingly. In an instant, they managed to be thousands of meters away from the surface, and the people on the ground could only see faint flashes of light and explosions.

Mumukeya was astonished. "These Empire's Conferred Knights are natural disasters which take the forms of humans. Compared to our tribe's Destined Warriors, they really are much stronger. If we were to fight face on, I would not be his match.

"It's a pity, a pity. If we also have their legacy, grasp the methods

to breakthrough the 'Ten Heavenly Barriers', and change our physiques, Garcia's Destined Warriors would not be stuck at level 20."

Each level the Empire's second transition Conferred Knights went through was a Heavenly Barriers. Breaking through each Heavenly Barrier would allow one's physique to be changed, enabling one to grasp the ether particles even better. Regardless of whether it was the attributes, specialties, or skills, there would be different levels of enhancement and evolution.

Fang Qian looked at the two people who continued to head upwards, let out a cold laugh, and said, "Stop looking at them, they're gone too far. It's perfect for us. When they get a bit further, we'll take action." While she said this, she was already looking towards Fang Xingjian and the others who were on the ground.

Kaunitz broke out laughing, "Fang Xingjian, how is it? When your teacher appeared earlier, did you think that you were saved? It's such a pity... This time around, no one would be able to save you."

Saying this, his eyebrows furrowed and his ears twitched. He then said, "Hmmm? Your heartbeat is recovering? Your organs are regaining their strength too?"

Kaunitz was not aware that Fang Xingjian had the specialties Internal Healing and Internal Training, and moreover the fact that his martial arts level had already reached a stage where he could control the circulation of his vital energy and blood. He even had the Elementary Berserkness physique which could withstand the remaining toxin.

Similarly, Fang Xingjian did not know that Kaunitz had mastered the Inferno Indestructible Physique and that his five senses were now so sharp that he could clearly hear the movements of others' organs as well as the circulation of their vital energy and blood.

Kaunitz fell into a daze for a short moment, but at the next

moment, he threw out a palm. This attack was the full force of his palm, accompanied by layers of Reduced Force Fields.

He released 15% of his force that caused the air currents to swirl violently, releasing pitter patter exploding sounds. However, just as he was about to land this attack on Fang Xingjian, the latter abruptly opened his eyes, dodging the blow when Kaunitz's palm was just an inch away from him.

However, after he had moved ten meters away, Fang Xingjian once again stumbled and came to a stop as some of the foul smelling venomous blood trickled out from the corner of his lips.

Kaunitz looked at Fang Xingjian who was struggling to keep up and said coldly, "Fang Xingjian, even if the control over your body is extraordinary and you can slow down the effects of the poison, you're left with at most 30% of your abilities. You still want to resist in this condition?"

Rebecca, Cynthia, and Zakov all walked over. All four experts at the pinnacle of the first transition surrounded Fang Xingjian while the injured Wei Longzi, Tai Long, Grand, and the others all wore an expression of despair.

Jack look at this scene, a hint of fury reflected in his eyes. He walked up next to Rebecca and the others. At this stage, he had no other way out. He could only completely submit to the First Prince and suppress Fang Xingjian.

'Fang Xingjian, don't blame me. If you want to blame something, blame your stubbornness. It's god's will for the First Prince to be the future King of the Empire. Why are you not willing to submit to him?'

Thinking about this, he started to hate Fang Xingjian. If not for his stubbornness, if not for the fact that he had persisted to do things his own way, all these things would not have happened. His daughter, his wife would not have been kidnapped by Kaunitz.

'It's your fault, it's all your fault!'

In the skies, Huang Lin was still fighting it out with the First Prince. It was impossible for them to rush over within a short period of time.

Fang Xingjian had internal injuries to begin, and with the poison acting up, it further added on to his injuries. Even though he could slow down the poison with the great control he had over his body on top of his physique, he was only left with 30% of his abilities after being interrupted by Kaunitz.

Looking at Kaunitz, Fang Xingjian stayed where he was, left sword in hand. He looked at the five people before him coldly, speaking with indifference, "I find it a waste to even use 10% of my powers to deal with people like you, let alone using 30% of my powers."

While the venom in his body had not been cleaned completely yet, he had at least regained his clear consciousness. His Waves started to circulate, his mental cultivation method started to move. He could now use extraordinary strength and skills.

The next moment, Boundaries Negation was activated. With one step forward, Fang Xingjian's distance from Kaunitz was only one meter one.

Boundaries Negation could allow him to neglect the obstruction from other situations, allowing him to fully utilize the user's agility attribute and powers.

It was also then that Fang Xingjian was temporarily rid of the obstruction from the poison and his internal injuries, which prevented him from displaying his attributes. He had also managed to reach a speed three times that of supersonic speed.

With a flash of silver light, the special effect of level 10 Supreme Mistwind Sword was activated. The indestructible three feet sword light directly slashed down on Kaunitz's chest.

Kaunitz let out an earth shaking cry. A huge wound appeared on his chest and he quickly retreated.

All the three experts at the pinnacle of first transition, Rebecca, Cynthia, and Zakov, made their attacks with Jack following behind. However, just as they moved within ten meters of Fang Xingjian, they could see sword light flashing like beams of lightning.

Blood splashed out from all four of them as they let out a horrible cry and proceeded to make their escape.

At this moment, Fang Xingjian's Boundaries Negation was still left with thirty seconds.

[1]: Measurement of length. One zhang is about 3.3 meters.

Chapter 149 With Great Ease

Jack stood there in a daze, unmoving. He touched his neck, unaware of when his throat had been slit open, as fresh blood spurted out.

He wanted to reach out to grab Fang Xingjian, wanted to say something, but he could only watch as the latter's back got further and further away from him, not even sparing him a glance.

With a bang, he fell to the floor. As blood flowed out, he felt himself weakening. Even with the vitality of a first transition Knight, he would probably not be able to hang on for long.

Rebecca's Knight attire was slashed into pieces. If not for the protection of the Knight attire, she would have probably become minced meat. However, even with it on, she was still covered in injuries.

She gazed at Fang Xingjian in great astonishment. She could not understand how he had managed to do this despite having suffered serious injuries. Moreover, he had even been poisoned.

"Ahhh!" Kaunitz let out a terrible cry. A wound the width of two fingers appeared on his chest as fresh blood spilled out like a water fountain, forming a crimson pool at his feet.

His human and dragon blood mobilized, the muscles on his chest continued to wriggle, trying hard to heal bit by bit. At the same time, countless black-colored scales had appeared on his skin, making him look like a black armored devil.

Kaunitz looked at Fang Xingjian with a malevolent expression and bellowed furiously, "Why? Why are you so stubborn? Why do you refuse to accept the First Prince?"

Fang Xingjian indifferently replied, "A person like you will never understand."

In the next moment, he took another step towards Kaunitz. His

Supreme Mistwind Sword transformed into lightning, and once again struck at Kaunitz.

Up to a hundred sword Qis bombarded Kaunitz's body, but were unable to slash through the black-colored scale armor on Kaunitz's body.

Kaunitz, on the other hand, had increased his focus to 120%. Amidst the sword Qis, he could finally feel three streams of formless sharp blades seemingly cutting through the air. However, it was already too late; the three foot sword light, which travelled at three times that of supersonic speed, was really too fast. Unable to react in time, Kaunitz suddenly felt immense pain in his head, chest and stomach. A sound like cutting through metal rang out and he was once again sent flying.

There were still twenty-eight seconds of Boundaries Negation left.

Kaunitz fell to the ground, screaming in agony. The Inferno Indestructible Physique's scale armor rolled up, revealing sections of bones as fresh blood continued to splash out.

"B*stard! Stop it!"

Seeing this scene, Rebecca bellowed. Her silver hair flew about maniacally, and as she pointed her ten fingers. Thunder and fire sword Qis shot out crazily, heading towards Fang Xingjian as if they came from a machine gun.

Such dense sword Qis would be able to turn a truck into a sieve, but Fang Xingjian merely swept around with his sole sword, creating hundreds of strong gales in the air and extinguishing Rebecca's thunder and fire sword Qis.

"What?!"

Rebecca looked at this scene in disbelief. More importantly, she had not even managed to see her opponent's moves; they were just too fast.

Fang Xingjian continued to walk towards the now fallen Kaunitz. Rebecca relentlessly fired out thunder and fire sword Qis, but once they entered within a ten-meter radius from Fang Xingjian, they were simply extinguished.

Fang Xingjian charged forward once again, slashing at Kaunitz's neck. Sparks flew as fresh blood gushed out.. Kaunitz was once again sent flying, but he was only injured, not dead.

The Inferno Indestructible Physique's armor was too tough, so his three foot sword light had only been able to sink three inches in.

Twenty-five seconds of Boundaries Negation left.

Cynthia stood up as well. Looking at her right arm covered in blood, her face depicted her immense killing intent. "You're good. If you want to get there, you need to get through me first."

As she spoke, she concurrently charged forth and went to stand in front of Kaunitz. Pushing out her two palms, ether particles moved about crazily, slowly forming hyperfrequency heat currents. It was Cynthia's well-known Killing technique – Formless Fire.

Able to boil up to hundreds of meters away from her in an instant with hyperfrequency waves, she could even boil the blood in a person's body.

But without even letting her perform her technique or say anything more, Fang Xingjian revealed a cold smile, and with a flash, appeared behind Cynthia.

A hint of light streaked past Cynthia's neck. It was the gleam created when sword light clashed with the Reduced Force Field.

In the next moment, her head was was sent soaring all the way, until it dropped to the ground. It was still staring with furious eyes, wearing an expression of disbelief.

With his Boundaries Negation activated and three foot sword

light moving about at ease, Fang Xingjian slashed at where her neck was the weakest; it was not something Cynthia's Reduced Force Field could fend off.

However, with this assault, Fang Xingjian started to feel a bit dizzy. The intense activity had caused the poison to start acting up, flowing through his body once again.

But he did not stop there. He did not even cast a glance towards the corpse which was still standing, instead lifting his head and slashing once again at Kaunitz.

"Ahhh!" Cynthia's husband Zakov let out a loud bellow of great grief and indignation, his eyes turning blood-shot. With great fury, he held onto his great saber, leapt up into the air and struck at Fang Xingjian's back.

Fang Xingjian did not move his body, he simply signalled his thoughts to move his sword. The sword light swept out, but Zakov blocked it with a crisp ring.

"Oh?" Only then did Fang Xingjian turn to take a look. While he turned, he continued to unceasingly thrust sword light, sending streams of cone-shaped air currents towards Zakov.

However, it was as if Zakov had known about this beforehand. Right before Fang Xingjian attacked, he positioned his saber horizontally in front of him, and with three crisp dang dang dang sounds, he fell to the ground. However, he had managed to fend off the onslaught.

Even so, just as he landed, another sword Qi pierced his back. He then slashed out with his saber, just as before, blocking off this sword Qi.

Fang Xingjian frowned and lifted his finger slightly. Another three streams of sword Qis once again cut towards Zakov.

Nonetheless, this was still useless. No matter how Fang Xingjian attacked, Zakov was able to dodge and block before he even

started. This was a powerful Killing technique that had taken thirty years of tough training to master – Will Before Intention. It allowed him to fend off and retaliate against an opponent's moves by predicting them.

It could be said that his close combat battle prowess was far greater than his wife's. If there were any flaws in his opponent's moves, it would be unlikely for his opponent to defeat him.

But the next moment, Zakov fell into a daze. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Fang Xingjian's right hand turned into a blur. It was because his speed was truly too fast, and the series of afterimages seemed just like a black shadow.

Up to a hundred sword shadows surrounded Zakov, not leaving the slightest opening, and slashed down at a speed three times that of supersonic speed.

Without any flaws, an attack using pure, absolute strength and agility, rending Zakov unable to avoid it. That was why he fell into a daze when he had previously predicted this move.

Boom!

In that moment, it was as if the air was ground into dust. With up to a hundred sword Qis slashing down at three times that of supersonic speed, countless loud explosions rang out, as if innumerable bombs had blown up at the same time. Waves noticeable with the naked eye rippled outwards, everyone's faces reflecting a hint of pain, as if someone was stirring their brains with a stick.

When all the smoke scattered, what was left was just a lump of flesh. Zakov was not even left with a complete corpse.

Fang Xingjian's potential continued to deplete at 1000 points per second. Having his time wasted by Zakov and Cynthia, his Boundaries Negation had been reduced to a mere fifteen seconds now.

Slashing over a hundred times in one breath, even Fang Xingjian was starting to feel weak. He began to feel groggy, his vision turning increasingly unfocused, and Kaunitz who was a distance away was even looking like a lump of blurry figures. After swaying a little, he almost fell down.

What was worse was that as he battled, circulating his Waves and mental cultivation method non-stop, his blood flow accelerated. His brain was depleting energy at a very quick rate, and waves of blood were sent to compensate continuously. This meant that the poison continuously travelled to his brain.

'This cannot do. I need to stop for a while.'

Feeling as if he would lose his consciousness an any moment, Fang Xingjian stopped his Boundaries Negation and started to circulate his vital energy and blood, trying to relieve his body from the poison with his Internal Healing and Internal Training.

'After I relieve myself from the poison, I still have fifteen seconds. It should be enough.'

Yet, throughout the whole process, he continued to move forward. It was because the battle was still in progress. He was like a teetering patient, taking step after step towards Kaunitz.

Rebecca was still crazily firing out streams of thunder and fire sword Qis, but it was as if they met formless barriers. Fang Xingjian only had to use a slash at supersonic speed to scatter all of them.

"Fang Xingjian, stop!" Rebecca shouted. "Are you crazy?! Do you want to go against the whole Tresia Clan? Do you want to become the First Prince's sworn enemy?"

Kaunitz continued to scream out in pain, one hand on the wound on his chest. He looked furiously towards Fang Xingjian who was slowly moving towards him and shouted, "Fang Xingjian, have you gone mad?"

"You have not cleaned up the poison blood in your body. If you continue to battle, allowing the poison to flow and to attack your brain and your heart, you will die! Do you really want to die?!"

Fang Xingjian did not pay him any heed, but just kept walking towards him, step by step. Although he was a bit unstable, he was strangely determined.

Kaunitz had also calmed down. The wound on his chest had already closed up. With a slight movement, he activated his skill, the Six Armed Asura. Four extremely thick giant arms covered in black scales grew out from his shoulders and back.

Endless fury and envy turned into flames in his heart, making his face appear extremely twisted.

"Fang Xingjian, why?! Why are you so stubborn?!"

"The First Prince is the person at the pinnacle of the mortal world, the future hope of the whole world... Why do you refuse to yield to him?"

"Why are you so foolish?!"

As he spoke, his six arms formed sword fingers, pointing in Fang Xingjian's direction.

Six streams of Divine Flames of the Earth's Core shot out. These Divine Flames of the Earth's Core were a type of high temperature beams which would travel at the speed of light once shot. Everywhere they passed through would be burnt down by a high temperature of a thousand degrees.

It was fortunate that Fang Xingjian had started to dodge just as Kaunitz lifted his hands. However, the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core travelled at the speed of light and they were too fast. Despite the fact that he had started to dodge before his opponent had sent them out, he only managed to avoid being hit at the critical spots. They pierced holes through his shoulder and lower thigh, the smell of burnt meat wafting out from them.

However, Fang Xingjian only let out a grunt. He had activated the last fifteen seconds of his Boundaries Negation, pulling out a strong stream of white air current, and dashed towards Kaunitz.

The six streams of Divine Flames of the Earth's Core were like six pillars of light, surrounding Kaunitz. They propelled him a hundred meters away, and then with the movement of his finger, the flames swept outwards.

However, the speed of such sweeping motions was not as swift as when they were being shot out. It was really too slow for Fang Xingjian, who had his Boundaries Negation. He once again created a burst with his right hand, gathering all the viscous, poisoned blood; uncontrollably, a low grunt to escape from his mouth.

At that moment, the Silver Dragon slashed up to a hundred times, crazily pummeling against Kaunitz's body like a drill, and uncovering his scaled armor. Flesh and blood splattered everywhere, making him wail with terrified cries as he fell.

Looking at Kaunitz, who was shrieking crazily, Fang Xingjian uttered coldly, "Don't worry. In two years at most, I'll definitely chop off the First Prince's head and send him to accompany you."

At that moment, there were still twelve seconds left of Boundaries Negation.

'There's still time. I'll pry off your tortoise shell, then kill you.'

Chapter 150 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! (Part I)

"Ahhh!"

Badly mutilated, Kaunitz let out a horrified scream as he started to wave all six of his arms about crazily. Divine Flames of the Earth's Core were shot out in all directions: slashing the ground apart; hitting the trees; cutting countless of gullies a few meters deep; and cutting down up to a hundred big trees. Everyone backed off anxiously as they looked toward Kaunitz in astonishment.

The prowess of the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core was too strong. If he was not going against an opponent like Fang Xingjian, who specialized in speed, there would probably be no one in the first transition who could be Kanunitz's match.

Fang Xingjian was too close, so he could only retreat with explosive speed once again. In his current state, if he was to suffer from any more heavy injuries, he could collapse.

However, with this explosive move, fresh blood gushed out from his wounds once again just after he had moved a hundred meters away. At the same time, his mind went black. Immense pain had spread there and even his consciousness was starting to get a little bit blurry, as if he would faint anytime.

However, Jack was not that lucky. His throat was split open. He had already been on the verge of death and now that Kaunitz had gone mad, sending out Divine Flames of the Earth's Core crazily, there was no way that Jack could dodge in time. He was slashed at the waist and his stomach opened up, revealing a large section of charred organs.

Blood spewed out from his mouth incessantly. He watched as Fang Xingjian killed two Knights who were at the pinnacle of the first transition, watched as he pushed Kaunitz to the stage where

he was now like a mad dog and watched as Fang Xingjian dodged his opponent's final burst of energy. He could not accept this.

"Why?! Why is it that you're still able to fight back and kill people when you've already reached this state?"

His vision blurred out and the last image that appeared in his mind was that of his wife and child.

'Wife, Alice, I...'

The next moment, his head tilted and he finally died.

Looking at Kaunitz who had gone mad, Fang Xingjian put him aside for a while. After all, he could not get near someone who had gone crazy. He might as well wait until the other party had exhausted himself before continuing.

Therefore, he now turned to look toward Rebecca, their last remaining warrior.

Rebecca looked at how Kaunitz was screaming in madness, then looked at Cynthia's and Zakov's corpses on the ground and felt only endless anxiety encompassing her. Fang Xingjian's silhouette was like nightmare, shuttling about in her heart. The scenes of him killing Cynthia and Zakov kept replaying before her eyes.

Moreover, now that Fang Xingjian had turned to look at her, she could feel the overwhelming killing intent which caused her body to be trembling non-stop.

This Knight, who had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth and had relied on her clan's large amount of resources to attain the pinnacle of the first transition, was now extremely frightened. Letting out a scream, she tried to make her escape.

Seeing that Rebecca was trying to run, although Fang Xingjian wanted to give chase, he could not take another step forward. The effects of the poison was getting increasingly serious.

He looked at the sword he was holding, then toward Rebecca who

had dashed out tens of meters away. He suddenly formed sword fingers and swept outwards.

His three-foot-long sword light swept out and tens of sword Qis soared into the air.

Fang Xingjian had performed the Supreme Mistwind Sword and under the effect of the condensing sword Qis, tens of sword Qis, which had formed from the Supreme Mistwind Sword, made their way across space, catching up to Rebecca who was tens of meters away.

Boom boom boom boom boom! It was just like tens of Stingers shooting out consecutively. Although Rebecca's Reduced Force Field had been pushed out to its limits, she was still sent rolling on the ground from the explosion.

However, her physique and vitality were truly strong. After rolling for one round, she jumped up to her feet again, spewing out a large mouthful of blood. Although she was horrified, all her potential was unleashed as she charged forth crazily on all fours, fleeing to a hundred meters away from Fang Xingjian.

Another tens of sword Qis chased up right behind her. However, they were already going beyond the spot where the sword Qis had gathered, So the tens of sword Qis scattered. Rebecca casted a long glance at Fang Xingjian and her gaze was filled with both terror and hatred. She then quickly escaped towards the external perimeters.

Fang Xingjian wanted to continue giving chase, but when he just lifted his leg, he felt a bout of dizziness. Everything turned dark and he could not even see Rebecca's silhouette clearly. His body swayed a little before he dropped to sit down on the floor.

After all, he had been badly poisoned. Displaying a series of Waves, mental cultivation method and sword techniques had caused his physical and mental energy to be continuously depleted and the poisonous blood continued to enter his brain, further

aggravating his injuries. His four limbs felt weak, as if he would collapse at any moment.

Looking at Rebecca's escaping silhouette, Fang Xingjian let out a cold grunt and once again turned to Kaunitz. Kaunitz, who had been slashed into a horrible sight, had stopped acting crazy.

Looking at Fang Xingjian, Kaunitz's eyes were filled with madness and engraved bitterness.

Kaunitz's face was distorted. He opened his mouth and let out a sound that was like a wild beast on the verge of death.

"Fang Xingjian! Kill me if you dare! If I don't die today, I'll never let you off. Your friends, your family... everyone who's related to you will all have to die!"

Fang Xingjian said indifferently, "Don't worry. I'll rest for a while before I go over and kill you."

On the other end, Reiya had completely concussed. Grand had crawled over to where she was and was applying first aid. Tai Long, dressed in a full suit of armor, and Wei Longzi, dressed completely in black, were both looking at Fang Xingjian with wide-open eyes, as if they were bulging out.

The current Fang Xingjian appeared to be so powerful, so mysterious and so unfamiliar.

He was badly injured and poisoned, yet he was still able to kill three Knights with a wave of his hand as well as deal heavy injuries to Kaunitz and scare off Rebecca. How powerful was he?

Fang Xingjian sat there on the floor with both of his eyes fixed on Kaunitz. However, he felt increasingly dizzy as his four limbs gradually lost their strength. He could only do his best to suppress the poison.

Simultaneously, he looked at his Stats Window. After killing two senior Knights in a row, his experience had increased by leaps and bounds. Cynthia and Zakov were unlike Garcia's Great Warriors;

they were among the top of the Empire's first transition Knights. The experience which they had provided were too much.

Furthermore, he had been at level 14 with an experience of 87.9% and had been nearing the next level. After all these, he was now at level 17 with an experience of 0.02%. He had leveled up three levels in a go and increased his agility attribute by 33 points. How horrifying was this progress? It would be impossible for an ordinary first transition Knight to attain this.

Therefore, his stats had now changed to become:

Name

Fang Xingjian

Age

17

Occupation

Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level

17, 0.02%

Strength

56+5

Agility

167+5

Reaction

55

Endurance

49

Flexibility

51

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated.

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute).

Nurturing Sword Techniques

94 sets

Training Sword Techniques

12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword

Level 30

Radiant Light Sword Technique

Level 6

Ether Divine Art

Level 1

Specialities:

Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles

Elementary Berserkness

Unparalleled Sword Intent (79/100)

Potential

11,000 point increase/day

Waves

Level 5 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method

Level 3 Universal Sword Dominance**

His agility attribute was at a total of 172 points, which meant that it was higher than a person at the second transition like Mumukeya. After all, even though he was at level 20, Mumukeya only had an agility attribute of 150 points. Additionally, Mumukeya did not have a skill similar to Boundaries Negation and, thus, would not be able to display the full potential of his maximum speed.

Furthermore, Fang Xingjian also had the job specialty, Single Sword World Subjugation. How fast was he now after displaying Boundaries Negation at full power? Even Fang Xingjian himself was not certain.

However, the others did not know this.

...

On the other side, Mumukeya, who had been hiding in the forest, spoke out in a soft voice, "Seems like he can't continue anymore."

Chapter 151 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! (Part II)

A kilometer away, a total of four Knights were dashing towards where Fang Xingjian was. Rota was in the lead with her silver-colored spear, her expression determined. In order not to be affected during battle, she tied up her long, silky black hair into a ponytail.

Her Knight attire was filled with dirt and traces of blood, but these damages and stains only further enhanced her valiance.

As she proceeded with great speed, she lifted her head to look to the skies, her two eyes continuously staring like wolves at the unceasingly burning and exploding fire clouds.

As one of the top amongst all the students in Kirst Royal Academy, Rota had been fighting in the front line for a long period of time. Countless battles with Garcia's Great Warriors allowed her battle experience and will to increase at amazing speed. Her abilities underwent an even greater level of improvement.

'Fang Xingjian, just you wait. I'll surpass you.'

Looking at the fiery clouds in the sky, Rota spoke in a cold voice, "Teacher Huang Lin has already engaged the other party, but it shouldn't be Mumukeya. We'll need to be careful from now on. Mumukeya is probably still hunting down our Knights on the surface."

'Mumukeya, if I can defeat you, if my Void Penetrative Divine Spear is able to pierce through you, then I should also be able to defeat Fang Xingjian who is similarly an expert of speed, right?'

While she spoke, all four of them had arrived on the battlefield.

...

On the other side, Mumukeya who had been hiding in the forest

spoke out in a soft voice, "Seems like he can't continue anymore."

Fang Qian asked, "It's a pity that job transitions with magic prints does not give one Reduced Force Field, and those who go through the second transition would also not have the Heaven's Perception. Do you sense anything?"

Mumukeya looked up into the sky. He looked at the First Prince and Huang Lin who were both still engaged in battle, unleashing various light flashes and explosions, making a hole in the clouds. He said, "I don't know. Heaven's Perception must also be within ten meters of the Reduced Force Field. It's best for you not to be exposed, so I will head over and take a look first."

Heaven's Perception was the ability that belonged to those who were at second transition level 20 or higher. They could, within the perimeters of their Reduced Force Field, sense the messages transmitted by ether particles, such as warmth, light, flow of air currents, or tremblings of the ground. It was akin to having a sensor with a radius of ten meters which monitored every little change.

This also meant that from the second transition onwards, strong Warriors no longer needed to use their actual eye to see during close combat, since it would prevent them from reacting in time. Moreover, they would not be able to see clearly. However, Heaven's Perception could make up for this flaw by being a replacement for the eyes..

While Fang Xingjian had, early on, unleashed a battle power like never before, both Fang Qian and Mumukeya were extremely confident.

One reason was naturally because Fang Xingjian had obviously reached his limits. The other reason was because he was still at the first transition after all.

There was an unsurpassable gap between those in the first transition and those in the second. Heaven's Perception was one of

them.

Even though Mumukeya had been injured and even pushed back by Fang Xingjian earlier, it was only because Fang Xingjian had caught him by surprise. What's more, there was a six-man Reduced Force Field, not to mention Fang Xingjian's Radiant Light Sword Technique. If not for Mumukeya amazing instincts, which had caused him to be scared off by the First Prince, there was no way that he would leave.

Thus, the two of them were still very confident even after seeing Fang Xingjian displaying his battle skills.

However, they would never have thought that Fang Xingjian's job and job specialties were so horrifying. They did not possess those heaven-defying abilities Fang Xingjian had. He even quickly rose up by three levels, which increased his agility attribute by 33 points.

As such, Mumukeya let out a smile and said, "Then I'll head over first. You can cover for me."

With that, he let out a fierce tremble, after which the muscles throughout his body rapidly expanded and contracted. Layers of brown-colored hair sprouted up from the surface of his body.

Because their strengths were inherited from those ferocious beasts as well as mutated humans, almost all of Garcia's warriors had the powers from ancient beasts. Beast transmogrification was also a skill that all of them could use.

However, beast transmogrification would modify their body and deplete their vital energy and blood. It was something which would harm themselves first before inflicting harm on others, and if they used too much of it, their lifespans would be reduced. Many of Garcia's Great Warriors would recklessly abuse their ability to undergo beast transmogrification so much so that many of them ended up dying from sudden deaths at the age of forty.

Having reached Mumukeya's level after the second transition, however, they would be able to communicate better with ether particles. They would also have a better understanding of their bodies and pay attention to nurturing it. As a result, they would no longer use their ability to undergo beast transmogrification aside from crucial moments.

Amidst the fierce transformation, Mumukeya grew taller and bigger. Sharp teeth protruded from his mouth and he became a cheetah in a human form.

Not only would beast transmogrification greatly raise the attributes of Garcia people, they would also be given various unique abilities.

At this moment, Mumukeya's overall attributes increased by 20 points or higher. His agility attribute had even broken through 170 points.

Simultaneously, traces of light started to flash around Mumukeya. They were the tremors from the unceasingly stacking ether particles. The greatest difference between the first and second transition was that those in the first would only be able to transmit their strength through ether particles. They would use their strength to trade with ether particles, unleashing light, electric, heat, magnetism, and other kinds of amazing powers.

After breaking through to second transition level 20, those in the second transition would be able to rely on the strength of the ether particles to attack. They would be capable of creating destructive forces akin to natural disasters, as Huang Lin and the First Prince were doing.

One used ether particles as converters while the other communicated with ether particles to borrow their powers.

Now, after borrowing powers from the ether particles, Mumukeya immediately formed an acceleration force field, using the ether particles' powers to accelerate his own speed like an

electromagnetic gun.

It was just that there were no martial arts legacy passed down and Mumukeya's actions were extremely rough because of it. There was a time limit he could use this skill each day, otherwise it would harm his body. This was the reason he had not use it until now.

In fact, if he had not met a weirdo like Fang Xingjian, Mumukeya's usual speed was more than enough to overwhelm all Knights.

As he chuckled, Mumukeya squatted down with both hands pressed on the ground, as if he were a modern day runner who was about to kickstart a run during competitions.

His two legs swelled up crazily and his muscles seemed to have expanded by two times in just an instant.

The ground under his feet cracked, turning into a huge crater and shooting out countless rocks into the sky.

At this point, Rota had also arrived. She looked at Fang Xingjian who was wobbling and covered in blood all over, then at Mumukeya who had undergone beast transmogrification. He seemed as if he would explode any moment.

"Not good!"

"He's going to kill Fang Xingjian!"

She let out a cry and sent out her Void Penetrative Divine Spear at full speed. However, she was too far away. She could see Mumukeya but could not reach him.

At the next moment, she abruptly turned her head, unconsciously wanting to shout out something. However, she fell into a daze after witnessing the scene before her, eyes wide-open in disbelief.

Mumukeya's body suddenly disappeared. He had dashed out

suddenly. Wherever he passed by, electricity would flash nonstop in the surrounds. The acceleration force field created from the ether particles was increasing his speed.

Unleashing his abilities which was five times that of supersonic speed, he had already arrived next to Fang Xingjian before Wei Longzi and the others could react.

Wherever he passed by, it were as if the air was pierced. Sounds were stacked over each other, compressed together by his body at extreme speed. It was so fast that the others had not been able to hear anything yet.

The whole world seemed to have slowed down at this moment. It was as if time had stopped for everyone and they completely stopped moving.

Mumukeya's dagger was encompassed by a layer of Reduced Force Field, and like a venomous snake, it twisted and pierced towards Fang Xingjian's arm. As he was instructed by Fang Qian to capture him alive, he planned to amputate one of his arms first.

Ripples that could be seen by the naked eye formed wherever he passed by, creating a long stream of white smoke. It were as if he was a supersonic plane cutting across the sky.

The speed of the dagger was extremely fast. They had yet to see Mumukeya, but his dagger was already about to pierce Fang Xingjian's arm.

Chapter 152 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! (Part III)

However, just as Mumukeya's attack was about to chop off Fang Xingjian's right arm, a silver light suddenly lit up and came into contact against Mumukeya's dagger.

Boundaries Negation was activated with a remaining twelve seconds left.

Even though Mumukeya's dagger was pushed away, it eventually still turned its direction and steered toward Fang Xingjian's neck at overwhelmingly high speed. It slashed through his Reduced Force Field, into his flesh, and cut deeply into his neck.

Thankfully, it ended there and did not cut through Fang Xingjian's artery and windpipes. Fang Xingjian managed to survive it even though fresh blood kept spurting out from his neck.

After the high speed assault, Mumukeya only let out a weird laugh. Slashing out a long arch, he headed toward Fang Xingjian once again.

Clink clank~~~~~

Dazzling sparks were created from the clashing of metals and strong impacts were released from the intense clashes. Fang Xingjian was struck and thrown over ten meters away, but he had still managed to fend off Mumukeya's attack yet again.

"Don't move unnecessarily, lad.

"Otherwise, if I kill you accidentally, I won't be able to explain it when I head back."

Amidst their frantic clashes, Mumukeya was like a shooting star, surrounding Fang Xingjian and attacking incessantly. During the short time he took to say his two lines, another consecutive seven clashes had rung out. Holding the Silver Dragon in one hand and a

steel sword in the other, Fang Xingjian was sent flying in all directions like a spinning top, but he still managed to receive all the attacks. Each time they collided, blood would continue to spurt out from his wounds, making him appear even more wobbly.

'This lad has such a quick reaction.'

Mumukeya let out a cold laugh and the muscles throughout his body swelled up tremendously. Strong gales blew as his body and dagger tore up the atmosphere, attacking Fang Xingjian crazily from all directions.

Boundaries Negation was left with the final five seconds.

Just then, Fang Xingjian started to speak.

Accompanied with Mumukeya's attacks time and time again, air currents were sent out explosively as sound explosions filled the air. Due to having insufficient strength, his body trembled non-stop as he was sent flying continuously. However, his voice still carried to everyone's ears.

"Mumukeya...

"Haven't you noticed?"

Boom! The ground's surface collapsed under Mumukeya's beast claws. The atmosphere wailed like a female ghost and with a dash, he appeared right before Fang Xingjian. His dagger created flashes of sparks as it clashed with Fang Xingjian's Silver Dragon, letting out explosive pitter patter sounds. At the next second, he had already passed by Fang Xingjian and the explosive air currents.

"Your speed...

"...is already..."

Bang! The dagger and Silver Dragon crashed against each other strongly. Raging force surged out from Mumukeya's body as he knocked against Fang Xingjian's body. This caused him to bleed furiously from the wounds he already had all over his body and he

was sent flying for tens of meters away once again.

Mumukeya stomped with his big leg and the ether particles in his surroundings flashed crazily. The acceleration field was now activated. He caught up to Fang Xingjian once again and thrust out his dagger. Blood splattered out between the two of them.

"...is already not..."

Mumukeya let out a strange cry with his eyes bloodshot. A strong surge of excitement swelled up in him. It had been a very long time since he had last come across a prey with such great tenacity and could catch up with his attacking speed.

The dagger in his hands created a series of afterimages and a whooshing sound as he thrust it toward Fang Xingjian from eight directions.

"...not as fast as mine!"

The moment Fang Xingjian had been waiting for finally came. It was just as Mumukeya was less than half a meter away from Fang Xingjian and the distance was so close that Mumukeya had no chance to dodge.

The Silver Dragon in Fang Xingjian's hand sent out hundreds of shadows. It was as if a heavy rain of blades had poured down in that 0.1 second and then disappeared in that very instant.

The air was torn apart completely. After the detonation of overwhelming pressure, the two of them passed by each other once again and then stood there motionless.

Time left for Boundaries Negation: 0.5 second.

At the next moment, Mumukeya's head shot up into the air and sent out a strong surge of vital energy and blood as though it was raining blood.

Mumukeya's head landed on the ground, looking at Fang Xingjian in disbelief. The Reduced Force Field tremored the air and

imitated his voice.

"To think that I would die in the hands of a first transition Knight today."

He looked at the huge wound on Fang Xingjian's neck. He had almost killed Fang Xingjian.

He said with great regret, "How fast was that move earlier? Five times of supersonic? Or was it six? It's a pity that my speed is still slower. Otherwise, you would not have been able to react in time at all with your reaction attribute. It's a pity... If only I was a little bit faster, you would already be dead.

"Sigh, why is it that generations and generations of geniuses keep appearing in the Empire? But we still have a lot of people in Garcia, improving across generations. Even if I die, there would be even more geniuses coming forth, generation after generation of them. Eventually, they'll be able to..."

After using the tremors in the air with his Reduced Force Field to speak for about one minute, Mumukeya finally died completely with his eyes wide-open. He had displayed the strong vitality of someone in the second transition.

Fang Xingjian looked at Mumukeya, then turned in Kaunitz's direction with a hint of regret flashing in his eyes. His vision seemed to have been affected greatly as he could not even see the other party's face clearly anymore.

After killing Mumukeya, Fang Xingjian increased in another level once again. At the same time, a comprehension he had never experienced before surged forth, causing his consciousness to boil up as if thousands of worlds were exploding in it.

His mental cultivation method circulated at great speed until it reached an extreme limit and then shattered. The new mental cultivation method finally appeared in his Stats Window after completing the metamorphosis.

Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar level 3: One man and one sword, wiping out the world. Only an unrivalled will can create unrivalled powers. If the practitioner's will is strong enough, he can transmit strength through ether particles and turn them into blades, then lash them out across space while performing sword techniques.

The actual effect was to turn 'Reduced Force Field' into 'ether sword ripples'. Each additional level of the mental cultivation method would increase his strength by 50% and the speed of the ether sword ripples would be equivalent to the speed the practitioner could attack at.

The Reduced Force Field could originally display 50% of Fang Xingjian's strength and it would just be a general crash of strength towards a certain direction. He was able to push, twist or squeeze, but would never be able to slash, cut or pierce.

Therefore, although he could turn someone into a meat patty, he would not be able to slash them into two.

Moreover, now, under the effect of his new mental cultivation method, his Reduced Force Field turned into ether sword ripples, allowing him to display 150% (additional 50% with each level and his mental cultivation method was currently at level 3). Furthermore, it would have attacking functions akin to that of a sword, including slashing, cutting and piercing.

Within ten meters, he could form blades with his will, slashing across space with 150% of his strength. The speed of his slash would also be able to inherit the attacking speed of the practitioner.

How terrifying was this?

But after the whole series of battles, Fang Xingjian's internal injuries and the degree of his poisoning had increased time and time again. However, after killing Mumukeya, he had increased in one level, increased his agility by another 11 points and his

attacking speed had broken through to a whole new level once again.

Before he fainted, he was left with the last 0.5 seconds of his Boundaries Negation.

Fang Xingjian only managed to point out with a finger, causing sound explosions and flames to burst out as ether sword ripples formed instantaneously in the air at over eight times of supersonic speed. They then slashed toward Kaunitz.

The great friction in the air turned red and heated up due to the great speed. It even shot out streams of sparks. Strong gales wailed and turned into streams of heat currents, spreading out in all directions.

Formless slashes with 1.5 times of his strength shot out at eight times of supersonic speed. It was the first time he was displaying his terrifying strength in the presence of other people.

Amidst Kaunitz's terrified screams and everyone's horrified gazes, Fang Xingjian's vision turned black with a hint of regret. He merely felt a series of tremendous aches from his brain and then fainted completely.

Chapter 153 Failure And Support

Fang Qian looked at Mumukeya's corpse which had fallen to the ground, revealing a look of disgust.

'This crap can't even deal with a first transition Knight?'

But thinking about Fang Xingjian's explosive speed earlier, Fang Qian could not help but admit that Fang Xingjian truly possessed unbelievable combat abilities.

'But his speed is only effective in close combat.'

Thinking of the scenes from Fang Xingjian's battle earlier, Fang Qian became increasingly confident of her judgement.

She then looked at how Fang Xingjian had fallen, rubbed her chin, and said, 'I still can't confirm if he has truly lost the ability to battle and lost his consciousness.'

'I also can't confirm if he can still retaliate.'

After giving it some thought, she eventually decided to capture him through long distance means as a safety precaution. She recalled how he had that amazing speed which allowed him to kill someone who had gone through the second transition. Although it was Garcia's second transition, it was still unusually amazing.

Thinking of this, her gaze brimmed with even greater interest.

The next moment, the patterns on Fang Qian's body started to wriggle about like tadpoles. They subsequently released a series of glowing light, giving off a strange feeling which was both powerful and evil, terrifying yet holy at the same time.

In just an instant, the patterns all over her body turned into various grey-colored light patterns.

She could feel that power in her body which was extremely powerful and grasping. When Fang Qian opened her eyes, grey light shone out from them.

'This... This is diabolic energy!'

Unlike how it was back in Demonic City, she could summon the powers from one of the twelve evil gods after arriving at the Miracle World. With the enhancement from this power, each magic print Warrior's abilities would rise in leaps and bounds.

Although it was not comparable to the Mages who could use sorcery and directly unleash the diabolic energy from the evil gods, it was close enough.

'As long as we complete the ultimate miracle sorcery to bring forth the evil god, the whole world will be in our hands.'

Every time she unleashed this extremely majestic source of energy, Fang Qian could not help but acclaim how wonderful the power of sorcery was.

In the next moment, strong gales started to move around her as countless sounds rang out. They were sounds akin to dragons' and tigers' roars, yet similar to tens of thousands wild beasts' crying out at the same time.

Fang Xingjian aimed her palm at where Fang Xingjian was, 'Come over here, cousin.'

At the next moment, however, she look in disbelief at the grey-colored imprints on her body, at how the diabolic energy was dissipating. The grey-colored lights were gradually disappearing.

When the lights completely disappeared, Fang Qian then returned to her original form. Her diabolic energy had completely vanished as if they had never appeared in the first place.

'What's going on?

'Why? Why did the magic prints and the diabolic energy lose their effects?'

Amidst her panic, she slowly retreated from the battlefield, the image of how the diabolic energy had dissipated constantly

flashing in her mind.

'I must report this to the Science Academy immediately. Diabolic energy dissipating... This is something which has never happened before.'

...

Rota just arrived when she saw this astonishing scene.

Sweat droplets were still trickling down her nose, her cheeks were red, and she was panting heavily. It showed how exhausted she was as she rushed over.

The scene from earlier kept playing back in her mind repeatedly.

Strong gales swirled and sounds of explosions filled the air.

At the end of the strong gales, Mumukeya stood there with his head on the ground and a fountain of fresh blood spurting out from his body which had undergone beast transmogrification.

Second transition Garcia's Destined Warrior.

The Mumukeya who had unrivalled speed.

From the beginning of the battle, he had hunted down countless Knights and even escaped from the hands of Conferred Knights.

Did he die just like that?

Rota looked at this scene with a complicated expression. Only after she walked up to the corpse did she then let out a sigh. She then turned to looked towards the unconscious Fang Xingjian whose neck seemed to have been severed off. Blood still gushing out and he was covered in wounds all over.

"Go give him treatment."

Under her command, one of the Knights next to her went up to help Fang Xingjian dress his wounds.

Looking at the Fang Xingjian that killed Mumukeya, Rota's expression was very complicated. This was the guy who had

defeated her before so many people in the academy, the guy who had given her great humiliation.

But now, after seeing Fang Xingjian kill Mumukeya, a strange feeling welled up from inside her. It was admiration, appreciation, or some other kind of strange emotion.

Looking at the unconscious Fang Xingjian, she still decided to get someone to give him treatment.

She wanted to win against Fang Xingjian, but definitely not by stabbing him in the back. She wanted to face him head-on, defeating him fair and square.

'Just you wait. Although you've completely surpassed me now, I'll do my best to catch up to you. You better not die before I defeat you.'

She looked towards Reiya and the others and asked, "How is she?"

Reiya's chest had been penetrated by the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core and her lungs were almost completely burnt. Her heart had also stopped beating. Grand looked at Reiya in despair, as if he had fallen into a daze.

Rota shook her head, "What on earth happened?"

Kaunitz was still crying out in pain.

He had been hit by Fang Xingjian's final Ether Sword Ripples. While it did not kill him, it had slashed off the three arms on his right. The Six Armed Asura became a Three Armed Asura, which not only meant that his three arms were crippled, his body's balance was destroyed as well. He laid on the ground, pale-faced. As blood continued to gush out, he could neither garner any strength nor even move his body.

Kaunitz looked at his Stats Window. Each of his attributes were reduced by more than half. He had become worthless, his eyes filled with madness and desperation.

Hearing Rota's question, he laughed out in a low voice. "Fang Xingjian? Hehe, so what if he killed Mumukeya? He continued to go all out in battle when he was poisoned, and now the poisoned blood has already entered his brain. He's dead meat. Even if he were to take the antidote now, it's too late!

"Hahahaha, I'm crippled, but he's dead. In the end, I still won."

"Tr...ash..." Wei Longzi abruptly lifted his head, his eyes fixed on Kaunitz as he spoke, "Do you have any shame? Do you have any hint of a Knight's honor?"

"It's already unforgivable for you to have poisoned your own comrade. Earlier, if it wasn't Fang Xingjian who had killed Mumukeya, do you think you'd still be able to survive? We'd all be dead!"

"Hmph, who wanted him to save me?" Green veins popped up on Kaunitz's forehead as his eyes brimmed with rage. "This fatherless b*stard serves no one, goes against all values and ethics. Compared to this b*stard, I'd rather die in that Black Devil's hands."

"Incapable of reasoning." Wei Longzi gritted his teeth as he looked at Kaunitz, speaking out each word clearly, "Since that's the case, then die!"

As he spoke, he swung both swords repeatedly, slashing towards Kaunitz with streams of electricity.

However, just as his swords were about to reach Kaunitz, Rota shook the spear and unleashed her Void Penetrative Divine Spear. The silver-colored spear pierced through the gaps in space, the spear's tip forcefully stopping Wei Longzi, and pushing him back.

Then, with more flashes from her spear's tip, a series of crisp sounds rang out as it collided with Tai Long's suit of armor. Tai Long, who had similarly launched an attack, was stopped as well.

Rota bellowed, "Stop it! To be killing one of our own... Are you guys out of your mind?!"

"One of our own? Has he thought of us like that?" Wei Longzi bellowed, "It was him who had killed Reiya. He even wanted to silence all of us. He was also the one who had poisoned Fang Xingjian. He's a double-crossing madman!"

After hearing this, Rota looked at Wei Longzi, Tai Long, and Grand, all of whom were very agitated. She shook her head and said, "I know you guys are very agitated. But no matter what, we need to wait for the officer to arrive and get the association to conduct a trial before we can determine the truth."

With that, she swept out her spear and stood before Kaunitz, saying, "I can't just take your one-sided words. Before the association comes to a decision, don't think about laying your hands on him. But you can rest assure that as long as what you guys said is the truth, Kaunitz will definitely get the punishment he deserves. Moreover, he's already a cripple now. Why do you need to be so anxious?"

She then threw a glance towards Fang Xingjian and said to the person beside her, "Is Fang Xingjian poisoned? Go search Kaunitz. Help him bandage his wounds and check if he has the antidote."

Kaunitz could not move and could only let them conduct the search. However, he broke out laughing, looking at the trio with a challenging glance. Strong madness and despair flashed in his eyes. Since he was young, his greatest worth was his talent. Now that Fang Xingjian had half-crippled him, desperation and madness burned up in his heart strongly, like fuel being poured over fire.

Wei Longzi clenched his teeth and gripped his hands so strongly that they had turned white. The vengeance grew increasingly stronger.

Just then, a loud sound came from the sky and the fiery clouds started to dissipate.

Chapter 154 Surround

The fire clouds scattered and once again formed the First Prince's body.

Huang Lin's gigantic sword force had already disappeared, and he himself was charred. The Grand Solar Unending Fire had burned him dry of all the ether particles inside and outside his body, rendering him unable to employ any kind of extraordinary strength.

He started descending, but while still in midair he took the opportunity to break through the Grand Solar Unending Fire's field. He once again came into contact with the ether particles in the space and swung the longsword in his hand, creating more streams of sword force.

"Hahahaha, Huang Lin, are you still not going to surrender?"

In the sky, fire-colored light kept shooting out from the First Prince's fingertips. Huang Lin stepped on the many streams of sword force, dodging the shots with great ease.

Although his speed was not comparable to the beams, he could at least observe the movements of his opponent's actions and take appropriate measures.

However, how could the First Prince's Divine Flames of the Earth's Core compare to Kaunitz's? Crimson red beams shot out as if they were coming from machine guns. The beams could even twist and turn, enveloping Huang Lin like a net of light.

The space in which Huang Lin could dodge continued to shrink. Those with discerning eyes could tell that the situation was not to his advantage.

Kaunitz laughed out again. Rota's brows furrowed tightly as she asked in hesitation, "That is the First Prince?"

Kaunitz laughed, answering, "That's right. You should know

what to do now, right? Those bunch of stubborn old fogeys in the academy are all thinking of going against the Empire's future sovereign. They really don't know any better."

The next moment, however, Kaunitz's expression suddenly froze up. Only the roars of tens of thousands of beasts could be heard.

In the east, Jackson soared into the air and punched. It was as if the world had transformed. In that moment, countless invisible ferocious beasts like ten thousands wild beasts gushed forth and attacked the levitating First Prince.

It was his strongest Killing Path, Divine Fist of Myriad Beasts. It was an ultimate Killing technique which allowed him to inherit the powers of each ferocious beast he killed.

In the west, tens of thousands of golden light rays pierced through the air, slicing up the atmosphere. It was as if countless longswords were rippling around the First Prince. This was the Killing technique – Solar Sword Disks. It refracted sunlight through ether particles, transforming an endless amount of sunlight into laser guns.

In the north, a red moon rose up. In that instant, it was as if countless illusions flashed past everyone's faces. The Killing technique – Blood Moon. It gathered auras of grievances, poison, vengeance, and bloodlust, attacking the enemies' mental state.

The First Prince squinted his eyes and spoke in a serious tone, "Kirst's Jackson, Green Jade's Edward, and Mongul's Oliver."

These three were the Headmasters of the three major academies who had come to support the Western Garrison. Other than Jackson, who was at second transition level 26, the other two were at second transition level 25. Had the First Prince himself been here, in no way would he be concerned about the three of them joining forces. He could even break through them one by one, completely suppressing them.

However, the fire clone was only a clone the First Prince had created with the Devil's Note. It was not a match for the three of them if they joined forces.

"Alright, alright, alright. To think that all three of you old guys have been dispatched just to deal with those Garcia barbarians. Seems like my younger brother's control in the Great Western Region is deeper than I thought."

In the west, the source of the tens of thousands golden lights was an old man holding onto a crutch. He was Green Jade Royal Academy's Headmaster, Edward. "Your Highness, once the Garcia people crossed the seas to the Great Western Region, they committed fire and arson, raping and plundering. They committed all kinds of evil acts and the citizens are living in misery. Now is not the time for us to have internal strife."

Jackson snorted coldly and said, "In order to get your hands on a Prefectural Champion, you've schemed and plotted. You sent three senior Knights and even your clone... You're really too shameless."

In the north was an elderly wrapped in layers of bandages, such that only a pair of demonic green eyes were visible. It was Mongul Royal Academy's Headmaster, Oliver. He said calmly, "George Krieg, your hands have stretched out too far. I don't care if you plot to kill a student from other regions, but if you're against the Great Western Region, we won't leave it be."

Three Headmasters, three Conferred Knights. Although they were far from being a match for the First Prince's true powers, they did not lack the courage to stand before him. If they did not even have this much courage, they would not have been able to become a second transition Conferred Knight.

Moreover, they were only dealing with a clone now. The First Prince's true form would be left to Governor Devitt, who was also an important character at second transition level 29.

The First Prince laughed coldly and, in the next moment,

abruptly dashed toward the ground. He headed in the direction of the First Prince and Kaunitz like a shooting star.

To think that he wanted to bring both Kaunitz and Fang Xingjian together at once!

"What guts!"

"How dare you!"

"Stop right there!"

Three thunderous bellows rang out. Tens of thousands of galloping wild beasts gushed forth with the power to overturn rivers and seas. Golden-colored sword light shot out like countless laser guns, all of them attacking towards the First Prince's direction.

The Blood Moon rose into the sky. It was as if countless traces of blood had appeared in the air. The First Prince even let out an astonished shout as his fire clone continued to break down. He had been attacked at a mental level.

Left with no choice, he was unable to bring Kaunitz and Fang Xingjian with him. He turned from red to white, creating a long stream of fire as he cut across the sky.

Green Jade Academy's Headmaster Edward let out a sigh, "The Devil's Note is indestructible and no technique can infringe upon it. Without Divine level means, there's no way to destroy it and it could only be suppressed."

Mongul's Headmaster Oliver snorted and said, "If he hadn't inherited the Ancient Path of Hell, how could he be so arrogant as to openly attack and harm official Knights? He does not even care about the Empire's laws."

Jackson and Edward laughed bitterly but did not reply.

Things like the country's laws could be used to restrict ordinary people or Knights, but it would be hard to do the same with

Conferred Knights or even Divine level experts.

Out of those strong people who had succeeded in going through the second transition, which did not have an astonishing will, and which did not do things their own way, as if the world revolved around them? It was simply impossible to hope that people like them would abide to the laws meant for commoners, as impossible as getting sharks to queue up for their food.

As it was now, it was already difficult to rely on the Royalty's and association's powers to suppress all the Conferred Knights and set them as guards in different areas to serve the Empire.

Huang Lin and the three of them came to Fang Xingjian. As they looked at this severely injured student, their gazes were filled with astonishment.

Jackson took a look at Huang Lin and asked, "Are your injuries alright?"

"They're fine, they're fine." Huang Lin waved his hand and started to check Fang Xingjian's injuries. After a while, he said, "Thank goodness, these are all superficial wounds. This lad's vitality is overwhelming. With the Elementary Berserkness physique, he should be fine after recuperating for a while, as long as he doesn't die. However, his organs still have some poison. A doctor needs to see this."

Edward, who was full of white hair and wrinkles, made a face and said, "Is this how you guys protect your ingenious students? If it had been a student from our Green Jade, an ingenious student like this would have been fully equipped with Remains Divine Weapons long ago. How could they be put through such serious injuries?"

Huang Lin let out a cold laugh and said, "Old man, which one of your students is able to fight against Garcia's Destined Warriors? If there is none, then stop boasting. It's no use no matter how many Divine Weapons you bring."

Edward shook his head angrily and left, "Hmph, don't be too happy yet. We also have a few talents with potential in Green Jade. I wonder who will end up winning the upcoming Regional Selection?"

Oliver, who was covered in countless white-colored bandages, looked at Kaunitz with sorrowful eyes and said, "Although we're unable to suppress that page of the Devil's Note, we need to at least deal with this lad. It'll be enough to make George feel miserable. He would need to pay a huge price to change the person contracted to the Devil's Note."

Kaunitz laughed scornfully. With a slap, Oliver sent Kaunitz flying out. Only upon hearing Kaunitz's terrible cry did Oliver say coldly, "Lad, don't think that no one can touch you just because you are an aristocrat. After we've sent you back later, I'll first break off all the tendons in your limbs and cripple you completely."

"And when the association's judgement is decided, I'll perform the punishment myself. You'll know what true hell really is."

It was only then that Kaunitz's expression changed. He stared hard at Oliver, like a wild beast going through the final struggle before its death. "You guys cannot do this. You're taking the law into your own hands. Before the association passes the judgement, you guys cannot do anything to me."

"Can't do anything?" Oliver laughed coldly and, with a grab, twisted off Kaunitz's remaining three arms. Even his muscles, arms, and tendons were twisted up. Added up with the arms which had been slashed off by Fang Xingjian earlier, Kaunitz was completely done for.

Oliver had offended aristocrats when he was young because of his talent, which resulted in him having over 80% of his skin burnt. This was the reason why he was always covered in bandages, why he had never shown other people his true appearance.

It was because of this experience that he detested the aristocrats

and had good impressions of geniuses who were commoners.

Looking at Kaunitz who was lying on the ground, crying out in pain with his face covered in dust, Oliver broke into a brutal cold smile.

As for Jackson and the other three, it seemed as if none of them had seen anything. They just continued to issue commands to their subordinates. In their eyes, Kaunitz was as good as dead.

Just like that, Fang Xingjian and Kaunitz were moved to a stronghold nearby.

From there, they each received treatment respectively, and all that was left then was to wait for the association's trial.

Although statements had been given by Wei Longzi and the others, there were many things which required further verifications. It was impossible to simply take the words of a few Knights for granted.

Most importantly, there was still much evidence to be found, and they needed to wait for Fang Xingjian, the concerned party, to regain his consciousness.

Regardless of who it was, however, everyone was looking at Kaunitz with contempt and disdain.

A Knight who teamed up with Elders from other clans to attack his comrade Knights... His reputation was ruined no matter what. Even the First Prince, who was far away, would be affected.

Three days later, Tresia Clan's clan head rushed over. Seeing Kaunitz lying on the bed, he slapped him down onto the floor.

However, the time that Fang Xingjian stayed unconscious ended up being a lot longer than everyone imagined.

Chapter 155 Going Blind

When Fang Xingjian woke up, a month had already passed.

He was lying on the sickbed in Kirst Academy. Although he opened his eyes, it was still dark.

A doctor stood beside him and the gaze he casted at Fang Xingjian was filled with pity.

"I'm sorry, the poison from Eternal Wounds flowed through your blood vessels to your brain. Although the impacts from the poison had been eased, it had still harmed the parts in your brain which affects your vision. You probably will not be able to see anything for a very long time."

Lilia grabbed the doctor's collar, lifting him off the ground, and said angrily, "What do you mean he won't be able to see? Are you saying that Teacher will go blind? How do you guys treat your patients? After spending so much time and so much money, this is the result that we get?"

"Alright, Lilia." Huang Lin stared at the doctor and asked, "Does he have any chances of recovery?"

The doctor looked at Lilia fearfully and said, "I'm sorry. Things related to the brain are too complicated. It's really hard to tell. He might not be able to see things for decades or may even suddenly recovery one day. It's really hard to tell."

Huang Lin asked, "Would it help if he has regenerating specialties?"

"It would still be quite hard. Ordinary regenerating and recovery specialties all targets external and physical injuries as well as the injuries to certain internal organs. There hasn't been any discovery of specialties which can regenerate parts in the brain."

The doctor was still speaking to the rest at the side. Fang Xingjian's expression remained very calm. A hint of breeze shot

out from his fingers like a micro sword Qi and it hit against the walls, creating pitter pattering sounds.

The doctor left and Huang Lin walked over. Looking at Fang Xingjian, his gaze was filled with disappointment, pity, fury and other complicated emotions.

Seeing Fang Xingjian continuously flicking his fingers and hitting against the walls, he let out a sigh.

Fang Xingjian's will was stronger than he had thought. After knowing that he had lost his sight, he did not show any disappointment or expressions of despair, but rather, thought of various ways to make things work.

Just like how he was currently trying to detect distances through echoes.

However, there was a limit for the speed at which sound travelled at. Even if Fang Xingjian could sense his opponent's presence through sound waves, as long as his opponents exceeded the speed of sound, it would be useless.

Lilia pounced on him and her arms wrapped around Fang Xingjian's waist. She looked at Fang Xingjian with red eyes.

She thought of how Fang Xingjian had been in high and vigorous spirits, challenging Prefectural Champions consecutively all by himself, defeating an instructor, and then chasing after and killing Mumukeya, a second transition Destined Warrior.

However, now, because of Kaunitz, the aristocrat, and because of the First Prince's plot, a genius like him had lost his sight.

To a Warrior, how heavy a blow was it to losing their sight? She found it hard to imagine how much pain Fang Xingjian must be feeling.

She rubbed her eyes and tried her best to speak in a calm tone, "Teacher, you'll be fine. You'll definitely get better. I'll definitely take good care of you."

Looking at the expressionless Fang Xingjian and Lilia who was in tears, Huang Lin let out a sigh and said, "Lilia, can you go out for a while? I have something to talk about with Xingjian."

Lilia held onto Fang Xingjian tightly, not moving. Fang Xingjian patted her on the shoulder and said, "It's alright. Go wait outside for now."

Seeing Lilia's departure, Huang Lin sighed and said, "Injuries to the brain are very troublesome. If you want to recover, it'll all depend on your luck. However, since we possess extraordinary strength, we do not necessarily need to rely on our eyes in battle."

The Empire had very complete records regarding second transition Conferred Knights.

There were a total of ten levels in the second transition, from level 20 to level 29. From level 19 to 20, all the way to level 28 and pushing through to level 29, between each of these levels, there would be a barrier which was extremely hard to breakthrough. There were a total of ten of these barriers, other wise known as the ten Heavenly Barriers.

Not only was it hard to breakthrough the ten Heavenly Barriers, but there was also a danger of becoming a vegetable or idiot.

The first stage of the ten Heavenly Barriers was Heaven's Perception. It was a stage that one needed to breakthrough to be able to go through the second transition as well as overcome the limits of level 19 to reach level 20.

Additionally, in order to attain Heaven's Perception, it was required for one to connect their mental consciousness with the ether particles. This would allow them to break away from the shackles of the brain and, in turn, rapidly increase their ability to plan, memory capabilities, and reaction times.

"Ether particles contain messages about everything. As long as one can sense ether particles and initiate the acceptance of

messages from the ether particles, one would be able to see everything even more clearly in a Reduced Force Field that's within a ten-meter radius. This is Heaven's Perception.

"Therefore, Conferred Knights, regardless of what kind of high speed attacks they are faced with, would at least be able to sense them within a ten-meter radius. At the same time, they would be able to obtain the information transmitted from ether particles as well. This is the equivalent of obtaining another sense. It would allow one to have exceptional comprehension towards one's powers and it would be as if one's talent had increased by over two times."

In the Empire's Knight legacy, to succeed in the first transition, one would need to fulfil various prerequisites, including attributes, Waves, mental cultivation method and skills, before they could then complete the transition in the Secret Realm.

The second transition required one to first obtain Heaven's Perception before they could enter Sacred Land, which was of a higher level than Secret Realms, in order to complete the second transition.

Huang Lin said calmly, "However, obtaining Heaven's Perception is no easy task. In the course of history, countless Knights had all failed at this stage. There are many people, including clan Elders like Rebecca and senior instructors in the academy, who would not even dare to aim to attain Heaven's Perception and, thus, would not participate in the Regional Selections. They end up only lingering at the first transition phase all their lives.

"That is because there is a danger to this. once you cannot accept the information transmitted from the ether particles, there's a possibility that you will turn into an idiot or all of your consciousness may flow into the ether particles, causing you to turn into a vegetable.

"The whole process is truly apprehensive and filled with dangers.

This is why many Knights do not have the courage to take this step forward and thus, they are known as the ten Heavenly Barriers."

Most Knights would pass the Regional Selections first, then tap into the Regional Royal Academy's resources to breakthrough to the Heaven's Perception and to sense the ether particles.

However, Fang Xingjian was currently trying to sense the ether particles all by himself in Kirst.

Fang Xingjian said, "Teacher, please teach me how to breakthrough the ten Heavenly Barriers and how to attain the Heaven's Perception."

"The Heaven's Perception allows you to continuously have a stronger sense of the ether particles' messages. It changes the human body and one's intrinsic qualities incessantly and progresses continuously. Each stage is filled with extreme danger. If it doesn't go well, you may lose your memory or, in more serious cases, become a madman.

"It can be said to be very difficult, but it can also be said to be very simple as well. You just need to keep this in mind: keep your heart as innocent as an newborn baby and your heart will as tough as steel." Huang Lin muttered, "We communicate with humans and animals through sounds, hand signs and various actions.

"However, those are when we communicate with living things that have minds of their own."

Ether particles did not have minds of their own. They could not be sensed with the five senses and only the heart could be used to sense them.

Therefore, if one wanted to sense the information in the ether particles, they would need to move without any intention and sense the natural changes in the air.

Just like how experienced assassins would be able to sense the presence of killing intent, animals can sense the coming of natural

disasters. If you stare at a bird, you might be able to scare it away.

These are all because they are able to unintentionally sense the messages from ether particles.

The first transition required one to sense the existence of ether particles while the second transition required one to accept the messages in ether particles.

However, the crux to these was to be unintentional. One needed to be able to sense the intent unintentionally. This required an extremely high level of mental state. It also required an unbending will, so that one would not lose themselves in this and become an idiot or vegetable.

Based on Fang Xingjian's understanding, this was how the eye could perceive electromagnetic waves such as light to receive information.

The second transition, on the other hand, required one to develop the brain, allowing the brain to perceive ether particles waves to receive information from them.

Huang Lin looked at Fang Xingjian, who had his eyes closed, and sighed, "There are too many temptations in the world we live in. You must first clear yourself of all these distractions. You need a heart like that of a newborn child, clear as a mirror. You need to remain in an extremely peaceful state of mind to be able to sense the presence of ether particles."

Only after one was able to sense the ether particles would they then have a chance to enter the second transition and control himself freely. Only then would one move away from martial technique and enter the martial path, truly overcoming all worldly thoughts and attaining sainthood.

Chapter 156 Gratitude

Huang Lin looked at Fang Xingjian and said, "Under normal circumstance, only those who have attained at least level 7 in their mental cultivation method would be able to start getting into contact with Heaven's Perception and begin thinking about how to sense ether particles.

"However, with your current condition... it will be harder to level up your mental cultivation method..."

As he spoke, he sighed once again.

Even if he attained Heaven's Perception, it would only allow him to sense the situations within the Reduced Force Field. He would still be unable to sense anything beyond these perimeters. To a Knight or Conferred Knight, this was a tremendous flaw.

Of course, other than this, there was another method.

Huang Lin said, "During this time, you can first learn some related information. Wait for me to come back and watch over you as you attempt it. Meanwhile, there's a person I need to meet." His expression was grim as he continued, "He's one of the Empire's top ten Divine level experts and the only one who specializes in healing ability, Holy Orison. I'll go look for him and hope that he can cure your eyes."

If he was to beg a Divine level expert to cure him, what kind of price would he need to pay? Fang Xingjian was well aware that it was impossible for such a Divine level expert to just provide treatment to simply anyone.

Even the Empire's King would need to treat such characters with courtesy and would not be able to push them too far. So, why would he simply treat Fang Xingjian for no special reason?

However, Huang Lin was still smiling, even though his smile was very bitter.

Ten years ago, he had already seen the fall of a genius right before his eyes. He had questioned the authorities and created havoc in the whole Imperial Capital. However, there had still been no results and he ended up leaving quietly, living a secluded life in the academy.

However, now, with a similar thing happening all over again, there was no way that he would allow another failure.

'Xingjian, your talent should shine out and your name should be left in history. Your future definitely should not be shrouded in darkness.

'Gradually, I may not be able to guide you in your sword arts anymore.

'But there are some things this set of old bones can still fight for.'

Huang Lin left, but Fang Xingjian's cultivation still had to continue. With nothing but darkness before him, he was not able to see anything. This also made him feel, for the first time ever, how troublesome life would be after losing his sight.

At the same time, he got curious about his new mental cultivation method, Ether Sword Ripples, and the powers which came with it.

After killing Mumukeya and raising his level by another level, Fang Xingjian's attack speed had been increased to 183 points. What kind of concept was this? Together with his Single Sword World Subjugation, when he activated Boundaries Negation, the maximum speed he could reach was eight times of supersonic speed.

These sword ripples had up to 1.5 times of his actual strength. Together with his maximum speed of eight times of supersonic speed, this was truly horrifying.

He tried it out slightly in the room. Despite not having gone all out, he was already astonished.

'This Ether Sword Ripples... is truly powerful.'

After testing his Ether Sword Ripples, he continued with his practice to get used to his blindness.

A slight breeze brushed across Fang Xingjian's fingertips. The wind moved across space and reached the table, touching the cups. Those slight sounds let Fang Xingjian sense the presence of objects. However, at the next moment, the wind energy was too strong and caused the cup to drop onto the floor, smashing it into pieces.

Lilia hurried in and cleaned up the mess.

"Teacher, do you want to drink water? I'll get you some."

Receiving the cup from Lilia, Fang Xingjian did not say anything but just drank up quietly.

Lilia spoke, slightly worried, "Teacher, don't be anxious. Take it slow. It'll be fine." She was worried that he would lose his confidence and become completely wasted. After all, not everyone could accept the fact that they had turned blind, especially when the person was a genius.

Fang Xingjian shook his head calmly and said, "I'm fine. After losing my sight and living in darkness, I feel that my heart is more at peace and I'm more relaxed."

He then turned to Lilia and asked, "Is the war over?"

Lilia nodded and said, "Mmm, the Garcia people have all retreated. At the very end, the three Headmasters and the Western Garrison's General joined forces to wipe out the Garcia people's main forces. Those who remained all jumped into the sea and made their escape."

"Mmm." Fang Xingjian nodded. He recalled that he had buried the corpses of many of Garcia's Great Warriors. It was a pity that he was now blind and that it had been a while. He could only recall slowly and see if he could remember where they were buried.

Fang Xingjian then asked, "What about Kaunitz? How is he now?"

Lilia gritted her teeth and said furiously, "He's now locked in a cell in the city and is being interrogated by the people from the association." Naturally, Lilia had nothing but extreme hatred toward this guy who had harmed Fang Xingjian.

If it was not because the association was still defensive of him and outsiders were not allowed to interfere, she would have gotten her father to think of ways to get rid of him. However, her father had also said that even the First Prince himself would be in trouble. Kaunitz was definitely dead meat.

Fang Xingjian nodded. Kaunitz had committed a grave crime and even if he was protected by Tresia and the First Prince, with the presence of both witnesses and evidence, he was doomed.

As for Rebecca, she was now wanted by the association. However, she was, after all, a level 19 Knight at the pinnacle of the first transition. If she was bent on hiding, it would not be that easy to capture her.

Moreover, for Fang Xingjian, if it was not for the problem with his eyesight, he would be almost invincible amongst those in the first transition and the sneak attacks by his Ether Sword Ripples would even have a chance to threaten level 20 Conferred Knights.

From there, he would only need to focus on: raising the level of his Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar mental cultivation method; cultivating in sword arts to power up his Unparalleled Sword Intent; master the Effulgence Weapon; and finding a chance to level up to level 19. With these, his powers would go through a breakthrough once again.

However, now that he has lost his sight, his rhythm had been affected.

At present, the most important to Fang Xingjian was obviously to

adapt to his current condition now that he had lost his sight.

At first, he considered using the Supreme Mistwind Sword to sense the environment through sword Qi, wind and sound. This would allow him to get used to daily activities at least.

However, to battle at full power, he would still need to reach the level of Heaven's Perception.

As for the treatment by the Divine level expert, Fang Xingjian was just not used to putting his future on other's decisions.

After a while, Lilia brought in another man wearing military uniform. After the man came in, he saluted and said, "Hello, Xingjian. I'm Western Garrison's Kilot."

"Hello, is anything the matter?" Fang Xingjian said calmly. In his hand, surges of air currents formed continuously, helping him to check out the environment around him.

Kilot said, "Xingjian, thank you very much for killing Mumukeya. Six of my comrades had all died in his hands." Saying this, a hint of sadness appeared in Kilot's determined expression.

Mumukeya's speed had been unrivalled and he had been at the second transition. To many Knights, he had been a nightmare.

At one point in time, Kilot had been chased by Mumukeya and could only watch as his comrades were killed one by one. If it had not been for the arrival of support, he would have died as well. He still had a deep scar on his chest which had been left there by Mumukeya.

He harbored a great hatred for Mumukeya, but the latter possessed unrivalled speed and instincts akin to that of wild beasts. This allowed him to always be able to get out of tight fixes and continue to hunt down Empire's Knights.

Therefore, when he knew that Mumukeya had died in the hands of Fang Xingjian, he was extremely stirred up. When he heard that Fang Xingjian had woken up, he rushed over as soon as he could.

"Xingjian, you've accomplished a great merit and the General admires you a lot too. If it's not because you've yet to recover from your serious injuries, he would like to have you join the army." Saying this, a hint of regret flashed past Kilot's eyes as he looked at Fang Xingjian.

For a genius to have lost his sight, it was akin to him being half-crippled. Even if he attained Heaven's Perception, he would still have an unavoidably great flaw.

Saying this, Kilot took out a list and said, "Originally, rewards should be promulgated by His Majesty. However, the General recognizes that you need help and has gotten me to pass this list to you. If it's anything that our Western Garrison has, you can feel free to ask for it."

Chapter 157 Seism Steel and Meetings

After taking a look at the list, it suddenly occurred to Kilot and he said, "I'm sorry, let me read it out for you."

Fang Xingjian shook his head and asked, "Is there Seism Steel?"

"Seism Steel?" Kilot gave it some thought. Now that Fang Xingjian was blind, defense was definitely more important to him than offense. It made sense that he would need materials like Seism Steel to make his protective gears. Thus, he nodded, saying, "How much do you need? Or we can give you ready-made Seism Steel protective gears that we have as well."

Fang Xingjian shook his head again and said, "I don't need protective gears. I only need Seism Steel, about a hundred kilograms of it. Are you guys able to give me that?" He estimated that he should be able to complete his High Frequency Effulgence Weapon with about one hundred kilograms of Seism Steel.

"A hundred kilograms?" Kilot frowned. Seism Steel was something which required a tremendous amount of effort in various processes, including mining, excavating, extracting and smelting. A hundred kilograms would be almost equivalent to what the Western Garrison would be able to get in a year.

Moreover, just by adding a small amount of Seism Steel into protective gears would already allow one to have a greater resistance towards quakes. How many sets of armors could a hundred kilograms of Seism Steel make?

Kilot could not begin to think of what Fang Xingjian would need these for. However, even though his eyes were filled with doubt, thinking of how this person had killed Mumukeya, Kilot nodded and said, "If it's a hundred kilograms of Seism Steel, it's not problem. But if you want this much, we would probably only be able to give you this one hundred kilograms of Seism Steel and nothing else."

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

Fang Xingjian smiled and nodded. "That's right. When will you guys be able to bring them to me? The sooner, the better."

"Xingjian, you don't have to worry. I'll get someone to send them over within seven days at most." After saying this, Kilot suddenly changed his tone and continued, "That was the reward and compensation given to you by the army. I'm personally also very thankful for the things you've done for the Great Western Region."

He gave a deep bow toward Fang Xingjian and continued, "I know that it is a great blow for a martial arts practitioner to lose his sense of sight. You must hang on and get through this."

"If there's anything you need my help for, feel free to approach me anytime."

After Kilot left, Lilia finally could not hold it in and asked, "Teacher, why do you need Seism Steel? Actually, although the Western Garrison is just a local force, they do have many good items."

Fang Xingjian shook his head, "I already have a lot of things. I'll be fine if I can put them all to good use. What's most important now is still my eyes." Saying that, he sent out his Ether Sword Ripples and activated the Supreme Mistwind Sword.

The breeze from his hands accelerated and became a gush of violent wind, sending the cups, plates, tables and chairs in the vicinity tumbling.

Just like a radar, as the strong gales blew, every object the wind touched would create sound, allowing Fang Xingjian to be able to sense faintly the presence of various objects in the surroundings.

At the same time, Fang Xingjian estimated the amount of energy depleted by the Ether Sword Ripples. In his current condition, he could perform the Ether Sword Ripples five hundred times. After unleashing so many, he would probably be sapped of all energy and

be unable to battle.

Therefore, he formed sword fingers, starting his practice with his fingers in place of an actual sword.

'If it's strong gales, I'd be able to roughly sense what is in my surroundings.

'I'll need to try out a slight breeze next... I need sharper senses.'

A sense of urgency kept forcing Fang Xingjian to continue on. After the year had passed, Garcia had come attacking. Now, after pursuing and killing them, he had ended up unconscious for a month. There were now only four months left to the Regional Selection which would be held mid this year. If he missed this round, he would not have any hope of participating in the National Selection next year.

To him, who was left with only four years lifespan, this would mean that he would never be able to participate in the National Selection. He would be unable to have a chance at becoming a Royal Knight and going through the third transition. This was something which he could not accept.

It was because he wanted revenge. He wanted to go back and stand before Fang Clan's Old Granny Li Shuanghua and wanted to find out the truth about his mother. To do this, he would need to have the powers which would allow him to fight against Divine level experts.

'I must train my attributes, Waves, Sword Intent and Effulgence Weapon, as usual.

'But concurrently, I must get used to sensing through wind.

'After this is settled, I can then find of a way to sense the ether particles...'

Just as Fang Xingjian was cultivating silently and familiarizing himself with his blindness, in another place, there was an important meeting being held.

...

"I'm sure everyone is aware of the problem with next year's National Selection and this year's Regional Selection."

The people seated at the huge conference table were all the higher echelons from KIRST Royal Academy. Headmaster Jackson was seated at the head of the table, reading a report.

Half a month ago, the Imperial Capital had announced a new policy in order to encourage the progress of the country's martial arts and reward people who had made great contributions to the development of Royal Knights.

In the National Selection next year and the Regional Selection this year, both the participants who had made it through the selection and the academy they represented would also be given greater rewards.

The National Champion would be given a set of Divine Equipment.

Why a set of Divine Equipment? Divine Equipments were basically Divine Remains Equipments and were ultimate weapons forged from the corpses of Divine level experts.

Additionally, a set of Divine Equipment would be a complete set of armor made from a whole set of a Divine level expert's corpse which was then forged together with countless other treasures. There would be many individual equipments, including boots, cape, armor and helmet, adding up to form a complete set of Divine Equipment.

Such a complete set of Divine Equipment was forged by ingenious means and had retained 30% of the Divine level expert's powers. This meant that whoever put on this set of Divine Remains Equipment would be able to release 30% of the Divine level's powers.

How terrifying was this? Therefore, when the news spread out, it

had caused a great commotion across the country. Countless Knights and Conferred Knights took action immediately. Even a few Divine level experts turned their attention toward this.

It was because Divine Equipments were too powerful and too precious and, therefore, attracted countless rapacious gazes.

Next were those who ranked second to tenth in the selection. They could each receive a set of level 29 Superior Remains Divine Weapon. Although it was also very powerful, when compared to a set of Divine Equipment, it was far from comparable.

As for the Regional Selections held in each of the Empire's eight regions, each Regional Champion could receive a set of level 29 Superior Remains Divine Weapons made from a complete set of a Conferred Knight's corpse. They would receive 50% of the powers of a level 29 Conferred Knight.

How crazy was this reward? Moreover, even those who ranked second to tenth in the Regional Selections would be able to select a Superior Divine Weapon from the Weaponry.

Additionally, the Royal Academies which the participants who had passed the Regional Selections represented would all be able to have an increased budget from the following year onwards.

From first to tenth, the academies would get a budget increase ranging from 100% to 10%, respectively.

This, together with the fact that the Regional Champion would be rewarded with a Killing technique from Royalty, caused countless to go crazy.

The Headmaster let out a sigh and said, "Although I do not agree to such methods, which are equivalent to pulling up a seedling in the mistaken hope of helping it to grow, encouraging Knights to step forth by offering material temptations... I'd have to say that the rewards this time are too generous. Even I feel somewhat envious.

"But our competition is intense as well. What do you guys think? Feel free to speak up."

Just as the Headmaster finished his words, a shrill voice spoke out, "In the past half a year, we have poured in too much resources in Fang Xingjian's favor in order to nurture him. We even went to the extent of reducing the cultivating materials given to the other Prefectural Champions. Now that Fang Xingjian is crippled, shouldn't someone step forth to take on the responsibility?"

Chapter 158 Money

Even if he had been stopped from committing suicide, in the end, he did not go to the academy for half a year. Moreover, even after he returned, he kept to himself most of the time, avoiding contact with others. He could not stand to appear before other people.

To think that a person who valued his reputation this much, had been put through such a serious blow. He had been thinking of means and ways to take revenge on Jackson. However, because Jackson was very strong, he had kept his intention well hidden and had not made any moves.

However, this time around, for reasons unknown, he appeared to be very confident when he looked at Jackson.

Seeing that Jackson had turned to look at him, Edger smiled and said, "Did I say anything wrong? In order to nurture Fang Xingjian, for the past few months, hasn't the academy been having problems in making ends meet? There were also many precious medicinal herbs which had been kept for many years but were all used up. Now that Fang Xingjian is crippled, tell me, is this a great loss?

"Furthermore, the Regional Selection is in four months. To think that we're having a shortage of cultivation resources at this time. No matter how we see it, isn't this disadvantageous to the academy's future?"

"That's right. Fang Xingjian used up so much resources but has now ended up crippled. It's really too much of a waste."

"This fellow is too arrogant. I had already said this back when he challenged the other Prefectural Champions privately, but he is too undisciplined. Who would die in battle if not people like him? See, he's now crippled."

"But you can't say it like this. After all, the one who did it was Kaunitz..."

"Wasn't it all because he was the one who started making trouble? Couldn't he have kept a low profile? Previously, he killed so many gang members in Kirst. There are many aristocrats who are displeased with him."

Hearing the voices of the other people, Jackson let out an exhale and said, "Alright, it's true that I definitely have to take responsibility for this. I'll use a portion of my personal assets to make up for the academy's losses."

"I still think this isn't good." Looking at Jackson's furious glare, Edger said without a care, "After all, you're getting on in years, it's normal to make a wrong judgement sometimes."

"Haha, although I'm old, I'm not muddled yet..." Jackson said, letting out a cold laugh.

"However, what little asset you have will probably not be able to help much." Edger shook his head and said, "I heard that Green Jade Academy has gotten five hundred thousand gold worth of sponsorship from the aristocrats."

"Mongul Academy has also signed a collaborative agreement with seventeen martial factions."

"Even the others, Golden Sea, Biqi, and Violet... all twelve Prefectural Royal Academies in the Great Western Region, with the exception of us, Kirst, are fully prepared."

As he said this, Edger got someone to pass down reference materials indicating the detailed preparation done by the respective academies, including what resources they had. Everyone gasped after reading this.

Edger shrugged and said, "From what I know, up till last week, Headmaster Jackson was still trying to contact Lord Holy Orison and gathering files and materials regarding ether particles for Fang Xingjian... Headmaster..."

Having said this, Edger's tone turned cold and he said solemnly,

"Is it that you haven't given up on Fang Xingjian yet? By putting so much focus on Fang Xingjian, where are you placing the other students in the academy?"

Jackson only felt that Edger's actions and words were pushing him into traps, putting him at a disadvantage. However, at this moment, he had no choice but answer honestly, "I believe that Fang Xingjian has a chance. He transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero within four months, transcended the speed of sound within a month... There are not many cases of people with such talent throughout the course of the Empire's history.

"Such a person has great chances to sense ether particles and attain Heaven's Perception.

"Additionally, I've also been trying to contact the Holy Orison. They are very interested in Fang Xingjian's condition.

"As long as Fang Xingjian can recover, then our earlier investments would not be seen as a failure. If we give up on him now, all of our investments would go down the drain."

Edger said furiously, "So, you plan on using the whole academy as your wager? How much more resources are you planning to distribute to him? To a blind man? Throughout the Empire's history, has there ever been a blind man who managed to become a Conferred Knight? Has any of them participated in the Regional Selection?

"Headmaster, be more rational. What we should be thinking of right now is to prevent further losses. If we don't even have a student breaking through to the top ten, then next year, how much would the budget, given to us by the Regional Office and the Governor, be reduced by?"

Hearing the prospects of a lower budget, everyone paid full attention. This was something which affected them in areas such as their salary, benefits, and monthly cultivation materials.

Edger continued with great confidence, "This time around, the Commissioner of Education is very concerned for the upcoming Regional Selection and next year's National Selection. He is not very happy with the way that we're cutting out a large portion of our resources to be given to a portion of the talented students."

"Even the Commissioner of Education said this?"

"It's true that this way of portioning out the resources is somewhat unfair to the other students."

Governor Devitt rules over the Knights in a region and naturally, there would be many leaders under him. The Commissioner of Education was one of them and was in-charge over the twelve Prefectural Royal Academies in the region.

As for the Great Western Region's only Regional Royal Academy, it was managed by Governor Devitt himself. He was both the Headmaster as well as instructor in the academy. The Regional Royal Academy was the only academy that the Commissioner of Education had no power over.

Hearing Edger's words, Jackson frowned and said, "Don't worry, I'm only going to make sure that Fang Xingjian gets his deserving rights as a Prefectural Champion. I will no longer provide an excessive amount of resources to him."

"But to be investing so much resources into a blind man... Is there any use?"

In the Regional Selection, there was a stage which required one to observe the Pantheon Monument in order to comprehend martial techniques. However, with him blind, how can he observe the monument? There is no way for him to participate in the Regional Selection." Edger continued, "I suggest that we cancel all the resources provided to Fang Xingjian from now on. Of course, I'm referring to the cultivation resources. As for the monthly allowance, it'll remain the same. There's no need to take back the villa either."

"Although he is blind, he still has experience. I suggest that we let him be a teacher in the Sword and Sabers Department and have him take up the job of guiding other students, allowing them a higher chance of fighting in the Regional Selection."

Jackson let out a cold snort and unleashed his aura explosively, pressing them against Edger. "Edger, do you think that you call the shots here? Are you the Headmaster?"

Edger put up a forced smile and continued, "I've already had a discussion with the people from the Yellowstone Trade Association. They've agreed to sponsor the academy with one hundred thousand gold, but on one condition, which is for me to have full control over how this sum of money is used. It's because they trust my judgement. They trust that I will be able to use this sum of money appropriately to bring honor to the academy and not waste it on some blind man."

[1] Edger is a totally different character from Edgar, the aristocrat from Kirst City.

Chapter 159 The Whereabouts of the Divine Weapon

One hundred thousand gold?

Commotion broke out in the conference room.

How much was a hundred thousand gold? Even Fang Xingjian's monthly allowance was a mere fifty gold, and the academy's monthly expenditure was also around ten thousand gold. A hundred thousand gold was almost one year's worth of expenditures for the academy!

This was equivalent to increasing KIRST Academy's budget by twofold. How many more cultivation resources could they purchase? How much more could the instructors' salaries and bonuses be increased? How much more training equipment and how many more facilities could they upgrade?

This was simply a tremendous sum of money. And faced with this, how many of them could be nonchalant?

Especially when it meant that they were using capital from the commoners for the academy's facilities, and were not asking the country for resources. This was something the Commissioner of Education had always been advocating. Moreover, a hundred thousand gold was a large sum to be included in his political achievements.

And with the hundred thousand gold coming in, it was as if Edger had reign over half the academy's budget. With this, his words had gained more weight.

At this moment, Edger was feeling extremely complacent, as if he had gotten back all the reputation he had previously lost. He appeared to be in high spirits, as if he had been reborn.

The expressions of everyone present changed, even Jackson's. He looked at Edger with a grim face and slowly said, "Yellowstone

Trade Association? Why have I not heard of this trade association before?"

Edger smiled and said, "This is a newly set up trade association, created by a few aristocrats from the Imperial Capital. I've had an enjoyable discussion with them. They've just come to Kirst and would like to make a contribution towards Kirst's development."

Of course, no one believed in this gibberish. In fact, although the ones behind the Yellowstone Trade Association were but a few aristocrats from the Imperial Capital, they were all down and out. The true source of their capital was from Green Jade's Aroron Clan, where Cynthia hailed from.

As Cynthia and her husband Zakov had both died by Fang Xingjian's hands, obviously, the Aroron Clan held a grudge against Fang Xingjian.

Especially their clan head Frank, Cynthia's younger brother. He had been practically brought up by Cynthia, and her existence had not only been a sister to him, but a mother as well. He regarded Cynthia as his most respected elder.

If not for this, in no way would Cynthia have grown to be a character of such arrogance.

'He killed my elder sister, my closest kin! This beast, this a*shole... How could he be so cold-blooded? How could he have done something so terrible?

'What's going to happen to my sister's children? Her youngest daughter is only twelve years old. How am I going to tell her that her mother has been killed by a commoner, a gangster, a beast?'

Fang Xingjian had killed Cynthia. For him, it was equivalent of having killed his mother. How could he not be angry? How could he not wish for revenge?

However, Tresia's problem had been placed before him, and the association was also monitoring it. As the clan head, Frank could

not be as rash and ignorant like Cynthia and Rebecca. Therefore, the method he chose was one related to money.

For the first step, he took out one hundred thousand gold, sold out part of his assets and got two aristocratic clans which were down and out to set up a trade association. He then donated the money to KIRST Royal Academy.

Of course, there was no way that the one hundred thousand gold would be offered in one go. Rather, all forms of sponsorships and investments were given in installments.

And through each of these installments, he planned to gradually get the rights to speak up in matters concerning KIRST Royal Academy.

He wanted to slowly ostracize Fang Xingjian, to turn him from a talented student into a normal student, and eventually a student who was lagging behind all the others. He even hoped that Fang Xingjian would eventually become an assistant instructor, or be driven out of the academy. He wanted to push Fang Xingjian into a corner, slowly ostracizing him, and eventually have him killed in the shadows, without anyone knowing anything.

For example, it could be a smelly ditch in the commoner district, the back alley of some small restaurant, or a corner in a small forest.

Of course, throughout this whole process, he would have to invest a lot of time and money. But if he could avenge his sister, he did not care about these.

Of course, he would not simply give them the money. In view of a stronger say in the Prefectural Academy, he could of course use this to get some profits.

And this time, naturally, the hundred thousand gold investment came with the attached condition that Edger would be the one to call the shots.

Edger looked towards the Headmaster and said confidently, "As long as I'm the one supervising the academy's finances, they would be willing to donate this sum of money to us, in installments. Headmaster, I hope that you can, for the academy's future, temporarily stop interfering with the academy's finances and let us be fair to the other students."

Edger was very confident, not because he had ganged up together with Frank, nor because he had one hundred thousand gold worth of bargaining chips. Neither because of Fang Xingjian's failure, nor because of Jackson's mistake.

All these were just superficial setbacks. His true trump card was Jackson himself.

'Jackson, you are truly an outstanding Headmaster, one who would give up on your own future for the students, sacrifice your own cultivation time, and even dig out money from your own pocket.

'But it's also because of this that your weakness is too obvious.

'For the sake of this one hundred thousand gold, you'll definitely agree to this arrangement.

'It's because the whole academy is much more important to you than Fang Xingjian is.'

Jackson thought about it for very long before he slowly sighed and said, "Can I have a talk with the chairperson of the Yellowstone Trade Association?"

Edger smiled, "Of course." 'That fellow is merely a puppet. No matter how touching your story is, he definitely won't agree to your request.'

"Headmaster, after the conference, I'll make arrangements for you to meet up with Yellowstone Trade Association's chairperson. There's another thing I want to bring up. The Superior Remains Divine Weapons forged by Governor Devitt for our academy is

already on its way here. But with regards to whom this Remains Divine Weapon is to be assigned to..."

Jackson frowned and said, "How do you know about this?"

Edger smiled and did not reply. He merely said, "Although in name this Superior Remains Divine Weapons belongs to Fang Xingjian, we all know of Fang Xingjian's current situation. It's not suitable for him to own such a Divine Weapon. To a person who's blind, owning such a Divine Weapon does not only pose a danger to himself, but to the people around him as well."

"The materials for this Superior Remains Divine Weapon all came from Huang Lin and Kirst's City Lord." Jackson glared at Edger and said, "We have no rights over it."

"I know. I just want to say that giving this Divine Weapon to Fang Xingjian is a waste both to him and to us." He smiled and continued, "Therefore, I hope to borrow this Divine Weapon from him. Erm... How about paying him ten gold per day? What do you think? Of course, we'll pay everything after the Regional Selection is over. Before that, there're too many things that we need to spend for, so I hope that Fang Xingjian can understand this."

"After all, the Regional Selection is just four months away. We need to find all the means to increase our students' battle prowess. If this Superior Remains Divine Weapon is loaned to Hamil or Ralph, it can increase their chances in getting through the Regional Selection."

This price was not considered expensive, but it was not cheap either. Seeing that the other instructors had no objections and were nodding in agreement, Jackson closed his eyes. However, he could not find any reason to reject this proposal.

Edger smiled, thinking to himself, 'This sum of money... Hmph hmph... Do you really think that I'll pay? We'll push it back for a few months until the Regional Selection is over. With me in control, who will still remember the blind lad then?'

'Jackson, the reputation that you've made me lose in the past... I'll get it back slowly but surely.'

...

On the other hand, Kirst's City Lord had also arrived at the academy. Looking at Lilia who was busy running around like a maid, pain flashed in his eyes.

He pulled her aside in a corner and asked coldly, "Why are you still staying here?"

"I want to take care of teacher," Lilia said stubbornly. "Teacher is now blind. I can't leave him alone like this."

"He needs you to take care of him?" Kirst's City Lord spoke in exasperation. "There are only four months left before the Prefectural Selection. Look at what you've been up to!"

Lilia lowered her head, and weakly replied, "I've decided not to participate in the upcoming Prefectural Selection."

"What did you say?!" Kirst's City Lord glared with eyes as big as a cow's and asked, "You won't be participating in the Prefectural Selection? Just for this blind man? He's already crippled! Do you understand that? Are you going to let him hold you back for life?"

Chapter 160 Making Things Difficult

Looking at her father, Lilia furiously answered, “Teacher isn’t blind! He’s just temporarily sick! He’ll get better very soon!”

Kirst’s City Lord let out a cold laugh. He had gotten someone to find out about Fang Xingjian’s condition. Unless a Divine level expert was willing to help, even if Fang Xingjian could sense ether particles, he would only be able to see things within a ten-meter radius at best.

And it was because of this that he had hurried over to bring Lilia back. He knew his daughter all too well.

Lilia’s mother had passed away when she was just three years old. Since young, her father had been the one to take care of her, but there would always be a difference between a father’s love and a mother’s love.

For Lilia to be able to take care of herself, he had taught her to be strong, brave, and self-reliant. However, he had not taught her that a girl should be gentle, obedient, and docile.

This led to Lilia’s inclination to wave sabers and spears around since young, like adventures, always running about in mud and in the forests. It also led to her being independent from a very young age, and also developing a very stubborn character.

When Kirst’s City Lord let Lilia pick a weapon of her choice at the age of eight, Lilia had just recently read the Rose Knight’s biography. This was why she was bent on choosing the sword, on learning sword arts, on becoming a swordsman.

The aristocratic clan Kirst’s City Lord belonged to was one which passed down spear arts.

Kirst’s City Lord had put in great efforts in trying to persuade her for a month, putting her under confinement, not giving her food, even scolding her and bashing her up. However, he had still been

unable to change her mind. In the end, he had no other choice but to get her a sword arts teacher.

He had experienced first hand how obstinate his daughter was. She had a character which made her walk down the path she had decided on to the bitter end, even if the ending was not a good one.

This was why he had rushed over. If Fang Xingjian had previously been a young man with a very bright future before him, then for the Fang Xingjian now, the best future he could have was to become a KIRST Academy's instructor.

"Lili," KIRST's City Lord gravely looked at Lilia and said, "Do you know what you're doing? Fang Xingjian is blind. He can no longer be a Knight, let alone a Conferred Knight. If he were to dash out now, he might just get himself killed. He can't even get himself a drink by himself.

"Do you really intend to stay beside such a cripple all your life?"

Lilia looked at KIRST's City Lord and answered without blinking, "He who teaches me a day is my father for life. He is the first true Master that I've acknowledged. It was teacher who gave me newfound confidence in sword arts. Now that he's sick, I can't leave him alone.

"It's because teacher is not very well-liked. If I were to leave him alone... no one else will be there for him."

"Sigh..." KIRST's City Lord sighed. The passion and affection reflected in Lilia's eyes made his heart sink. Things had really turned out for the worst, just as he had hoped not to see.

He had been concerned from the very beginning, but that was when Fang Xingjian had a bright future before him, so he had let nature take its course. But now that the situation had changed, he needed to pull the plug on things.

The next moment, at the speed of lightning, he suddenly landed a hand chop on Lilia's neck. With his abilities as a Conferred Knight,

there was no way that Lilia could dodge it. He held onto Lilia after she lost consciousness.

Looking at Lilia who was like an angel in his arms, Kirst's City Lord let out a sigh, "Lilia, you're my daughter, Kirst's princess. I cannot let you stay by a blind man for life, giving up your youth.

"You don't understand this now, but in the future, you'll thank me."

With that, he carried Lilia and left the academy.

Fang Xingjian who was in the room lifted his head. He seemed to have sensed something, but it also looked as if he did not know anything. He merely glanced towards the direction Lilia was leaving in before lowering his head again.

With his body in the middle, streams of sword Qis were flowing about in all directions. These sword Qis and the indestructible feeling slashing outwards from the Supreme Mistwind Sword felt different. They had a soft and gentle feeling to them. Wherever they passed by, be it tables, chairs, cups, books, or anything else, there was no damage done. It was as if a slight breeze had brushed past them.

Amidst the darkness, he once again went back to his sword arts cultivation.

...

However, it had not been long after he started before someone else came to look for him.

It was the sole survivor from that fishing village. When the person saw Fang Xingjian, he immediately dropped to his knees and started kowtowing.

Fang Xingjian turned to him impatiently and said, "Alright, I did not kill for your kowtows. If there's anything you have to say, speak up. Otherwise, leave. Don't hold me back from cultivating."

That person shouted, “Sir, thank you very much! I have nothing to repay you with, but if there’s anything I can help you with in the future, I’d put my life on the line for you.”

Fang Xingjian waved him off. The reason why he killed was to exterminate external demons. It was not because he pitied the weak and wanted anything in return.

The person left. Fang Xingjian’s attention turned to the fruits, fish and meat he had left behind. He then turned to the maid, Lina, who was standing at the side and said, “You can have all these.”

He was a martial arts cultivator and could not eat these things, without any nutrition. If he did, he would need to waste his vital energy, blood and effort to digest them.

Lina nodded and took the gifts away, thinking to herself, ‘This lord is so snobbish.’ She only felt that Fang Xingjian’s attitude towards commoners was too rude and greatly disdainful. Therefore, she began to despise him.

This was how minor characters thought. Sometimes, no matter how much one does, it might not be comparable to a mere few pretty words.

...

Seven days later, sword Qis could brush past the surface of physical items, without creating any damage. They had reached an extremely soft and gentle level.

The next moment, sword Qis whistled, tearing the air apart, and causing all the material items in the surroundings to shatter into pieces. Even the marble surface had been left with sword scars tens of centimeters deep. This was a switch from the extreme level of softness and gentleness to one of extreme strength.

An interchangeable complementation of toughness and softness.

Although Fang Xingjian was blind, the level of his sword arts cultivation was still progressing at a fast speed, especially due to

him performing the Supreme Mistwind Sword twenty-four hours a day, while his body was inherently cultivating his sword arts. Now, he had eighty-two sets of sword arts at the maximum level. He could feel that his sword arts cultivation was getting increasingly profound.

He had also managed to digest all the combat experience gained from having consecutively battled with Garcia's Great Warriors during the war, and from fighting with Mumukeya. All this experience had turned into nourishment for his sword arts, prompting his great progress in sword arts comprehension in the past seven days.

Fang Xingjian was also able to freely switch the nature of his sword Qis between soft and hard, which allowed him to depend on the wind and sounds to check out the situation in his surroundings.

Although he was living in darkness, unable to see any colors, with the help of the gentle sword Qis and the sound reverberations, it was as if Fang Xingjian could see countless streams of wind constantly moving about. In his mind, they would form black and white images of the things within a radius of a hundred meters around him.

'Seven days have passed. There's only three months and three weeks left to the Regional Selection.

'Although I can sense the surroundings now, there's still a limit to the sounds... If the other party is faster than supersonic speed, I won't be able to see him.'

Fang Xingjian calculated the remaining time every single day. However, no matter how much he calculated, it only got more and more pressing, being of no help to him in sensing the ether particles.

Unparalleled Sword Intent, Effulgence Weapon, Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar mental cultivation method, and rising up to

level 19 in order to increase his agility attribute... These were the four paths he could take to raise his abilities in the shortest time possible.

But there was one more prerequisite for his participation in the Regional Selection. He needed to break through the limitations of his blindness.

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

“Sir, your lunch has arrived.”

“You can leave. I’ll settle it myself.”

Fang Xingjian sniffed, but suddenly frowned and asked, “Wait a minute, Lina. What are the dishes today? Why is there no meat or ferocious beasts?”

The maid called Lina looked at the three dishes and the bowl of soup and said, feeling awkward, “Sir, the academy has given notice that your previous meal allocations are not within standards, and all allocations and medicinal food will cease from now on.”

Fang Xingjian’s brows twitched. To cease all supplies of ferocious beasts and medicinal food... Would that not mean that there was no way for him to replenish the depleted vital energy and blood after his usual training? Would that not mean that he would be unable to keep up with his constant twenty-four hour a day cultivation?

He coldly replied, “This is what I deserve as a Prefectural Champion. Go tell them to send what should be sent before sunset. If not, I’ll come look for them myself.”

Lina nodded in agreement, but a hint of disapproval flashed in her eyes as she thought to herself, ‘You’re but a blind man. Do you really think you’re still the genius you were before?’

Naturally, Fang Xingjian was unable to see the changes in her

expression.

Fang Xingjian could only finish the food he was sent first. Streams of sword Qi swirled around, like many gentle hands, sending food to Fang Xingjian's mouth, and displaying an extremely high level of sword arts.

After the meal, Fang Xingjian rested for half an hour before he started his cultivation again. However, it had not been an hour before he was interrupted once again.

“Sir, someone from the Western Garrison has sent the Seism Steel and is asking for you to check the goods.”

Fang Xingjian nodded and followed the maid to the door. The delivery man smiled and said, “Hello sir, this is a hundred kilograms of Seism Steel. Please check.”

Suddenly, the delivery man's body shivered, as if cold gusts of breeze were blowing from all directions.

The deliveryman thought to himself, ‘Why is the wind blowing all of a sudden?’

Fang Xingjian nodded. Sword Qi is akin to a breeze brushed past everything in the area, allowing him to sense the general situation of things.

He reached out his hands, touched the box before him, and with a slight tap of his finger, revealed ten pieces of Seism Steel inside.

Fang Xingjian casually picked up a piece and felt it. The deliveryman said, “Sir, don't worry. There's definitely no problem with it.”

Fang Xingjian shook his head, “Let me check the goods first.”

Chapter 161 Checking the Goods

Holding a piece of Seism Steel, Fang Xingjian squeezed down hard. A faint light, which was hard to be seen by the naked eye, exuded from between his fingers and the Seism Steel.

Fang Xingjian had activated the Ether Effulgence Weapon and was starting to smelt this Seism Steel.

In the Ether Divine Art that Charlie sent him, there was a method recorded which was about smelting materials to accelerate the formation of the Effulgence Weapon.

It was because a large majority of Effulgence Weapons would require a very long time to form if they were formed by stacking up layers of ether particles. However, if one was to use a suitable material which could adapt to the Effulgence Weapon's characteristics, he would be able to absorb the material's essence into the body and eventually use it to provide support to the formation of the Effulgence Weapon.

With a hundred kilograms of Seism Steel, Fang Xingjian could extract the essential 1% essence from them. With that, Fang Xingjian should have enough of them to form his High Frequency Effulgence Weapon.

With an extremely quick tremble, the Seism Steel in Fang Xingjian's hands suddenly exploded with a bang, breaking off into two chunks.

Fang Xingjian frowned and said coldly, "These Seism Steel have too many impurities. This isn't qualified Seism Steel. How much of other substances were added in?" The Seism Steel Fang Xingjian had come across in Kirst previously would not break from such a minor tremble.

The quality of this batch of Seism Steel was far from what he had imagined them to be. If all ten pieces of them were like this, it

would be far from what he needed to smelt in order to create his High Frequency Effulgence Weapon.

“Erm...” That delivery man blanked out for a moment and said, “I... I don’t know. The bosses got me to deliver these.”

Fang Xingjian laughed coldly as he took out the rest of the Seism Steel. In the end, all ten pieces cracked when he tried them out. There were even three of them which had shattered into pieces, without not even a hint of Seism Steel in it.

“Excellent. You guys are trying to cheat me now?” Sword light flashed in Fang Xingjian’s hand and the tip of the sword was pressed against the delivery man’s neck. He asked, “What is going on? Has this batch of Seism Steel been swapped?”

“I... I really don’t know... I only got the instructions from my bosses to bring this here.” That delivery man was on the verge of tears and he said in panic, “I’ll bring you to meet that officer. He’s still in the city. He was the one who got me to send this here.”

Fang Xingjian grabbed his head and spoke next to his ears, “If I find out that you’ve lied, I’ll dig out your heart and stuff it into your mouth.”

The next moment, a strong gust of wind blew and Fang Xingjian had already dashed out, grabbing the delivery man with him.

The delivery man let out a series of screams as they flew out. Everything in their surroundings changed rapidly and in the blink of an eye, they stopped. He had already arrived on the streets outside the academy.

Fang Xingjian spoke out in a cold voice, “Point out the direction.”

The delivery man panted heavily. Lifting up his hand, he pointed toward the direction of Kirst City with his trembling fingers.

The scene before his eyes once again flashed past very rapidly. Everything was moving backwards crazily, as though they had come together and formed many lines.

A loud shout came from the academy's entrance, "Lord Fang Xingjian! Without permission, you're not allowed to leave the academy's premises!"

...

In the tavern, two military officers had their legs up on the table, laughing loudly as if there was no one around.

The surrounding people glanced at their dress-up. They were wearing the Knight attire on the inside, with the Western Garrison's uniform on the outside. Basically, no one dared to stare in their direction.

Seeing that the surrounding people were looking in their direction, one of them, who had a moustache, threw a glance towards their surroundings. The redness on his face grew even more obvious as he hollered in his drunken state, "What are you guys looking at? We're the ones who saved you. We're your saviors. It's because we're putting our lives on the line outside that weaklings like you can stay in the city and enjoy your lives."

Saying that, he once again broke into great laughter, "Boss, bring more wine!"

The tavern had quite a nice ambience and the patrons were all either rich merchants or aristocrats. However, when they were faced with the two Knight officers speaking so arrogantly, no one dared to speak out.

There were eight regions in the Empire with a population totalling to over a hundred million. However, there were only ten thousand Knights and five thousand Conferred Knights. Knights were the ones with one of the greatest authority in the country.

Hearing the moustache man's words, the man sitting opposite him, with a ponytail and a gloomy expression, said in a soft voice, "If it's found out that we've switched such high quality Seism Steel to low quality alloy..."

“Haish.” The moustache man waved his hand and said, “This is nothing. If that Fang Xingjian is not injured, then naturally, I’d stay clear away from him. But now, he’s nothing but a blind man. It’d be a waste to give all these Seism Steel to him.

“Moreover, with those eyes of his, he would probably not be able to tell that the Seism Steel has been switched.”

After he said that, he broke out into a chuckle, “Hehe, I heard that Miss Natalie has organized a gathering tonight. How about it? Shall we go together? Their ladies are really... Hehehehe.”

The ponytail guy was still slightly unsettled, but he did not have any other choice.

The moustache man had gotten himself a pile of gambling debts, out of which a few of them were owed to aristocratic clans with Knights under them. This caused him to be unable to return the money owed.

As for the ponytail guy, his daughter was very sick and he had spent all his money on seeking treatment from Knights with healing capabilities. To begin with, there were already less Knights than commoners. Furthermore, out of this group of people, it was even more rare to find a Knight who had taken up a job in the medical area and was equipped with medical skills. There might not even be one out of a hundred Knights.

For such a Knight to heal someone, naturally, it would be extremely expensive, even for senior Knights like themselves.

The two of them needed money urgently, and thus decided to take the risk and swap out Fang Xingjian’s stuff. They then sold the goods in exchange for a huge sum of money.

Seeing that the ponytail man was still out of sorts, the moustache man patted him on the shoulders and said, “Alright, stop worrying. This sum of money is enough for us to live a good life for quite a while. As for Fang Xingjian... Hehe... That blind man would

probably not be able to find us.”

He started to imitate how a blind man walked and continued, “Look, he probably would not even be able to take a step out of the academy.”

The ponytail guy smiled helplessly and thought to himself, ‘That’s right, he’s already blind. So what if he was a hero back then? He’s no longer the same person as he was before...’

At that moment, the tavern’s door was sent flying with a tremendous boom. With a loud bang, it was knocked down onto the floor.

Everyone turned their attention over there. It was Fang Xingjian dressed in a long garment, walking in slowly. He was still grabbing onto that delivery man who was puking as he looked towards the people in the tavern.

Gradually, a breeze seemed to blow in the tavern, causing everyone to shiver subconsciously. It felt as if the temperature in the tavern had just dropped.

Fang Xingjian sensed the situation of the tavern with his sword Qis and said coldly, “Who was the one who got you to send the goods?”

The delivery man puked for a while before pointing his trembling finger towards the moustache man and the ponytail guy, saying, “It’s, it’s the two of them.”

The tavern’s steward stepped forth and said to Fang Xingjian with a smile, “Sir, this place is the Stellar Tavern which belongs to the Versailles Clan.” He emphasized, “If you’re here for a drink, you’re very much welcome. However, if you’re here to...”

“Long-winded and pesky.”

Fang Xingjian flicked the steward’s forehead lightly and the latter was sent all the way to a chair in the corner of the hall by Fang Xingjian’s ingenious control of his force.

Fang Xingjian's eyes were closed, but he still turned towards the direction of the ponytail guy and the moustache man.

“Hand out the Seism Steel yourselves and then break one of your arms before you scam.”

Both the ponytail guy and the moustache man both saw that Fang Xingjian was looking towards their direction. They knew well that he was blind but still felt a cold chill running down their spine, as though sword light had pierced through their bodies. In that moment, they were struck by his aura and did not have the courage to reply.

Chapter 162 Versailles Clan

The moustache man fell into a short moment of daze. In the next moment, he thought of how he was being treated by a blind man like this and fury surged in his drunken state. He stood up with a red face and scolded Fang Xingjian, “What are you going on about crazily?”

The words had just come out from his mouth when, in a blur, Fang Xingjian had already appeared before him and stomped down on his chest, making him fall to the ground.

The moustache man wanted to retaliate and one of his hands reached out to the military saber behind his back. However, with a sweep of his fingers, Fang Xingjian had already sent out streams of sword Qis. He slashed at the twenty-one weak points in the moustache man’s body and created bloodied wounds all over, causing him to collapse.

He was only at the first transition and was, at most, comparable to a senior instructor in the academy, far from Fang Xingjian’s level. Moreover, after drinking, his lines of thought had slowed down and his were movements unstable. There was no way he would be a match for Fang Xingjian. Before the Unparalleled Sword Intent, he was filled with flaws all over.

Moreover, Fang Xingjian’s speed was truly too fast. No one present had managed to react to Fang Xingjian’s movements before the moustache man fell, covered in blood.

It was only then that the ponytail guy managed to react. He stood up and was just about to draw his sword when Fang Xingjian activated his Ether Sword Ripples with a twitch of his eyebrows and slashed out through the space.

The ponytail guy had just stood up, but he saw that all of his clothes had already burst open explosively. Even the longsword he had been reaching for had landed in Fang Xingjian’s hands.

Fang Xingjian shook his head to the ponytail guy, an obvious sign of warning.

The ponytail guy looked dazedly at Fang Xingjian who still had his foot on the moustache man. He gulped, but could not summon any will to continue to go against Fang Xingjian anymore.

Fang Xingjian exerted some pressure on his foot, causing the moustache man to let out a terrible scream. More fresh blood flowed out from his wounds.

Fang Xingjian spoke out, “My Seism Steel, where are they?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” The moustache man shouted, “You’ve attacked an official Knight, assaulted a soldier of the Empire! You’re done for!”

“You think you can be considered a soldier? I don’t recall seeing you when I was killing Mumukeya at Krelim Coast.” As he said that, he tapped his finger sword a few times. Streams of sword Qis, from the Supreme Mistwind Sword, shot out like they were from a machine gun and tore the moustache man’s clothes into shreds, leaving many tiny wounds all over his body.

A hint of terror flashed across the moustache man’s face as he had the feeling that each inch of his skin had a blade held against it.

Fang Xingjian said calmly, “I’ll ask one more time. Where’s my Seism Steel? Even if I am to chop off one of your arms now, when I appear before Kilot from the Western Garrison, do you think that they’ll blame me?”

The moustache man immediately broke down and he spoke in a soft voice, “The Seism Steel has already been sold by us.”

“To whom?”

“Versailles. They were sold to the Versailles Clan, the owner of this tavern.”

Fang Xingjian pat the moustache man's face and said in a low voice, "If I find out that you've lied..."

"I swear that I didn't!" The moustache man said dejectedly, "If you don't believe me, you can ask the steward here."

Fang Xingjian turned toward that steward and appeared before him with one step.

That steward stood up and turned away, wanting to make his escape. However, he found that he had walked straight into Fang Xingjian.

"Who did they sell the Seism Steel to?"

The steward's expression was grim as he looked at Fang Xingjian who had his eyes closed. "Sir, this is not something you can meddle in."

"Oh? Not something I can meddle in?"

Fang Xingjian smiled and sat down. As he bent to sit, a chair was pushed right to him by the currents.

"How long do you need to call people here? How many can you call?"

That steward looked at Fang Xingjian coldly and said, "Half an hour. Four Knights and one apprentice."

Fang Xingjian smiled and said, "Then go. I'll wait here for you."

The steward looked at Fang Xingjian in surprised and then realized that the latter had truly intended on letting him leave. He headed to the door, turning back three times for each step he took. He only stopped when he got to the door. He turned to Fang Xingjian and said, "Young Knight, you've offended powers you should never have."

In the time it had taken for him to say this, everyone in the area, including that delivery man, had already made their escape. A clash between Knights was not something they could afford to stay

to watch.

The moustache man and ponytail guy looked at this scene and exchanged a glance, helplessness filling their eyes. They wanted to leave, but with Fang Xingjian sitting here, how could they?

Just as the two of them were feeling extremely troubled, Fang Xingjian spoke again, “The money from selling the Seism Steel is with you now?”

The ponytail guy nodded and said, “They’re with us. There’s a total of one thousand, five hundred gold. Each of us took seven hundred and fifty gold.” Saying that, he took out a bag of gold coins and dropped it on the floor. Clattering sounds rang out.

That moustache man let out a sigh and with the few streams of sword Qis brushing against him, he had no other choice but took out his share of the gold coins and placed them on the floor.

Half an hour passed by very quickly and many footsteps rang out.

Fang Xingjian’s ears twitched. “Oh? There really are Knights. Three... no... a total of four Knights? This Versailles Clan really does have some connections.”

From his sense of hearing, he could tell from the countless footsteps that there were four sets of footsteps which were especially strong and stable, as if they were small moving mountains. The heartbeats belonging to those sets of footsteps were like water pumps, releasing surging echoes.

At the same time, there were also countless other footsteps following behind them.

...

At the corridors outside the hall, countless martial arts apprentices gradually surrounded the exterior of the hall. Rota who was in the lead, headed towards the entrance to the hall. Next to her was a young man who looked very much like her but was much thinner, weaker and shorter. The young man kept on

blabbering and said, “Elder sister, you rarely come back. This time around, you must stand up for me. I have only been doing business seriously, but someone has bullied all the way to our Versailles Clan. We can’t let him off easily.”

Rota was wearing a Knight attire, but it still was not able to hide her beautiful curves. Her ponytail swayed behind her and she had a valiant aura unique to a female Knight. Her two brows were hung high up and she was like one of the female heroes mentioned in legends.

The young man then turned towards the other three middle-aged Knights and said, “Uncle Davis, Uncle Xeno, Uncle Degas, you guys will need to help me too.”

The three middle-aged Knights, who belonged to the Versailles Clan, smiled at the young man with affection filling their eyes.

They were the young man’s blood-related uncles. The young man was named Dali and he was Rota’s younger twin brother. However, unlike how Rota had displayed valiance, intelligence and talent since young, Dali was incompetent in both literature and martial arts. He had never once thought of becoming a Knight either.

However, he had one sole merit, which was that he was very good at getting the elders’ affections. Therefore, although he did not become a Knight, the elders had become more protective of him as they felt pity for him. They allowed him to take charge of many of the businesses belonging to the clan and tended to take good care of him too.

Although Dali would also commit some atrocious acts at times, to the aristocrat elders, they were just impulsive acts as he was still young. Which of them had not been through a stage where they were unrestrained when they were younger?

Hearing Dali’s words, Rota, however, frowned. Her brows were like sharp unsheathed swords, filled with menace.

“Dali, do you think that I don’t know your usual tricks? It’s fine if you just bully those commoners, but this time around, to think that you dared to get yourself involved with the Western Garrison and even offended a Knight? Don’t let me find out that you’ve committed acts which you need to pay with your life. Otherwise, I’ll kill you with my spear myself. Even father will not be able to save you then.”

Hearing this, Dali’s head shrunk. All his life, the one he was most afraid of was this elder sister of his who devoted her life to training her martial arts. It could be said that he had been reprimanded by her since young.

The next moment, the group entered the hall. Immediately they saw Fang Xingjian seated comfortably on a chair, as if he was in his own home.

Chapter 163 Three Moves

Seeing Fang Xingjian, a hint of astonishment flashed past Rota's face. She walked up to him and asked, "Fang Xingjian, why are you here?"

As she spoke, her gaze turned towards the two Knights who were at the side: the moustache man who was lying on the ground; and the ponytail guy who stood there motionlessly.

When she saw the wounds and tattered clothes on them, her gaze sank.

Fang Xingjian sat there motionlessly, and spoke with indifference, "Rota? You're also from Versailles Clan? My Seism Steel has been taken away by you guys."

"What rubbish!" Dali jumped out and argued, "When did I take your Seism Steel?! Stop slandering us!"

"Shut up." Rota knew of her brother's character well. He was not one who would do evil acts of all sorts, but he was ignorant and incompetent and would throw his weight around.

Rota threw an apologetic glance toward Fang Xingjian, but then realized that he was not able to see her expression. Therefore, she said, "I'm sorry, my younger brother did not know any better. What on earth is going on? Can you tell me?"

Therefore, Fang Xingjian shared the whole story before asking, "That should be enough. If you have any other questions, you can ask these two." He pointed to the moustache man and the ponytail guy, then said, "They know the situation better. Now, when are you guys going to return me my Seism Steel?"

Everyone from the Versailles Clan glared at Fang Xingjian furiously. The three middle-aged Knights were obviously not happy with how Fang Xingjian had come knocking on the door and created trouble. However, they did not say a word. They merely

looked at Rota, letting her make the decision. This was despite the fact that they were all senior Knights who were stronger than Rota.

Rota thought about it for a while before she cupped her fists together and said to Fang Xingjian, “Naturally, I’ll investigate what you’ve said. Within three days, I’ll definitely give you a reply.” Seeing that Fang Xingjian had nodded, she then drew out her silver spear with a swoosh. Pointing its tip toward Fang Xingjian, she said, “But you barged into our Versailles’ territory and injured our staff. We can’t let this go.”

Fang Xingjian smiled, “Then what do you want? A one-on-one? Or will you guys all attack together?”

Rota lifted her head high proudly. Looking toward Fang Xingjian, she said, “Fang Xingjian, although you defeated me last time, you are now blind. That’s why I had never thought of getting even with you.

“But you bullied members of our Versailles Clan. It’s no longer a personal grudge but rather, you’ve insulted our clan. Therefore, I have to point my spear toward you.

“You have two choices. You can either apologise or we can fight it out. I won’t bully you either. I’ll take you on alone.”

“Sister!” Dali complained. To him, they were in the advantage and could just charge up to Fang Xingjian and give him a thrashing. Why should they have to go through so much hassle? He was just genius who was past his prime. Now, he was merely a blind man.

“Shut up. Have you not created enough trouble as it is?” Rota glared at Dali coldly and the latter kept quiet. It was obvious that Rota, as the elder sister, had been the one with the power over the years and Dali would comply to each and every of her actions.

Fang Xingjian nodded, “What you’ve said sounds fair, but I’d be

bullying you if I were to fight against you. I'll just sit here without moving my legs and accept three moves from you. It's up to you on what you want to use, be it Nurturing, Training, Killing techniques, or even if you wish to burst out your extraordinary strength."

Rota's eyes narrowed and she said in a ice-cold tone, "Seated there without moving your legs and accept three moves from me?"

She was aware of Fang Xingjian's amazing talent from before and now, she was seeing him suppressing two Knights by himself. It was only now that she felt although Fang Xingjian was blind, it might not be the case that he could not fight.

Therefore, he wanted to try out Fang Xingjian's abilities by herself. This way, the problem could be kept small if she were to lose. It would be better than having to manage the situation if all of them were to charge up and fight him but then having things eventually ending up in a totally unexpected situation.

However hearing that Fang Xingjian wanted to sit there, motionless, and accept three blows from her, she felt that there was simply no end to his arrogance. Her Void Penetrative Divine Spear was one which could pierce through the gaps in space and attack from a distance away.

Anyone who had to be her opponent would hope to close up the distance from the start to break through her Killing technique. However, even though Fang Xingjian was now blind, he wanted to sit there and take three of her blows? It was a different case altogether to be seated, rather than standing. When one was standing, he would be able to step on the ground, shift his weight freely and control the outburst of energies.

However, when one was seated, all the pressure would be on the butt and he would not be able to unleash his full powers.

Therefore, upon hearing Fang Xingjian's words, not only Rota but everyone from the Versailles Clan felt that Fang Xingjian was

simply too arrogant and did not know any better.

They looked at Fang Xingjian as if they were looking at an idiot.

However, Fang Xingjian ignored them. He merely sat up straight and looked at the black and white image formed by the sword Qis in his mind. He turned in Rota's direction and said, "Make your moves." He then shut up, obviously not planning to say another word.

However, he did not even draw out the longsword at his waist.

After he finished these words, everyone felt as if there was a gust of cold wind blowing past them in the surroundings, causing them to feel as if countless longswords were secretly pointing towards them.

Rota, who was right in the front, furrowed her brows. When Fang Xingjian looked over her previously, she had a feeling as if he had not gone blind.

However, she had a strong mind. After going through the battle with Garcia, her mental state had even gone through a qualitative progress. Therefore, she shook the silver spear in her hands, creating a sound that was as if the air currents were shrieking. She spoke out in a loud voice, "Then you better be careful. Don't get killed by my spear and become the laughing stock of the Empire."

Fang Xingjian kept his mouth shut. Rota closed her eyes and released a surge of predatory aura. Everyone else felt that as if, in that instance, they had appeared in a battlefield with a large number of infantry and cavalry.

The next moment, Rota's eyes suddenly opened. Crimson red light shone around her body and she was encompassed by streams of heated currents. Even the silver spear in her hands was covered up by a layer of shining red glow.

The last time she displayed her Effulgence Weapon in the academy, she had not just harmed her body, but she was also easily

defeated by Fang Xingjian.

However, during this period of time, not only had she relied on the treasured items from her clan to recover, but she had also progressed further and could temporarily display the Effulgence Weapon without harming her body.

The Effulgence Weapon, together with red light, encompassed the whole silver spear. Waves of ripples which could be seen by the naked eye formed around the spear. The high temperature had caused the air to appear distorted.

Rota's Effulgence Weapon had both high temperature and corrosive characteristics. It had an amazing attacking prowess and was a great compliment to her Void Penetrative Divine Spear which was elusive, but its attack was not strong.

Fang Xingjian seemed to have also sensed the danger. He smiled and said, "Not bad, to be able to use the Effulgence Weapon without suffering any damage before you have even succeeded in the second transition. As expected of the Versailles Clan's genius."

When he said this, he still did not draw his sword. He merely drew out the dagger at his waist, the grade 7 Empire's Divine Weapon, Silver Dragon.

Rota let out a cold laugh and said, "Fang Xingjian, you think you can take three blows from with just that small dagger?"

Seeing that Fang Xingjian did not reply, Rota's eyes narrowed. She circulated the force from throughout her body, unleashing powerful gusts of explosive wind. The silver spear in her hands cut across the air like a silver-red thunderbolt. It disappeared without a trace, then exploded at the top of Fang Xingjian's head.

Chapter 164 Terror And Pity

Faced with Rota's spear attack coming down from above, Fang Xingjian continued to remain calm. It was because although this spear attack was fast, putting aside the distance and time it took to pass through the spatial gaps, it still had not surpassed supersonic speed. It was only at about infrasonic speed.

Therefore, in Fang Xingjian's mind, he was still able to perfectly visualize the track of the spear's movement. It was a tremendous surge of energy breaking through the air, separating the layers of air currents and coming down with a gush of heat as if it was a bolt of lightning.

At the next moment, Fang Xingjian tapped his Silver Dragon lightly, hitting the longspear where it was the weakest.

It was a casual move for him, but with his speed, no one present was able to see his movement. They could only see a silver flash and Rota was already stumbling as she retreated.

She lifted her head abruptly, surprise flashing past her eyes. However, she got herself together very quickly. The longspear attacked once again like a swimming snake, but this time around, she performed the Void Penetrative Divine Spear crazily, piercing through spatial gaps, one after another. It was as if streams of curved lightning were connected around Fang Xingjian.

The moving spear tip was seemed to be crossing the barriers of space and time, moving around Fang Xingjian time and time again. However, it was still blocked casually by Fang Xingjian's small Silver Dragon.

Each time the dagger and the longspear clashed, there would be a loud sound and streams of air currents would swept out in accompaniment. The floor, tables and chairs in the surroundings were all smashed up.

Even the chair Fang Xingjian had been seated on was smashed into smithereens. However, he continued to maintain his sitting posture, almost not moving at all.

Rota withdrew her spear. Fang Xingjian seemed like he was sitting on air as he spoke with indifference, “That’s the second one.”

Rota’s chest rose and fell quickly for a while before a faint blush flushed across her face. Of course, it was not because she felt shy or was furious, but rather because she had circulated her vital energy and blood to their limits, causing her blood vessels to pop up even from the tiny pores on her face.

“Ahhh!”

With a low bellow, her long spear seemed as though it had turned into a real dragon. As it trembled, there were up to a hundred afterimages. As it pierced forth, the Void Penetrative Divine Spear was sent out as well.

Each time the spear head moved, it brought with it up to a hundred after images. In each second, the Void Penetrative Divine Spear would thrust through spatial gaps for over ten times.

It meant that in that short instance, up to a thousand after images surrounded Fang Xingjian.

What Rota displayed was a spear technique which perfectly combined her physical body, Killing technique and the long spear together. She had displayed all her powers to their limits.

She had used this attack to kill two of Garcia’s Great Warriors during the war. Now, it was once again performed without any reservations. It showed how highly she thought of Fang Xingjian even though he was blind.

Facing Rota’s almost perfect attack, if Fang Xingjian was not blind, he would be able to receive it with ease.

However, Rota’s attack was launched within a second. The

longspear swung around him, causing the air currents to tremble. He was not longer able to detect where the longspear's true form was just by relying on his hearing alone.

Therefore, he no longer used his Silver Dragon. It was because he was no longer able to distinguish her attacks just by relying on wind and sound alone. This was the limitation tied down to him now that he was blind.

However, this did not meant that he would lose. He lifted up on hand and sent out Ether Sword Ripples. In that instant, over ten waves of Ether Sword Ripples slashed outwards in the air with Fang Xingjian in the center.

With the Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar at level 3, the strength that he could display was 1.5 times stronger than before. Additionally, after Fang Xingjian had killed Mumukeya, he had risen to next level and his attacking speed had raised since his agility was now at 183 points. How scary was this? Used together with his Single Sword World Subjugation and Boundaries Negation, the limits of his speed was now eight times that of supersonic speed.

In just that instant, afterimages, the longspear, air currents and such were all slashed into dust by the extremely violent Ether Sword Ripples.

The slash at eight times of supersonic speed created great friction with the air, causing crimson fire sparks to appear in the sky.

With Fang Xingjian in the center, ten sword slashes shot out, cutting a few meters deep into the marble ground, and spread out to ten meters away.

The sword marks were horribly charred, as if it was the scorching temperature of a meteor tearing through the atmosphere, creating countless sparks in the surroundings.

As for Rota, the longspear she was holding flew out of her hands

and she spewed out blood. She retreated continuously, only stopping after much effort from the other three Knights.

Thankfully the place was made of marble and the flames gradually died off after a while, leaving a whole stretch of burnt sword marks.

Fang Xingjian stood up, pointed to the two bags of coins on the ground and said, “The money these two fellows got from selling the Seism Steel are all here. Three days later, send my Seism Steel to me.”

After saying that, he walked right out, as though he was unafraid they would go back on their promise.

When Fang Xingjian passed by, everyone from the Versailles Clan automatically cleared a path for him, as though he was a sharp blade cutting through cream.

Looking at the sword traces underneath Fang Xingjian’s feet, their eyes filled with shock and they felt at a loss.

One of the golden-haired middle-aged Knights asked Rota, “What is his level? Did you manage to sense it?”

“I don’t know.” Rota’s expression was grim as she recalled the moment she had attacked earlier. “His speed was too fast. To think that he could create flames from the friction with the air... Uncle Davis, how many times of supersonic speed would that require?”

Davis, the middle-aged Knight with a goatee, spoke with a solemn expression, “Firstly, in his first move, he was able to tap on your spear’s weakness within a hair’s breadth and destroy your form.

“Not only was he fast, accurate and vicious, he was also able to see through the flaw of your move in an instant.”

As he said this, Davis shook his head, “And most importantly, he’s blind. He did this just by relying on listening to the wind.”

That's right. For a blind man to be able to see through the flaw in Rota's attacks in just an instant and to be able to tap on that flaw with great accuracy, what cultivation level was he at?

The golden-haired Knight, Xeno, said, "It was the same for the second move. He merely depended on listening to the wind to gauge the positions of all of your one hundred and eight spears, without missing a single one of them. All his moves were right on the spot."

The last middle-aged Knight, Degas who had white hair, said, "But the most terrifying was during the last move. Rota, when you attacked, you could already tell that he was listening to the wind to gauge your positions and that was why you created disturbances in the air. The outburst from your body and the Killing technique complemented each other and created up to a thousand afterimages, cutting off his reliance on listening to the wind."

"This was an extremely good move, but..."

The white-haired middle-aged Knight, Degas, squatted down and touched the charred surface which still had a hint of warmth.

"He did not move, did not unsheath his sword, did not move his dagger and even all his vital energy and blood did not explode out."

"Merely with a point of his fingers, it seemed as if blades had slashed across the air and quickly created friction with the air, forming flames. He even created deep, charred cuts of a few meters deep in such good quality marble."

After saying this, the white-haired Knight, Degas, exhaled, "Terrifying, this move is truly terrifying." He looked towards the area with sword marks and spoke with a solemn face, "If it was not because this move only reached out to ten meters, we would all have died in a flash."

After mentioning the three moves Rota had exchanged with Fang Xingjian, a hint of pity flashed past the trio's eyes.

Rota shook her head, “It’s a pity that he is still blind. This has created a weakness which is hard to make up for. Once the attacks transcend the speed of sound, it will be hard for him to sense them.”

The white-haired middle-aged Knight, Degas, nodded, “It’s a pity, a pity. If he’s not blind, he’ll definitely be a grandmaster of the generation and has hope to attain the Divine level.”

“In the end, he’s just a blind man,” Dali said impatiently. “Elder sister, are you really going to return the Seism Steel to him? Do you know how precious that resource is? So what if a blind man like him is extremely skilled in sword arts?

“Our three uncles are not just skilled in spear arts. I even know that all of you are also trained in archery. Even if you may not be comparable to those Knights who specialize in archery, you should still be able to shoot out arrows which transcend the speed of sound by relying on Empire’s Divine Weapon. At most, you can shoot from a distance and turn him into a porcupine.

“Or we can dope him and tie him up after making him unconscious. After all, he can’t see anything.”

“Stop fooling around!” Rota chided. “For a Knight like him, such sword technique is already an art.

“He can only die in war or on the arena. Any other ways of dying would be an insult to him.

“And no matter how down and out he is, he isn’t someone you can show disrespect to.” Rota glared at Dali and said, “Dali, don’t let me find out that you’ve done something to harm him. Otherwise, I’ll not let you off.

“One day, I’ll catch up to him and face him head-on. I want to win him with my spear fair and square.”

Chapter 165 Conversation (Part I)

Hearing Rota's words, all three middle-aged Knights nodded.

They were all Knights who had been through decades of cultivation, constantly tempering their physique and skills. Therefore, they were more able to appreciate how hard it was to reach Fang Xingjian's level.

White-haired Degas nodded and said, "Fang Xingjian's level is truly rare and commendable. With his talent, he even has the chance to break through to the second transition and enter the realm of Conferred Knights. It's a pity... a pity..."

He shook his head and turned to leave. "Dali, it's just like what your elder sister has said. Don't offend him. If what he said is the truth, then return him the Seism Steel within three days. It's not worth losing the Versailles Clan's reputation over something so small."

The other two middle-aged Knights also nodded, showing no objections to this decision. Even if Fang Xingjian was blind, the level of his martial arts cultivation was truly admirable.

Degas then turned to Rota and said, "Alright. Rota, you'll also need to work hard from now on. The rewards for the upcoming Regional Selection is by no means insignificant. The clan will do its best to allocate resources to you and give you its full support. If you can get into the top ten in the upcoming Regional Selection, your future will be very bright."

Rota clenched her fists. Thinking of how the upcoming Regional Selection was an unprecedentedly grand occasion with countless geniuses pitting against each other, her fighting will surged.

...

However, Fang Xingjian was not aware of all these. He returned to his villa and continued his cultivation.

However, he was not longer cultivating his sword Qi to sense the world because of the limitations of using the air as the medium. He had already reached the maximum of what he would be able to achieve for this skill, and would never be able to sense anything beyond supersonic speed.

What he needed to do now was to study how to sense ether particles.

Unlike how it was for the first transition where he would only need to sense the existence of ether particles and transmit energy to them, the requirement for the second transition was to be able to accept the information the ether particles held.

Fang Xingjian sat on the grass lawn, cross-legged and eyes shut, as he lifted his head up. Suddenly, an Ether Sword Ripple shot out from three meters before him all the way to the sky, scattering after it had reached over ten meters.

‘Too fast... I can’t sense it at all.’

He wanted to sense ether particles and since his Ether Sword Ripples were formed by stacking ether particles, he set his goal to be on sensing his Ether Sword Ripples.

However, the speed of the Ether Sword Ripples was his own maximum speed. Fang Xingjian’s maximum speed was now at eight times that of supersonic speed. Thus, it was hard even for him himself to be able to sense them.

He also understood that even if his eyes were unharmed, there was no way that he would be able to consistently keep on moving at such extreme speed. It was because his eyes, his brain and nerves had no way of reacting in time. He would probably bang into a wall after every few steps. Even if he was to attack, he would not be able to hit his target.

Moreover, now that he was blind, it was even harder for him to sense the Ether Sword Ripples.

However, even if he was to reduce the speed of the Ether Sword Ripples, he would only be able to sense the existence of ether particles. He was unable to get any information from them at all.

He suddenly took out the Silver Dragon. Lifting this level 7 Ether Sword Ripples up high Fang Xingjian shot out a wave of Ether Sword Ripple onto this dagger, creating a crisp clank sound.

Even Fang Xingjian himself was unable to hold up against the impact which had 1.5 times his strength. The dagger flew out from his hand and pierced into the ground over ten meters away.

‘As I expected, the Ether Sword Ripples can’t slash through everything. It’s just like how it can’t slash through Rota’s silver spear. So, it can’t slash through my Silver Dragon either.

‘So, if the opponent’s protective gears are strong enough, the Ether Sword Ripples might not be able to slash through it.’

As he thought about these, with one hand, Fang Xingjian activated the Supreme Mistwind Sword. With sword Qis flying about, the Silver Dragon was sent back into his hand.

His Supreme Mistwind Sword could now be said that to be integrated into his daily lifestyle, even as he sat, slept, and walk. The gentleness of the sword Qis could feel like a slight brush against one’s face, but its toughness could be like a tornado.

Fang Xingjian then attempted to consistently slash out waves of Ether Sword Ripples across space. However, he was still unable to sense any information from the ether particles.

‘As expected, it’s still a bit hard to be trying to figure this out by myself.

‘Maybe I should go look for some books which recorded the experience of those who have attained Heaven’s Perception.’

Just then, the maid, Lina, pushed in the food cart, delivering the dinner for the night.

Fang Xingjian whiffed and then frowned. “What’s going on? Why is it that even the amount for dinner has been reduced?”

Lina the maid threw him a glance and thought to herself about how Fang Xingjian had said that he wanted to get his Seism Steel back but eventually, he still came back empty-handed.

She replied, “Sir, previously, your daily meals had all exceeded the amount that should be allocated to you. Now, the new Deputy Headmaster, Lord Edger, wishes to relook at the academy’s finances. Therefore, all the meals that you’re having now are all based on what a Prefectural Champion should be given from the start.”

Fang Xingjian frowned. He was different from normal Knights because be it physically or mentally, he would be circulating Waves and sword arts twenty-four hours a day. Only by complimenting his Genius Swordsmanship with these, would his cultivating speed be extremely fast.

However, such extreme cultivation measures tended to require constant nourishment from ferocious beasts and high quality medicinal food to replenish his vital energy and blood, energy, and even possibly increase his potential.

If he was only given the cultivation resources for a Prefectural Champion, he would only be able to keep his cultivation time to twelve hours a day.

Compared to the other Prefectural Champions, the results from cultivating twelve hours a day was considered quite good. However, to Fang Xingjian, it was merely half the efficiency.

Just as Fang Xingjian was feeling slightly angered and wanted to look for that Degas guy, he suddenly turned. Through his sword Qis, he had sensed that someone was slowly walking towards him.

“Who’s there?”

“Xingjian, it’s me.” The Headmaster looked at Fang Xingjian

apologetically and said, "Let's talk inside."

Sitting indoors, the Headmaster looked at Fang Xingjian's movements and said, "It seems like you've gotten accustomed very quickly."

Fang Xingjian said calmly, "After turning blind, without the confusions of the colors in the material world, maybe I'll be able to get closer to the highest realm of sword arts."

Hearing Fang Xingjian say this, a hint of dimness flashed past the Headmaster's eyes and he continued to speak, "Xingjian, from today onwards, we might have to make some adjustments to the cultivation resources you are allocated with each month."

Fang Xingjian did not say anything as he knew that the Headmaster would naturally explain the reason.

The Headmaster continued, "If everything goes well for Huang Lin, he will be able to reach the Sacred Mountain where the Holy Orison is at. I've gathered some books with records of Heaven's Perception for you. Get some Knights to read them to you. The experiences of predecessors can be used for references. Moreover, these books were written in great detail and it would be more useful to go through them, rather than have me tell you about it..."

The Headmaster then fell silent for a moment. However, he eventually continued, "But I've thought about it for very long. This year's Regional Selection... I think you better not participate in it."

"I know that you have great talent and I also know that you are trying hard to uncover the mysteries behind the Heaven's Perception. However, your blindness is still a flaw. The rewards for this year's Regional Selection and next year's National Selection have all been increased by more than onefold. There will be countless geniuses appearing out of nowhere, lighting up their talents to the world."

“And there’s also a stage in the Regional Selection which is known as ‘Pantheon Monument Observation’. With your current condition, there’s no way that you would be able to see the inscriptions on the monument. You would have already lost before the stage even started. That is, unless you are able to attain Heaven’s Perception in the remaining three plus months before the Regional Selection.”

It was not as if there had not been any past precedences of participants being able to sense ether particles and attain Heaven’s Perception before the Regional Selection.

However, only individuals who had been through various extremely lucky and coincidental encounters were able to achieve this.

The truth was that almost all of the Conferred Knights had only successfully attained Heaven’s Perception after passing the Regional Selection and receiving help from the Regional Academy’s massive amount of resources.

However, even with the help of the Regional Academy, there would still be many Conferred Knights who failed in their attempt to attain Heaven’s Perception and, eventually, ended up falling into coma or becoming an idiot.

Now, although Fang Xingjian had become blind, he wanted to try to take on a completely different approach of attaining Heaven’s Perception first before participating in the Regional Selection. What were the chances of his success? Moreover, how long had it been since he had transitioned? How was it possible that someone, who had just transitioned into the first transition for half a year, could successfully attain Heaven’s Perception and eventually strive to complete the second transition?

Truth be told, even Headmaster Jackson felt that it was impossible for him to succeed.

He felt that Fang Xingjian could only give up on the upcoming

Regional Selection and contribute in helping the academy to achieve good results. Only if the academy managed to get a higher budget from the next year onwards would Fang Xingjian then have the chance to slowly work to attain the Heaven's Perception.

Chapter 166 Conversation (Part II)

Jackson thought about what he should say before he spoke, “This year’s Regional Selection is of great importance. It affects the academy’s budget for the next year. If our students can get into the top ten, it would be a tremendous help to the whole academy.”

Although Jackson had admired Fang Xingjian, the thing he valued most was still the academy.

In the past, Fang Xingjian’s talent had been too outstanding and he even had the chance to aim for the Divine level. Therefore, he had devoted a lot of the resources onto Fang Xingjian, hoping to rely on him to spread the name of KIRST Academy.

However, now, the situation had changed. Fang Xingjian was now blind. Moreover, with the rewards for both the Regional Selection and National Selection being raised greatly, goodness knows how many geniuses or old freaks with many years of accumulated experience would be coming out. Each academy would be fighting frantically for a chance as well. It could be said that this would be the Regional Selection with the toughest competition for the past few decades.

At such a time, even though it was a pity, Jackson knew that he could no longer continue wasting any resources on Fang Xingjian. Maintaining Fang Xingjian’s eligible treatment as a Prefectural Champion was also something he had done in consideration for Huang Lin.

This was also because Edger understood this Headmaster too well. Now that the Empire was implementing changes to the rewards offered for the Regional and National Selections, nothing could be changed regardless of how close the Headmaster personally was with Fang Xingjian. It was because he had to weigh the academy’s benefits against personal benefits. The two were no longer on the same side.

In fact, what Edger did was just give the final push. When the things that Jackson and Fang Xingjian were aiming for were different, even without Edger, today's situation would still come by eventually. It was just a matter of how soon.

Jackson spoke, "Therefore, we can only keep the resources allocated to you to be at the level given to a Prefectural Champion. Additionally, that Superior Remains Divine Weapon which Governor Devitt forged for you... We hope that you can lend it to the academy for now. We will pay you a reasonable amount of compensation after the Regional Selection is over."

Jackson continued to keep talking in an appeasing tone, "Xingjian, don't worry. You just need to bear with it for the next three months and three weeks. Once our academy get good results in the Regional Selection, we will definitely pay you back in double.

"I hope that you can restrain yourself for these four months. If we get good results in the Regional Selection and, thus, have increased budget and more resources, we will also be able to provide you with better conditions to aim for Heaven's Perception."

As for having the Divine level expert, Holy Orison, coming to treat Fang Xingjian himself, Jackson held no hopes for this.

It was because he had already asked around. The last time the Holy Orison had stepped out to treat someone was already three years ago. Since then, he had secluded himself on the Yalan Sacred Mountain located in the northeast. He had not left the place for three years.

Moreover, Yalan Sacred Mountain was where the Church of Universal Truth was located. As the most prominent religion in the world, it was an existence which even the Empire's royalty did not dare to recklessly provoke them.

After hearing Jackson's words, Fang Xingjian kept quiet for quite

a while. However, there was nothing he could say to defend his stance. Even if he had absolute confidence in himself, even if he definitely had to pass through the Regional Selection, these were just his personal reasons. There was no way that he could use these reasons to convince Jackson to support him.

There were no friendships which lasted forever, only eternal interests.

After he became blind, the interests he represented went in a different direction from what Jackson represented. Now, Fang Xingjian had no sufficient reasons or the sufficient strength to compel Jackson to do something of interest to himself.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian did not pester Jackson too much. He merely nodded and said, "I understand."

Jackson nodded and patted him on the shoulder, saying, "I'm very sorry."

Jackson left, but Fang Xingjian continued with his cultivation. The problems to everything laid in his eyes. The best thing he could do now was still to cultivate. Without attaining Heaven's Perception, he would not even be able to get through the stage of "Pantheon Monument Observation". This would mean that he would have absolutely no chances to pass the Regional Selection.

Streams of sword intentions slashed through the air occasionally, creating a series of sound explosions and waves of white air currents. These created sparks as they shot towards the air.

'My problem now is if I get into a fight, I would only be able to use my sword intent to slash my opponent within a ten-meter distance.

'Therefore, if I get into a fight, I must use my sword Qi to sense the environment, and take action before my opponent does. I must charge over and make it a close combat fight.

'Once those who are skilled increase the distance between us and

engage in a far distance battle which exceeds supersonic speed, I won't be able to know where they are.

‘But if I can take action first, before they do, not everyone will be able to receive an attack which is eight times of supersonic speed.

‘Other than this...’ A hint of white light lit up on his finger, shining out in all directions.

It was from Zhou Yong's Radiant Light Sword Technique. ‘Since both my eyes are blind, I can just let my opponents lose their sight as well.’

However, Fang Xingjian still shook his head. With his eyes still blind, his current battle style was too simple.

‘Since the resources from the academy have decreased, I can only think of my own ways.’

Fang Xingjian gave it some thought and eventually only managed to think of that one single solution.

He called the maid, Lina, and said, “Get pen and paper. Write a notice and put it up. Remember, put it up where there are the most number of people in the academy. Tell them that I've reopened classes and will be providing guidance for Knights.”

What Fang Xingjian wanted to do was to reopen his classes to impart martial arts guidance and collect tuition fees. With that, he would be able to pay for additional amount of cultivating resources.

After all, his body cultivated martial arts automatically for twenty-four hours a day. He would just need to give a little bit of attention to the other students while he was studying the Heaven's Perception.

Although Fang Xingjian was blinded, his ability to provide guidance was well-known. Right after the notice was put up, over ten Knights came to register for the class.

Although there were still many who had not come, they were also observing quietly. Once they were sure that Fang Xingjian's ability to provide guidance had not regressed, naturally, they would sign up for the classes as well.

Anthony, Ferdinand, Robert... These who had come from the same class naturally came as well.

It was a pity that Jack had died. Ever since Lilia had been taken away by her father, she had not returned either.

Anthony looked at Fang Xingjian, his eyes filled with pity. He had seen Fang Xingjian rising up as a genius, but now, he had lost his sense of sight and also needed to open martial arts classes to earn money. Compared to how he used to be, the difference was like the gap between the heaven and earth.

Fang Xingjian could sense with his sword Qis that all eleven students had arrived. He smiled and said, "Long time no see. This time around, the reason that I've started this martial arts class is primarily to earn some money to get more cultivation resources.

"I will be here every day. As long as you guys practice here, I'll provide guidance.

"Of course, everything will be as it was. If you have any actions which are not up to standard, I'll exert my force to correct them. There will be no words spoken, no forms of communication. It will be five gold per month."

If there were as many people as the previous time, with him charging at five gold per month, he would be able to get an income of one to two hundred gold per month. Adding that to his monthly spending money per month as a Prefectural Champion and his savings, he would have five hundred gold in total. It would be sufficient to sustain his cultivation for twenty-four hours per day up until the Regional Selection about four months later.

However, upon hearing that Fang Xingjian would be charging

five gold, a commotion broke out.

A blue-haired Knight was the first to express his dissatisfaction, “Previously, wasn’t it agreed that we will be able to receive guidance if we were to provide one sword arts manual? Why are you asking for money now?”

Another person protested as well, “That’s right, five gold per month is too expensive! It would only cost one or two gold for the classes the instructors hold! Who are you to ask for five?”

“Moreover, you can’t even see now. How do we know how good you are now? How can you charge so expensively at five gold?”

Fang Xingjian replied calmly, “Simply because I’m ten times better than them.”

Chapter 167 Magnificent Results

“If you guys want to stay, then stay. If you’re not willing to pay up, then leave.”

“What kind of attitude is this?!” The blue-haired Knight mumbled and backed off. “You’re already blind, yet you’re still charging five gold to people who wish to take your classes. You must be out to cheat people of their money!”

Saying that, he also instigated the others, “Let’s go, let’s go. The cost is so expensive that it’s enough to let me get three instructors to give me guidance everyday.”

Ferdinand frowned. Although Fang Xingjian was blind and had lost half of his prospects, Ferdinand was still full of admiration for the level that Fang Xingjian had attained.

Additionally, he knew well how terrifying Fang Xingjian’s talent was. Although Fang Xingjian was blind, it was not for sure that he would have no way to make a comeback. The reason he came here to sign up for the class was because he trusted Fang Xingjian’s guidance and also because he wanted to form a friendly relationship with him.

Moreover, he had received news yesterday that Fang Xingjian had single-handedly barged into the Versailles Clan’s tavern, defeated two Knights from the Western Garrison and had also taken three hits from Rota while sitting down, motionless.

Hearing the blue-haired Knight’s words, Ferdinand stepped up and said, “Hylong, are you done? If you don’t want to pay the money, then please leave. Don’t interfere with our practice.”

The one who was causing trouble was Hylong, one of the students from Class 248 which was the most senior class in the academy. He had been taught a lesson by Fang Xingjian previously and was still harboring hatred toward him.

In the past, he had not dared to do anything since Fang Xingjian had been highly influential. However, now, having heard that Fang Xingjian had lost his sight and the academy had also reduced the cultivating resources allocated to him to the level of a Prefectural Champion, removing all the other excesses. Naturally, he assumed that Fang Xingjian's time had already past and was here to beat him down further.

Therefore, when he heard Ferdinand's words, he let out a cold laugh and said, "Fang Xingjian is charging more expensive than before despite that he can no longer see. Why, can't we say anything even though he's going back on his conscience to earn money from his school mates?"

Hylong was a senior student in the academy and there was no way that he would give a care about Ferdinand. Moreover, the reason he had come here today was to create trouble for Fang Xingjian.

However, Fang Xingjian did not lose his cool. With a tap of his finger, a stream of sword Qi was created casually and it crashed against Hylong's body. It knocked him backwards over a distance of more than ten meters before he could crawl up to his feet.

"If you don't want to pay, then scram.

"The same goes for the rest. Those who don't want to pay can just leave.

"As for those who're worried that I'm not able to provide guidance because I've become blind..."

Hylong stood up, glaring fiercely at Fang Xingjian. However, Fang Xingjian once again rose his sword finger, sending another stream of sword Qi toward him.

"Right hand."

Hylong's right hand was hit by the sword Qi and he let out a cry in pain.

“Left leg.”

The condensed sword Qi was like a beam of white laser light. It hit against Hylong’s lower thigh, causing him to drop to the floor as he let out another cry.

“Back.”

Hylong was just about to get up when he felt a pang on his back and then once again was knocked down by a surge of energy.

He was so angry that he was trembling. He turned to look in Fang Xingjian’s direction but saw that his palm was once again raised. Hylong immediately made his escape, only turning back to glare at Fang Xingjian after he was over two hundred meters away. He shouted, “What are you guys still doing there?! Paying to get beaten? Are you guys idiots?”

Seeing that Fang Xingjian seemed like he was about to stand up, Hylong quickly ran away.

Through teaching Hylong a lesson, Fang Xingjian proved that although he was blind, he was still able to have a very delicate grasp of his surroundings.

He then spoke, “Although I can no longer see, I can still sense through the wind and sound. There’s not much difference. If you guys feel that there’s no problem, then feel free to stay.”

After Hylong left, so did another two students, leaving only eight behind. After they had paid or agreed to pay the next day, since some of them had not brought along any money, the eight of them started practicing their martial arts under Fang Xingjian’s guidance.

“Alright, just practice the martial techniques that each of you want to train and wish to be corrected in. I’ll guide you from the side.”

Ferdinand took the lead and said, “Alright, alright, let’s start the practice. I have faith in Xingjian’s level. It’s definitely going to be

alright.”

Under Ferdinand’s lead, everyone started their respective practice on the lawn in Fang Xingjian’s villa. They each practiced different martial arts, including sword arts, saber arts, staff arts and barefisted martial arts.

Fang Xingjian sat in the middle of the lawn, crossed legged, with a hand on each of his knees.

Another beam of white light lit up on his finger tip like starlight. It was the Radiant Light Sword Technique he was cultivating. This was not only to strengthen his Unparalleled Sword Intent, but also to increase his advantages during battle now that he was blind.

The other hand formed sword fingers, occasionally tapping out, shooting out streams of sword Qis from the Supreme Mistwind Sword and correcting the eight students’ force channeling.

After having guided them in the martial arts previously for a month, he understood too well the martial techniques in which these Knights in the academy were cultivating. They were far from attaining the speed of sound and it was within a level in which he could sense with his sword Qis.

Added onto his increasingly strong Unparalleled Sword Intent and experience, providing guidance to these people was simply too easy.

It did not even affect the processes of his body to automatically circulate sword arts and Waves for twenty-four hours a day, allowing him to be able to constantly temper his attributes, cultivate his Waves and increase the number of sword arts he had reached the maximum level in.

Ferdinand, Anthony and the others also felt that under Fang Xingjian’s guidance, their martial arts had improved in leaps and bounds. It was more than ten times faster than when they had been cultivating alone.

The gazes they used to look at Fang Xingjian were brimming with admiration. To be growing stronger at such unbelievable speed was too much of an enjoyment.

They practiced from the morning all the way until night time. Even when Fang Xingjian had started to chase them out, there were still people who could not bear to part with such ecstasy.

“Xingjian, wait.” Anthony shouted as he continued practicing. “How about we go on for another hour? Just one more.”

Another person shouted, “That’s right. Xingjian, our condition is too good today. Let us carry on for another hour!”

A stream of sword Qi hit into Ferdinand’s body and a surging force passed through half his body like an electric current, causing him to let out a comfortable croon.

“That’s the feeling. That’s how it should be. The force of this spear should be hit out like this.”

He laughed out loud, thrusting out his spear. As if strong gales were blowing and the clouds were scattering, the muscles and bones throughout his body let out an explosive sound. He reached the maximum level for the Hundred Blossoms Spear Technique at level 11.

Hearing everyone’s pleas, Ferdinand did not join them but instead, helped Fang Xingjian to round them up to send them off. “Alright, alright. You guys should hurry up and leave. You’re asking for so much despite paying only five gold per month.

“If it’s not because I don’t have enough money, I’ll get Xingjian give me private guidance for a whole month for five hundred gold.”

Although Ferdinand came from an aristocratic clan, it was very simple for him to make friends if he was sincere enough. After one day, he was already very close with the other students and chased them off, half jokingly, half scolding. He walked up to Fang

Xingjian and looked at him with eyes that shone brightly.

“Xingjian, you were originally very talented and your goal was set to become a Conferred Knight or even a Royal Knight, so I won’t bring this up to you. However, since you’re taking the initiative to earn money now, I’d like to ask, are you interested to make it on a larger scale?

“With your ability to provide guidance in martial arts, as long as you’re willing, I think that you can become best teacher in Kirst, no, across the whole Empire.”

Chapter 168 Exchange

Faced with Ferdinand's question, Fang Xingjian shook his head without hesitation and said, "I'm not interested."

Ferdinand let out a sigh. Seeing that light on Fang Xingjian's fingertip, Ferdinand knew that he was still cultivating the Radiant Light Sword Technique. He suddenly asked, "Xingjian, could it be that you're still thinking of participating in the upcoming Regional Selection?"

Fang Xingjian kept quiet for a while. He thought that there should be no problem for him to say this and, thus, nodded, "That's right. I do have plans to participate in the upcoming Regional Selection."

Ferdinand continued to ask, "Then do you know how competitive the upcoming Regional Selection will be?"

"It affects the budget for all the Prefectural Academies for the next year. It should be the most competitive one in the past few decades." Fang Xingjian said calmly.

"Then do you know that in the Regional Selection, other than battle style competitions such as arena battles and hunting, there's also a test for one's talent?" Ferdinand said, "The test for one's talent is usually to observe the Pantheon Monument."

The Pantheon Monument consisted of the eight giant monuments created by the eight Divine level experts when the Empire was founded.

The Pantheon Monument recorded the comprehensions of the eight Divine level experts and there were one such Pantheon Monument in each of the Regional Academies in the respective regions.

The final test in the Regional Selection was to comprehend martial arts through the Pantheon Monument Observation. At the

level of the Divine level experts, weapons were no longer able to hold them back. Pantheon Monument Observation allowed one to comprehend any kind of martial arts, including sword arts, saber arts, staff arts, and spear arts.

Moreover, there were a total of eight such Pantheon Monuments and some of them had words, while others had drawings. There were even those with lines, sketches or even unknown words which appeared to be meaningless to ordinary people.

As for the one in Kirst, it was one with countless weird lines and circles.

The victory for this stage naturally laid in who was able to comprehend the most from the Pantheon Monument in a shorter amount of time.

Having lost his sight, Fang Xingjian had lost the stage before it had even started. No matter how powerful his senses were with his sword Qis, it was impossible for him to even be able to sense the various prints and colors on the monument.

Fang Xingjian gave it some thought before saying, “It’s true that I had not tried to find out the content of this stage. Thank you for telling me.”

Ferdinand smiled, “But you still don’t plan on giving up?”

“I will still want to attempt it.”

“Since you plan to continue despite knowing about this, then you must have thought through the consequences. I shan’t try to convince you any further then.” Ferdinand continued, “But you should still make some changes to how the classes are held. How about letting everyone have a one day trial class? With this, you should be able to get even more students.”

Ferdinand trusted that with Fang Xingjian’s ability to guide, as long as the others have tried it, they would definitely be craving for more and would, therefore, sign up for the class. This would

also allow Fang Xingjian to earn more tuition fees and relieve some of his financial stress.

“And...” Ferdinand smiled and said, “You don’t have to go too hard on yourself either. Those Knights will definitely come back if they can get half the results they got today. Of course, you must still take better care of me.”

...

After Ferdinand left, Fang Xingjian went back to his training room to continue his cultivation, but he did not need to guide others now. His sword fingers glowed and as he cultivated the Radiant Light Sword Technique, his mind continued to think about sensing ether particles.

‘The ether particles are omnipresent. Since an ether particle is both a wave and a particle, based on the Earth’s theories, it should be really similar to electromagnetic waves.

‘Electromagnetism... Based on the Earth’s theories, the way to receive electromagnetic waves is to sense electric currents.

‘But how do I sense ether particles? Heat, electric current, various radiations... Ether particles can be transformed into almost anything...

‘It’s too hard to study its intrinsic qualities. I need to think of some other ways.’

As he gave it some thought, he suddenly thought of one more thing. ‘That reminds me. My Boundaries Negation can make up for the lack of the other attributes to complement my agility attribute. It can even allow me to temporarily transmit information through ether particles and increase my reaction.

‘Maybe I can start pondering over it from the Boundaries Negation.’

Just as Fang Xingjian was pondering deeply, occasionally activating his Boundaries Negation, occasionally sending out

sword ripples at the slowest speed possible and then slowly attempting to sense the ether particles, someone knocked on the door.

Lina walked in, looked at Fang Xingjian and said, “Sir, someone has come to look for you. He said that his name is Manny.”

A short moment later, Fang Xingjian was seated in the study. Manny walked in, looking at him with great curiosity.

“Although you’ve lost your sight, you’re already able to discern the location through the wind. It’s as if you’re not blind. Is this for real?”

Fang Xingjian let out a cold snort and, with a tap of his sword fingers, sent three streams of sword Qi toward Manny. The latter laughed out loud and retreated three steps, dodging the streams. He was just about to tease Fang Xingjian for being a tad weaker when he noticed, with a bang, his belt had broken and dropped onto the floor.

He exhaled, shook his head and said, “You’re great.”

Fang Xingjian said calmly, “You’re the great one. The Headmaster’s son, hidden in the library and acting like a normal person. Not everyone can have so much restraint.”

“Hehe.” Manny grinned and tried to change the topic, seeming as though he was unwilling for the other party to dwell too much on this topic. He said directly, “The old man feels that he has let you down and feels apologetic. That’s why he has sent me with a gift.”

With that, he took out a large stack of books and said to Fang Xingjian, “These are all books with the records of how well-known Conferred Knights from over the generations had strived to attain the Heaven’s Perception. Take a look, they should be useful to you.”

Seeing Fang Xingjian’s frown, Manny broke out laughing, “I’m just joking. I know you can’t read. I’m here to specially read them

out loud for you.”

Fang Xingjian asked, “Read? Don’t you need to cultivate? Didn’t you make a comeback this time in order to participate in the Regional Selection?”

“Sigh, I’ve been cultivating for so many years that these three months would not make much of a difference. However, if I can sense the ether particles and attain Heaven’s Perception before the Regional Selection, both my battle powers and talent would be raised greatly. It would mean that I’m one step closer to passing the Regional Selection.”

Heaven’s Perception allowed one to sense the information in the ether particles. This allowed one’s senses to be escalated when in battle. It could even go one step further if one could transmit information through ether particles, escalating the body’s reaction greatly. One’s battle prowess would naturally greatly be increased.

Another thing was that one could, through Heaven’s Perception, sense various external changes, the minute existence of various techniques as well as mental states. It was equivalent to increasing one’s talent at a crazy pace.

Manny grinned and said, “If I can attain Heaven’s Perception before the Regional Selection, putting aside everything else, at least I would have gained a great advantage in the Pantheon Monument Observation. I wonder what martial arts I’d be able to comprehend.

“And how amazing are the rewards for this Regional Selection? I reckon that there would definitely be students who would be invested in crazily, leading to the creation of one or two geniuses who have attained Heaven’s Perception.”

As Manny spoke, he flipped open a book and started to read its contents.

“Mmm, this was written by a Westerner called Scholar Huang

Long, a Conferred Knight from over two hundred years ago. This is an expression you guys have.”

By you guys, he was naturally assuming that Fang Xingjian, with his yellow skin and black eyes, was exactly the same as the Westerners in the Miracle World.

“If the heart moves, the will follows. Stop without stopping, move without moving...”

“... Relax the spirit, be flexible and move the spirit with your heart...”

Chapter 169 Success of the Effulgence Weapon

Manny started reading out the various theories behind Heaven's Perception. Of course, the two of them would also engage in occasional discussions about it.

“According to what the old man said, sensing ether particles must be a subconscious activity. Therefore, it says here that one must stop without stopping, move without moving. However, I still don't understand. If it's a subconscious act, then how do you sense the ether particles?”

Fang Xingjian said, “Maybe it's like breathing. Usually, for us, the act of breathing is not a conscious act. It's because it has already become instinctive.”

“But how do we turn an activity that we've never done before into an instinctive act?”

Just like this, from then onwards Manny would come to Fang Xingjian's study every night to read the books and discuss how to attain Heaven's Perception.

...

On the second day, with the help of Ferdinand's advertisement, even more people came for the free trial of Fang Xingjian's martial arts class. Other than the eight people who had come the day before, there were about another fifteen Knights who were practicing their respective martial techniques on the lawn.

However, Fang Xingjian's level and abilities had increased by more than ten times than when he was in the Reflection Chamber. Now, when he provided guidance, the effects were many times greater than before. Not only was he able to grasp the force from the muscles and bones, but he could also have great control over the vital energy and blood.

A total of twenty-three people continued to unceasingly cultivate their martial arts under Fang Xingjian's guidance. Their Nurturing and Training techniques all improved at god speed. After one day, other than three Knights who needed to raise funds, the twelve Knights who had just joined all signed up for Fang Xingjian's class.

Suddenly, a person shouted out loud, "Hahahaha, so this is how it is, this is how it is."

Another person, after being hit by a wisp of sword Qi, broke out into a maniacal laughter, "I understand now, I understand now."

Their eyes were brimming with enthusiasm for martial arts. It was a feeling of rain after a long drought, or a tough question which had been troubling them for very long finally being solved. It made them feel very excited.

The other people in the surroundings were no longer surprised by such occurrences. Such situations had occurred too frequently under Fang Xingjian's guidance.

Therefore, after three days, the number of people who registered for the class increased to thirty-seven. There were even two young instructors who came to take up the class, showing how effective Fang Xingjian's classes were.

This also increased Fang Xingjian's monthly income to a hundred and eighty-five gold. Now, to have three meals of ferocious beasts and top grade medicinal food from Netherworld Valley would cost him at least ten gold.

An income of one hundred and eighty-five gold greatly reduced his burden. Added to the ten gold from his monthly spending money and his savings of five hundred gold, it should be able to last until four months later. Of course, if he could earn more, he would be able to get better food as well as stronger and more expensive ferocious beasts. For example, if he were to spend at least one hundred gold each day, he would be able to purchase ferocious beasts of at least level 20 or higher, as well as more

medicinal food.

With that, he would even be able to level up his 'Elementary Berserkness' specialty, which, after all this time, had yet to see any progress towards the intermediate level or even advance level. It would bring him better effects for his body's recovery.

However, this goal was too far-fetched. Previously, even Jackson had not been able to bring out such a large amount of money to feed Fang Xingjian.

Three days had passed, and early this morning, the Versailles Clan got someone to delivery that one hundred kilograms worth of Seism Steel. Therefore, on this day, Fang Xingjian declared a one day break. Sending off the students who were reluctant to leave, he went back to the training room by himself and started to work on his High Frequency Effulgence Weapon.

Fang Xingjian grabbed onto a large piece of Seism Steel with both hands. Waves of foggy light exuded from his palms, unceasingly trembling at an increasing speed. The Seism Steel grew increasingly hotter and smaller. Various impurities were removed, leaving only the essence in Fang Xingjian's palm.

Repeating the process with each piece of Seism Steel, Fang Xingjian spent nine hours to refine all ten pieces of Seism Steel, leaving slightly over one kilogram worth of essence in his palms. Fang Xingjian continued with the method recorded on the Ether Divine Art and started to absorb the Seism Steel into his skin.

Fang Xingjian tapped on the lump of essence and suddenly, it scattered and turned into fog, covering Fang Xingjian's entire hand, all the way up to his elbow. The essence had turned into countless grains which were hard to be seen by the naked eye, thus appearing to seem like fog.

Looking at the fog encompassing his right arm, Fang Xingjian then continued with the method recorded in the Ether Divine Art and started to absorb the essence.

The fluctuations from the ether particles scattered out from his arm, and, as if they were countless threads had been transmitted from void, gradually brought the fog closer to the skin on Fang Xingjian's arm. The fog eventually entered his skin and stayed under it.

Suddenly, his whole arm appeared to be sparkling brightly, as if a milky way had been tied around it. It was only when Fang Xingjian stopped his circulation and movement that the gleam disappeared.

However, if one were to look at it carefully, they would still be able to find faint hints of sparkles on the skin of his arm.

Fang Xingjian was blind and thus was unable to see the changes on his arms. After the completion of this step, he simply continued as per written in the records of the Ether Divine Art and started to condense his Effulgence Weapon.

A hint of light spread out from his arm. The Seism Steel which was turned into fog earlier also started to appear from under his skin.

Then, seemingly controlled by formless hands, they were instantly kneaded, molded, and merged, before being combined with the white glow, creating a longsword which exuded a faint fog.

The fog was like the stars in the universe, ceaselessly revolving. They were moving, yet continuing to stay in a certain shape rather than scattering off after a while.

The Seism Steel was not meant to be transformed into a real sword but rather, into something like fog, moving in a regulated formation; it was like fog, fluttering while maintaining a fixed shape.

His only goal was to, through such a moveable formation, create a skeleton for the Effulgence Weapon. In addition, since he could absorb the tremors, it would prevent the Effulgence Weapon from

scattering again. It would be able to attach to the skeletal structure, continuing to grow and to speed up the growth rate of the Effulgence Weapon.

Naturally, since it is made up of light and fog, Fang Xingjian's Effulgence Weapon had no proper form. It would usually stay hidden in his arm and only be called out as and when required.

Therefore, the Ether Effulgence Weapon became:

Ether Effulgence Weapon – High Frequency Effulgence Weapon – level 1.

Fang Xingjian could sense that this level 1 Effulgence Weapon could maintain at five hundred tremors per second. If he wished to increase the frequency and damaging prowess, he would still need to gradually increase its level.

After giving it some thought, he felt that the name High Frequency Effulgence Weapon was too plain. Thus, he decided, 'Maybe I should call it Silver Fox. It'll be a good match with the Silver Dragon.'

Therefore, on his Stats Window, the High Frequency Effulgence Weapon became Silver Fox – level 1.

The names of the various skills, specialties and other items could all be changed. Of course, there was not much point in changing the names, nor would it be of any use to one's battle powers. They would only appear more pleasing to the eye.

Chapter 170 Skull

Fang Xingjian smiled. For the next few days, he continued to cultivate while concurrently guiding the other students on their martial techniques. With there only three months and thirteen days left to the Regional Selection, Fang Xingjian's Radiant Light Sword Technique had reached level 10 and he had gained a special effect: Radiant Illumination. It was not limited only to the sword or sword fingers itself; his body could radiate light as well.

At the same time, he had reached the maximum level for eighty-nine sets of sword techniques. He was now closer to leveling up his Unparalleled Sword Intent. As for the tempering of his attributes, he began to throw in all of his potential points into reaction.

His agility attribute was now too high. Other than when he was using Boundaries Negation, he kept getting held back by the other attributes. This was why he had planned to increase his other attributes.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian's attributes now became:

Name Fang Xingjian

Age 17

Occupation Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level 18, 5.24%

Strength 56+5

Agility 178+5

Reaction 59

Endurance 49

Flexibility 51

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated.

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute).

Nurturing Sword Techniques 94 sets

Training Sword Techniques 12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword Level 30

Radiant Light Sword Technique Level 10

Ether Divine Art Level 1

Specialties: Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles,

Elementary Berserkness,

Unparalleled Sword Intent (89/100)

Potential 11,000 point increase/day

Waves Level 5 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method Level 3 Universal Sword Dominance
Lunisolar

...

Every night, Fang Xingjian would naturally continue discussing with Manny about the Heaven's Perception.

Manny carried a book as he read. There was a Conferred Knight in the Empire from ninety years ago by the name of Neumann. There were many differences between his interpretation and the

Westerners’.

“The Heaven’s Perception phenomenon is one where the human body exchanges information with external ether particles.

“Everything in the world are made up of ether particles, including the human body.

“Ether particles unceasingly exchanges information at all times. This was what they do instinctively, and it should also be the instinctive reaction of the human body.

“However, a human’s instincts will suppress their physical body, preventing their body from being able to exchange information with the ether particles. Thus, if one wishes to attain Heaven’s Perception, one must first learn to calm down, allowing the body to naturally and instinctively begin exchanging information with external ether particles in a subconscious state.”

Fang Xingjian felt as if his eyes had lit up as he remarked, “This makes a lot of sense. It explains why so many Conferred Knights must enter a state of extreme calm to be able to gradually reach closer to Heaven’s Perception.”

“Talk is easy, but it’s hard to put into practice.” Manny shook his head, “From the start, the vital energy and blood in a Knight’s body are full of vigor to begin with. There’s also the circulation of Waves and mental cultivation method, which makes it ten times, even a hundred times harder for Knights to calm down. When one calms down, one must also constantly control the grasp so that one will not be drowned in the information from the ether particles and, as a result, eventually become an idiot or a vegetable. This is hard, too hard.”

Fang Xingjian continued, “Although it is tough, there are people who have succeeded, which proves that it’s possible to achieve.”

“But we may not have enough time.”

Fang Xingjian did not reply. He knew Manny was right. It was

truly very difficult to attain Heaven's Perception within three months.

But Manny said, "If only we have the skull of a level 25 Conferred Knight."

"Skull?"

Manny nodded. "The parietal bones are the best. This is also what the old man told me. A level 25 Conferred Knight has already broke through the first five stages of the Ten Heavenly Barriers and entered the stage where he could break through the void and sense the universe. Ether particles have completely filled the brain and circulate in it for twenty-four hours a day.

"The parietal bones of such a person will subconsciously continue to exchange information with ether particles even after he has died. And because it no longer has the consciousness of the Conferred Knight himself, even those at the Knight level would be able to sense the changes within.

"This is something that cannot be done even through an ordinary Conferred Knight. It's because their brain still exists and their consciousness continue to run twenty-four hours a day, therefore we won't be able sense anything."

Fang Xingjian's mind lit up as he said, "You mean, if we can get our hands on the parietal bones of a level 25 or above Conferred Knight, we will have a chance to experience the feeling of Heaven's Perception?"

What did it mean to experience Heaven's Perception? This was an unprecedented case and to Fang Xingjian. It increased his success rate of attaining Heaven's Perception by countless times.

Manny nodded. "But it must be the parietal bones of one who had died for ten years or less. Because even if it's a Conferred Knight, his parietal bones will only be able to continue to exchange information with ether particles for ten years after his death,.

“And you should know the value of such a thing? It’s simply priceless. Only the major aristocrats from the Imperial Capital or members of the Royal family could afford to get them. Otherwise, how could they have so many Conferred Knights?”

“I heard that when the First Prince was trying to attain Heaven’s Perception, he had this stuff to help him sense Heaven’s Perception for twenty-four hours a day. There were even twelve other Conferred Knights who set up a formation to protect him, preventing him from becoming an idiot.

“Hehe, with such means, his second transition had naturally succeeded.

“Of course, after passing the Regional Selection and becoming a student of the Regional Academy, you would also have a chance to have the parietal bones of a level 25 Conferred Knight aid you in becoming a Conferred Knight. Although the time you have to use this resource would be very short, it is still a very great opportunity.

“That’s why there are so many people who wishes to enter the Regional Academy. It is also why the Regional Academies can continuously produce Conferred Knights.

“Of course, there are limited resources. This is why only after rounds of selections, only the most ingenious students would be able to get into the Regional Academy and go through the second transition.

“Hehe, even so, there would still be people who failed in their attempt to attain Heaven’s Perception and consequently becoming either an idiot or a vegetable.”

However, Fang Xingjian did not stop to consider this fact. He had already begun to think endlessly of a way to get his hands on the parietal bones of a level 25 Conferred Knight.

The next morning, Fang Xingjian called Ferdinand to the side.

“I want to know how much it costs to get my hands on a Conferred Knight’s parietal bones. It must be a Conferred Knight of level 25 or above, and one that hasn’t been dead for longer than ten years.”

Ferdinand looked at Fang Xingjian with wide-open eyes. “Boss, you must be kidding me? The parietal bones of a Conferred Knight who was level 25 or higher is a rare treasure. You want to rely on it to increase your chances of attaining Heaven’s Perception?

“This is too hard. How many people are waiting for it? There are so many aristocrats in the Imperial Capital, and such stuff have been hogged by them. It’s something that would take at least a few hundred thousand gold to get, let alone one which is within ten years.”

Although he knew that this item must definitely be extremely costly, Fang Xingjian frowned and still continued to ask Ferdinand for his help, “Help me ask around to see if there’s a chance. I must know the price, at least.”

Ferdinand sighed helplessly. But seeing how serious and solemn Fang Xingjian was, that it seemed very important to him, he still nodded, “Alright, I got it. Leave this to me.

“But I can only promise you that I’ll do my best to ask around. I can’t guarantee that there’ll be results.”

Fang Xingjian smiled, “It’s alright. As long as there’s a slight chance.”

Chapter 171 Request and News

At the same time in the Empire's northeast direction, a tremendous snow mountain stood there with its peak pointing toward the sky.

This was the Yalan Sacred Mountain. The majestic mountain range not only ran up and down, it was also extremely beautiful. Together with the pure white snow and foggy clouds, it exuded an extremely mysterious feeling.

This was the Empire's biggest snow mountain, and it was also the sacred mountain where the Church of Universal Truth was located within the Empire. Legend said that it was the burial ground for the Church of Universal Truth's first female saint.

On this snow mountain, there were many religious disciples in white clothes heading up the stairs, stopping and kowtowing as they worshipped sincerely in the direction of the snow mountain's peak.

The whole snow mountain was covered with structures which seemed like the Church of Universal Truth's churches and relics. It fully displayed the deep influence and financial strength possessed by the Church of Universal Truth.

At the back of the Yalan Sacred Mountain, a snowstorm was blowing in the place known as Saint's Peak. It covered the ground with about one meter of thick snow.

Under such horrible weather, a man stood in the snow. Although there was a snowstorm, he still stood tall, facing the cold wind, his eyes unmoving as he glared at the magnificent palace before him.

It was tall, magnificent, and extremely luxurious-looking. It were almost as if every inch of space were densely covered with relief sculptures and scriptures. The palace was made from pure white onyx, looking like a piece of art.

To have been able to build such a palace on the Saint's Peak five thousand meters above sea level, it was extremely unbelievable. In such a horribly cold weather, the palace was like a paradise, uncontaminated by the snow and cold, which made it even more unbelievable.

This was where the Holy Orison, who was one of the Church of Universal Truth's Guardian Kings and ranked amongst the top ten strongest in the Empire, resided in seclusion.

A religious disciple who was wearing white clothes walked up to Huang Lin. The former stepped lightly on the snow without leaving any traces of footsteps. Although he wore only a gown, he did not appear to be cold.

He looked towards Huang Lin, then shook his head and said, "Since the Guardian King has decided to seclude himself for ten years, then he would not come out earlier no matter what. You shouldn't wait anymore. Just take your leave."

Huang Lin said with determination, "Master Yuelun, please tell the Guardian King that the situation is really different this time around. Fang Xingjian's talent in sword arts is truly exceptional. He managed to achieve what took others decades in just one year.

"If he can regain his sight, then his achievements in the future will not be lower than the Divine level.

"Such a child should not be wasted by injuries and sickness.

"As long as the Guardian King is willing to cure Fang Xingjian, then I'll be willing to exhaust all my money and come under the Church of Universal Truth's wings, becoming a disciple."

As he spoke, Huang Lin's knees were bent. His back, which had always been upright from the day he was born, was bent for the first time ever."

He knelt in the snow and spoke out in the direction of the palace.

"I, Huang Lin, have never gone down on my knees all my life.

Today, I'm on my knees, asking only to be granted an interview with the Guardian King."

Huang Lin was a Conferred Knight, a strong Warrior who had been training in martial arts for decades... His pride, his honor, his persistence was something which could not be found across hundreds of thousands, even millions. Otherwise, it would not have been possible for him to succeed in attaining the second transition and become a level 25 Conferred Knight.

But at this moment, he was willing to put everything down for his disciple. He was willing to discard all the honor he had been carrying during his life as a Knight for a glimmer of hope.

It was as if he had grown ten years older in that instance. The mental cultivation method in his consciousness was circulating increasingly slowly. To think that he was not even able to keep up with it.

For him to kneel down was more than a hundred or even a thousand times harder than others. He could even possibly cause his mental cultivation method to become unstable and forever lose the possibility to progress any further, all because of this kneel.

He was betting on Fang Xingjian's future with his own.

Sigh~

"Fang Xingjian has a good Master."

Master Yuelun sighed and headed for the palace.

"I'll collect information about him. But as for whether the Guardian King will attend to him, I cannot guarantee."

...

Another few days passed by in KIRST Royal Academy. This morning, Ferdinand had arrived at Fang Xingjian's villa at the glimmer of dawn.

He headed straight for Fang Xingjian's study. His dark circles

were very deep, signs which signified he had not gotten a good sleep. However, he could not hide the excitement in his eyes.

He looked at Fang Xingjian and said, “Good news, excellent news!”

Fang Xingjian’s brows twitched. Hearing that, he stood up and asked, “There’s news about the parietal bones?”

“A level 25 Conferred Knight who has just died five years ago.” Ferdinand grinned. “Although they tried to keep the information under wraps, the person who fulfils these conditions should be a Headmaster from the Northern Ice Region.

“They’re not selling the parietal bones but are willing to loan it out for six hours. It’s a pity that they’re only willing to loan it out once. It will be going through a secret underground auction.”

“On loan for six hours?”

Having heard so much information, Fang Xingjian was stunned for a moment. But the next moment, he understood what was going on.

The upcoming Regional Selection would affect the future of countless people. Regardless of whether it was the increased prizes or the fact that it could increase the academy’s budget, they both caused countless people to go crazy.

This time around, the reason for the auction to put up the loan of the item was the same. The other party was planning to use this as a means to raise funds and provide better conditions for their students. The money received from the auction could be used to buy cultivation resources or Divine Weapons. No matter how the money was used, it could be used to allow their students to power up.

And the reason they came all the way from the Northern Ice Region to the Great Western Region was because they were not willing to provide help to their rivals. If they were to put up the

item for auction in the Northern Ice Region and allowed the students from the other academies to have a chance of attaining Heaven's Perception through the parietal bones, they could have just as well lifted a heavy rock and slammed it down on their feet.

The time the item would be loaned out for would not be long. It would only be six hours. It was naturally because the students and instructors from the Northern Ice Region would also need to use it themselves.

Having instantly understood this, Fang Xingjian nodded and asked, "According to you, how much money would be required to win this auction to get the loan for six hours?"

Ferdinand nodded solemnly and said, "Many aristocratic clans have made their moves throughout Kirs. There are also people from Green Jade City and Mongul City who have headed over. These are people who strive to attain Heaven's Perception.

"The auction will be held half a month later. Although the time it is loaned out for is very short, it's impossible to win the bid without twenty thousand gold. This is the skull of a level 25 Conferred Knight we're talking about here."

There were only five thousand Conferred Knights across the Empire, and the parietal bones of a level 25 Conferred Knight who had died within ten years was extremely valuable.

Although they could only loan it for six hours, it allowed for one to experience what Heaven's Perception felt like. Even though the person may still not be able to attain Heaven's Perception in the future, it would be an unforgettable experience nevertheless.

Thus, even Ferdinand himself was not very confident in his own conjecture. That was because he had never participated in such an auction.

When Fang Xingjian heard that the amount was twenty thousand gold, his brows furrowed. Suddenly, he thought of the corpses of

those Garcia warriors he had slayed.

‘It’s time to go recall where those corpses are buried.’

Fang Xingjian remembered that he had killed about fourteen Garcia’s Great Warriors in total. If he were to sell all fourteen of those level 19 Knight-level corpses in one piece, he might be able to gather twenty thousand gold, which would give him a chance to attain Heaven’s Perception.

Chapter 172 Flaw

In an advance class for sword techniques in KIRST Royal Academy, everyone present were all expert Knights who had transitioned for fifteen years or more.

A senior female instructor looked and nodded at the seven students who were working hard in their cultivation.

If one were to take a closer look at these students, they would be able to tell that each of their movements were extremely slow. Each thrust, slash, and block were slow as ordinary people performing a sword dance. After they completed each action, they would stop to carefully think it through, reflecting expressions of being deep in thought before carrying on with the next move.

Although their movements were extremely slow as they swung about their swords, the muscles and longswords would compress the air, which caused explosive sounds to ring out in a display of extremely strong power.

The female instructor nodded in satisfaction and said, “That’s right. Whether it’s the Nurturing, Training, Amassing, or Training technique, the accuracy of the actions and the flow of the force are very important at the start of every martial technique. One must practice repeatedly to increase the mastery level of the technique and temper the attributes.

“At your stage, however, you will come across bottlenecks. During this time, you must slow down and practice steadily. Experience it carefully before thinking about the flaws present.

“Remember, a high level in martial arts can not be achieved by pure brute effort but rather through careful thinking through.

“Those Garcia’s wild beasts know only how to pursue the limits and temper their bodies. They do not know the laws of the world, nor how profound the human body is. This is why the highest level

they are able to attain in their life would only be second transition, level 20. Even those of the same level are far a match for the Empire's Knights.

“And so, this is all the more reason why you guys cannot be like those wild beasts who only knows how to act according to their instincts.

“You guys must learn to think. Thinking is the most important aspect of practicing martial arts. Those who only know how to devote effort in training, who do not know how to think, could never dream of becoming an expert in all their lives.”

Hearing what she said, everyone present nodded in agreement. They put more effort in their thoughts, slowly appreciating their movements, as well as the weaknesses and flaws in their techniques.

Hylong was one of them. As one of the most senior students in the whole academy, he was considered one of the strongest students in this sword techniques class.

Four arms extended from his back, and in total, his six arms were each holding onto a longsword. It was the Six Armed Asura's ability. It was obvious that he had the same job as Kaunitz.

He performed sword techniques concurrently with all his six arms, but each of of them were all performing the same set of Nurturing technique. It was just that each of his arm displayed slight differences and he was slowly appreciating the differences between each of them, hoping to discover the strength exertion most compatible to himself.

‘As I expected, the force passes through the bones and flows to the ends. This set of Six Armed Divine Sword should be performed. With this, I'll only need to cultivate my Nurturing technique for half an hour a day to fill up potential points.’

There was a limit to the amount of potential points each set of

sword technique could increase each day. Therefore, second transition Knights would constantly study about ways to practice more effectively within a shorter timespan.

Moreover, the many stances in Nurturing techniques were the basic sword stances. They were the building blocks to a series of other sword techniques.

After studying this Six Armed Divine Sword for half a month, Hylong had finally reached a higher level today. He broke out into a satisfied smile.

At that moment, the female instructor clapped her hands to gather everyone's attention. She then shouted, "There's three and a half more months to the Regional Selection. All of you are senior students in the academy, and all of you have hopes of participating in the Regional Selection.

"In the Regional Selection, other than having the Pantheon Monument Observation to test a person's talent and potential, what's most important is the various arena and hunting battles. Those require extremely tough Killing techniques.

"From today onwards, we'll go through actual combat daily. As per usual, I'll spar with Duo Ze while the rest of you look for your own sparring partners."

In sword techniques classes like this, which were conducted on a daily basis, the students naturally knew each other very well. Normally, during combat practices, they would look for people who were on a similar level as they were.

Of course, such drills were not meant to facilitate life and death battles, nor was it for them to fight against instructors who were much stronger than themselves. It was just that in such arrangements, the instructor would be able to have control during the combat and thus reduce the chances of injuries.

Thus, when students fought amongst themselves, in order to

control the number of injuries, they all swapped to wooden swords to practice with.

Hylong also swapped weapons and, as he held onto six wooden swords, and walked up to a senior student. He called out, “Link, come on! Today, I’ll let you have a taste of my powers!”

The student by the name of Link smiled. After which, arms popped up on his back. To think that his job was also the Six Armed Asura.

Well, the academy only provided seventeen types of jobs in total, therefore it was very common to find an opponent in the same class who cultivated a similar type of martial arts and was of the same job as well.

Hylong looked at this student by the name of Link and broke into a faint smile. Link was one year his junior and his martial arts was weaker than him. However, they shared the same job.

This was why he especially liked to spar with him. Not only would he be able to win his opponent, he would also be able to increase his combat experience and find out where his flaws were.

But this time around, Link had on an extremely confident gaze as he looked at Hylong. He bellowed, “Watch out, here I come!”

The next moment, his six arms and six swords stretched out, each of them lunging toward Hylong with gravitational waves, high temperature, low temperature, electric current, poison, and illusion respectively.

With all six swords of varying sword techniques and extraordinary strength, it was as if there were six Links attacking together at once.

It was obviously a Killing technique which was extremely suitable for those with the Six Armed Asura job.

Looking at this scene, Hylong broke into a faint smile. He had seen his opponent’s Killing technique too many times and could

handle it without even opening his eyes. He also stretch out his six arms and, at the next moment, created up to a hundred streams of sword shadows which swept out towards Link.

Hylong's Phantom Sword Technique was a combination of waves and sword arts. It could give physical forms to the sword shadows. When mastered to a high level, one sword could create a thousand shadows with a power akin to surging river water.

In the past, he had always used this sword technique to utterly defeat his opponent. But this time around, his Phantom Sword Technique was easily received by Link.

And after over twenty moves, the other party seemed to have fully seen through his attacks. His opponent's six longswords moved about with great ease and broke through all his attacks. Each of his opponent's attacks had landed on his flaws.

After fifty moves, Hylong's expression turned extremely pale. He was having great trouble keeping up and it would not be long before he lost.

At the sixty-second move, six consecutive bangs rang out. All of Hylong's six wooden swords were all sent flying. He looked at Link with a pale face and shouted, "What's going on? Why... Why is it that you've become so good in just a few days time?"

Link smiled, "Why? Didn't you sign up for Fang Xingjian's class? I demonstrated your Phantom Sword Technique to Fang Xingjian a couple of times and he had pointed out eighteen major flaws and fifty-four minor flaws to me in total. I am now very clear about all of these flaws."

Hylong's body abruptly shook and he bellowed, "That's impossible! How could there be so many flaws in my sword technique?! I don't believe it!"

Seeing that everyone had turned towards his direction, Hylong's face flushed red and he left very quickly.

Chapter 173 Short of Money

Over a hundred meters away from Fang Xingjian's villa, Hylong was secretly observing the over fifty people on the lawn. He noticed that everyone was putting great effort in their cultivation, regardless of whether they were from the junior or senior classes, regardless of whether they were using swords or spears, or even if they were using bare fist martial arts.

As for Fang Xingjian, he was seated cross-legged, occasionally shooting out streams of sword Qis to hit their body.

Even when if Hylong was at a distance away, he could still hear the occasional shouts from the lawn.

“So that's how it is! So that's how it is! I understand now!”

“Hahahaha, I got it! I finally got it!”

“Level 10! I've finally mastered this set of sword technique to level 10! The past three years of hard work have not gone to waste.”

He could hear those occasional shouts, as if they had come from heretic followers. There were even a few female students who kept on moving closer to Fang Xingjian. Everytime they were touched and caressed by his sword Qis, they would reveal a expression of joy.

Seeing that, Hylong's expression turn even more grim. He had never taken Fang Xingjian's classes before and was therefore unable to even think of its effects.

“What is this? They're making it seem as if it's a gathering by the Church of Universal Truth.

“Is this class really so useful?”

Although he was very suspicious about it, when he recalled how Link had defeated him earlier, Hylong felt an itch in his heart. He

wanted to try out the effects of this Fang Xingjian's class.

When he thought of Fang Xingjian, however he once again felt extremely disgusted and furious. He could not force himself to go up to Fang Xingjian, let alone asking him for guidance on his sword arts.

Just as he was hesitating, someone abruptly walked up from behind him. Hylong turned back to see the elegant looking Ferdinand, dressed in white clothes and walking over with a few servants.

Hylong's face immediately turned red. 'Damn it. Why is he here? Did he see how I acted earlier?'

It was a pity that Ferdinand crushed his hopes very quickly. He spoke with a smile, "Isn't this Hylong? Why? After sneaking a peek for so long, are you also thinking of signing up for the class now? Seeing that you've realized your mistakes, how about I only charge you six gold a month? This price will be increased very soon."

Hylong turned red on hearing this, after which he furiously retorted, "This is but a stupid class. I only happened to pass by and therefore came to take a look. With this foul atmosphere, who the hell would want to participate?" After saying that, he left very quickly.

Seeing that he was so angry and panicky, Ferdinand chuckled and continued to head to where Fang Xingjian was.

Before he could come near, he already saw four to five girls cultivating only a few meters away from Fang Xingjian. Each time they were hit by Fang Xingjian's sword Qi, they would have on an excited, happy, and joyous expression.

Ferdinand said helplessly, "Please make way. It's just cultivating, do you guys have to be like this?"

The few female Knights rolled their eyes at Ferdinand and continued with their practice. What was a few words of teasing

compared to the speedy progress that Fang Xingjian could give them? After all, in this world, one's fist was the greatest reason.

Ferdinand did not bother himself with them and just got the servants to bring out the items they were holding. The first one was a set of blue and white practice clothes. He said, "Xingjian, how about giving everyone who signed up for the class a set of practice clothes? This would unify what everyone is wearing and could increase unity. Moreover, this set of training clothes is very similar to a Knight attire. If it's pushed out, I'm sure those administrative staff and servants would want to sign up more."

He then took out a piece of brochure and said, "There's about over eighty students in a Prefectural Academy and tens of instructors, but there is up to a thousand administrative staff and servants in total.

"Although they are not rich, we can reduce the registration fees for people who are non-Knights. Of course, the guidance given to them would be lessened by a lot as well.

"And now that we have more and more Knight-level students joining, I think that we should be raising the price. What do you think?"

Fang Xingjian turned to him and said helplessly, "Did you think of all this by yourself? Do you think that I can guide so many people?"

"That's right. Why not? We can get some Knights who don't have any money to instruct them, then either reduce the tuition fees charged or give them more guidance." Ferdinand suggested.

This was not the first time that Ferdinand had done something like this. Recently, he had been persuading instructors to try out the class and allowing interested party to have a one-day free trial. He gave out brochures and even came up with a class to specifically teach one how to counter the opponent's attacks, just like how Link had specially asked for his help to counter a Killing technique.

All along, Ferdinand had wanted to entice Fang Xingjian into starting up a tuition class with him.

But how was it possible for Fang Xingjian to do this? He was only left with such little lifespan. His goal was to look for an opportunity to pass the Regional and National Selection, gain the powers which would allow him to stand before a Divine level expert, go back to seek revenge, and then question Li Shuanghua, Old Granny Li.

Even if the auction for the parietal bones was going to start soon, even if he was really short of money, he had not the time to do all these.

And so, Fang Xingjian shook his head. “Don’t bother with all these rubbish. You should work hard and practice as well. The Regional Selection is only three and a half month away.”

“What has the upcoming Regional Selection anything to do with me?” Ferdinand broke up laughing, “I’m not a monster like you who can prepare to participate in the Regional Selection in just a year’s time. I need to think of more ways to earn money, to get myself more ferocious beasts as well as heavenly and earthly treasures to boost my potential and attributes. I need to get more specialties as well. Only then will I have a chance to pass the Regional Selection in a few years’ time.

“And if we earn money like this, we may also have a chance in that event half a month later.”

Ferdinand tried to find another way to convince Fang Xingjian. He asked the maid Lina who was standing at the side, “Lina, how much income do we have now?”

Lina was very bright and immediately replied, “Two hundred and sixty gold in total.” With that, she looked at Fang Xingjian in great admiration. It was the first time she had felt that a Knight was so powerful.

‘Two hundred and sixty gold... To be earning so much in just a

few days... I might not be able to earn this much all my life.

‘This blind man is too good at earning money.’

She gave it some thought and then said, “Previously, there were a few students who had taken the trial and said that they would be asking for money from the family. If we count those in, there’s another twenty gold.”

“See?!” Ferdinand tried to persuade further, “Xingjian, if you’re willing to do this with me, we can open a class in Kirst. I’ll guarantee that you’ll earn at least two thousand gold each month and the money would be rolling in endlessly.

“Think about it, it’s two thousand gold every month. How much can you do with that amount of money? You can even buy those ferocious beasts which are level 25 and higher. If you work a bit harder, we may even be able to try our luck in that auction half a month later.”

Fang Xingjian sighed, “It does sound good but I don’t have so much time to be distracted right now. If we were to go to Kirst, wouldn’t there be at least a few hundred students? Although what you had said is right. Money makes many things easier, and I happen to be short of it.”

He suddenly stood up and shouted to the others, “Everyone, take a break. I have something to discuss with Ferdinand.”

All the students immediately revealed an expression of reluctance. Fang Xingjian then shouted towards Anthony and Robert, “The two of you, come over here for a while. I’ve something to say.”

Ferdinand said suspiciously, “Xingjian, you can’t be thinking about that head, right?”

Fang Xingjian shook his head without saying a word.

The four of them came to Fang Xingjian’s study and sat down. Fang Xingjian then spoke, “I’ve tried to do some recollection for

the past few days and have basically recalled where I had buried the corpses of those Garcia Great Warriors I had killed during the war.”

Chapter 174 Digging and the Elite Class

“...Then head about one hundred meters in the northwest direction. You’ll see a large green boulder with an old tree growing on top of it. I’ve buried the remaining four corpses there.”

In the study, Fang Xingjian explained to the others how many Garcia’s Great Warriors’ corpses he had buried in total and gave them a rough estimate about where he had buried those fourteen corpses.

Ferdinand said agitatedly, “Fourteen Garcia’s Great Warriors’ corpses? We’re going to strike it rich! Xingjian, are you sure you didn’t mistakenly remember?”

Fang Xingjian said, “After I had reached level 3 in my mental cultivation method, I’ve rarely forgotten things. There might be some discrepancies in the details, but the general direction shouldn’t be wrong.”

“That’s great! Haha, having fourteen sets of corpses of the Garcia’s Great Warriors, and with the war having just ended... Give me some time to create some hype. I’ll definitely sell them for fifteen thousand gold or more.” He then looked at Fang Xingjian and asked, “Oh, right. How do you plan on bringing them here?”

Fang Xingjian shook his head. “Don’t create any hype, just make it quick. I want to participate in that auction.”

Ferdinand was stunned, but he then recalled that Fang Xingjian planned to take part in the auction for the loan of the parietal bones. He smiled bitterly, “You still haven’t given up yet. Even if we were to sell it for fifteen thousand gold, it’s hard to tell how much money is needed to win an auction like that.”

Fang Xingjian was unfaltered. He said with determination, “I must have it.” He then looked towards the three of them and continued, “After the whole thing is over, I’ll give each of you one

hundred gold. But I need the three of you to help me go look for the fourteen corpses and dig them out.”

He needed to remain in the academy to continue with the class. Moreover, it would take too much time for him to look for the corpses in the forests. It would also affect his cultivation.

Hearing Fang Xingjian’s words, Anthony waved his hand and said, “Xingjian, rest assured. Since you’ve given the word, we’ll definitely get everything settled for you. As for the one hundred gold, it won’t be necessary.”

Fang Xingjian shook his head, “We must make things clear. Since I’m getting you guys to do something for me, I will naturally need to pay you for it.”

After his futile effort of rejecting the money, Anthony eventually agreed to accept it.

As soon as Robert heard of one hundred gold, his eyes immediately lit up. He had once started a dojo and headed it. Unlike people like Anthony who had no such experience, he knew well about the value of money. One hundred gold was already considered a tremendous sum of money to him. It was sufficient for him to change his life for the better.

Robert slapped his chest, creating loud sounds. He said, “Xingjian, don’t worry. I’ll definitely bring them to you safely.”

Ferdinand saw that Fang Xingjian had turned towards him. Although his eyes were closed, he was still observing his actions.

Ferdinand shrugged helplessly, “You want me to go as well?”

Fang Xingjian said, “It should be safer with three Knights.”

Ferdinand said reluctantly, “There’s still many things I have to handle for the tuition class. You can just let them put on their Knight attire and go. Who would dare to assault Knights in the Empire’s territory?”

Digging corpses in the forests would definitely be a dirty and tiring work, therefore he was naturally reluctant to go. However, when the things arrived, he would be interested to sell them off for a profit.

Seeing that Fang Xingjian did not move and was still looking at him with his eyes closed, he felt as if Fang Xingjian was not blind in the least.

“Damn, you can’t be pretending to be blind, right?” Seeing that the other part was still staring at him, Ferdinand waved his hand and said, “Alright, alright. I’ll go, I’ll go.”

Fang Xingjian nodded, satisfied. “It’ll be hard on you, but time is short. You guys can set off now.”

Seeing that Fang Xingjian was in so much of a hurry, both Anthony and Robert were surprised. However, Ferdinand understood and nodded, “Alright, alright, alright. We’ll set off right now.”

Fang Xingjian reminded them again, “You guys must definitely rush back before the auction starts and sell off all fourteen sets of corpses.”

Ferdinand smiled confidently, “You can count on me.”

Fang Xingjian nodded and said, “Oh, I still have a property in the outskirts. Help me sell that as well.”

That property was what Huang Lin had won for Fang Xingjian during the first inter-class competition. However, he had not been there even once. Now that he needed money, he decided to just sell it.

...

With that, Ferdinand led Anthony and Robert and left. Fang Xingjian continued to conduct the class and provide guidance to the students.

After three days, the rate at which people signed up for the class has slowed down. For the past three days, there had only been two people who had signed up.

And now, he had finally brought a total of eighty-five sets of sword techniques to their maximum level. He was now one step closer to leveling up his Unparalleled Sword Intent.

Just as he thought that everything would pass by calmly, an instructor came over and informed him that the Deputy Headmaster had asked for him to come over.

Although Fang Xingjian found it weird, he still left with him. They took a narrow path and arrived at a tremendous martial arts training ground.

At that moment, Hamil, Ralph and Ralph, two guys and one lady, were standing on the training ground. Currently, these three could be considered the strongest; they had the most potential after Fang Xingjian.

Edger was standing before the three of them. When he saw that Fang Xingjian had arrived, he waved to him. He wore an amiable expression, without a hint of ill-will against Fang Xingjian in the least.

Edger walked up to Fang Xingjian and said, “Xingjian, there’s something that I’ll have to trouble you with this time around.”

He looked towards the other three and said, “The upcoming Regional Selection is of grave importance. For the benefits of all the Knights in the academy, we need someone to be in the top ten in the Regional Selection.

For this purpose, I’ve set up this elite class and chose three students who are currently the strongest in the academy and have the greatest potential. They are the three who are currently present: Hamil, Ralph and Rota.

“From now on, the academy, will be investing a large amount of

resources on you guys, helping you to achieve the final dash and breakthrough, increasing your chances of passing the Regional Selection.”

Ralph nodded, but a hint of hostility flashed passed his eyes when he gazed at Fang Xingjian. “Since that’s the case, why has this guy been asked here? Isn’t he blind now?”

Edger smiled and said, “According to our findings, Fang Xingjian has great talent in providing guidance for martial arts. Although he has lost his sight, his level of sword arts cultivation is very high and he is good at instructing others. And so, I hope that he can help our elite class and guide you guys in your martial arts everyday.”

Hamil was not happy upon hearing Edger’s words, but he merely let out a cold snort and did not rebut. He could not deny that the level of Fang Xingjian’s sword arts cultivation was truly very high, the level at which he could instruct them. Moreover, he heard that Fang Xingjian was already able to discern location through sounds and there was no problems at all for him to sense all actions below the speed of sound.

Rota had no objections to this arrangement. She had been defeated by Fang Xingjian previously and was full of admiration for this person’s sword arts level and martial techniques.

However, Ralph frowned. he had been putting in great effort in his martial arts practice. After the war had ended, he had kept himself in seclusion and only just came out. He was not assured toward Fang Xingjian and did not know how he would be able to instruct others after having lost his sight.

As if he could see through Ralph’s doubts, Edger smiled and said, “Xingjian is trained in the Supreme Mistwind Sword which controls the atmosphere’s movements. By discerning the location of things through sound, he is now not much different from ordinary people. As long as it is not something that transcends the

speed of sound, he would be able to sense them without any problems.”

Edger then turned to Fang Xingjian and said, “Xingjian, from now on, I’ll need to trouble you to instruct the elite class. After all, this is an important matter to the academy, one that affects all of our futures.

“As for the tuition class, you should stop it for now. It’s just an insignificant thing. How could it be more important than the elite class we have here?

“That’s right, I heard that you charge a person five gold each. We’ll pay you one hundred gold per person here.

“I hope that you can do a good job in supporting Hamil and the others in their martial arts cultivation everyday. As long as they get good results in the Regional Selection, we’ll definitely treat you well.

“But now, the academy’s financial situation is too tight. We’ll probably only be able to pay you after the Regional Selection is over.”

In that moment, Edger was full of smiles and appeared to be very amiable and graceful. He had the disposition that a Deputy Headmaster should have. After all, to a person who valued reputation the most, such exterior appearances were of utmost importance. Ever since he became the Deputy Headmaster and got his hands on the investment of one hundred thousand gold, he had rid himself of his previous downcasted disposition and put more effort in maintaining his image and appearance.

Chapter 175 Bashed Up

Despite Edger's beaming smile, hidden behind it was a dagger.

If Fang Xingjian continued with his classes, it would have an increasing impact in the academy and he would gain both fame and wealth. How could he allow for that to happen? However, after getting someone to conduct an investigation, Fang Xingjian's ability to provide guidance was indeed strong. If he forcefully put an end to the classes on the pretext that it affected the academy's order, it would probably give rise to a lot of dissatisfaction in many Knights.

Therefore, he had planned to get Fang Xingjian's help in guiding the elite class. He would give Fang Xingjian an empty cheque, putting up the front that Fang Xingjian was on good terms with the academy. He hoped to use the principles of righteousness to bully Fang Xingjian, and eventually let him close down the class out of his own volition.

Seeing Fang Xingjian's furrowed brows, Edger sighed and said, "Xingjian, the academy's current financial situation is really tight now. As the saying goes, all the good steel must be used on blades.

"Therefore, we plan to spend most of the money on the elite class, including the money paid to you for instructing them. We may have to pay you after the Regional Selection is over.

"But be assured that when the Regional Selection is over and the additional budget is given to us, I'll definitely reward you heavily.

"So I hope that you can, for the sake of the school, make a little sacrifice and concentrate all your efforts onto the elite class from now on."

As Edger said this, he smirked to himself in his heart. He had promised to pay a remuneration of three hundred gold per month, and that would definitely be a tempting offer. As long as Fang

Xingjian accepted the conditions and stopped the classes he was conducting, not only would he need to refund the tuition fees he had received, his reputation would also plunge.

Fang Xingjian would be without his income for the next three months and longer, having devoted all his time onto the elite class. After disappearing from the sight of everyone, if Edger were to add more fuel to the flames, Fang Xingjian could be pushed to the sides. This would also give Fang Xingjian an even greater impact, and as for the rewards and payment after the Regional Selection...

‘Hmph... Fang Xingjian’s influence would only be reduced at an increasing rate. I would then just need to think of ways to make him borrow some money and land himself in debt. People will be unaware that he was instructing the elite class. With people under the impression that I was the one who had led the students to achieve the results, it would be an easy feat to deal with him then.

‘As for the various remunerations and rewards, I would naturally not be giving them to him either.’

Thinking of this, Edger’s expression turned into one that was even more insecure. He looked at Fang Xingjian and said, “And so, we’ll need to trouble you this time around.” He bowed and said, “The Headmaster also hopes that you can help the elite class. We’ll be placing the academy’s hope on you.”

Seeing that he was bowing sincerely, a hint of surprise flashed past Hamil and the others. They all gained a newfound admiration for Edger, as if he had become a person who had great passion for the academy and had great patriotism.

Edger laughed coldly in his heart. ‘A seventeen year old child. Hmph, just by saying a few words, I can charm you so much that you won’t even be able to distinguish your directions.’

Thinking about this, he bowed even more deeply, as if he wanted to fully touch Fang Xingjian, completely convince him to sacrifice his class to instruct the elite class.

However, what Edger did not know was that despite being merely seventeen years old, his character was long different from ordinary people.

How could he care about responsibilities, touching emotions, admiration, and patriotism?

“There’s no way that I’d be giving up on my class.” Fang Xingjian sized up Hamil and the others before he continued, “And, for the three of them, I’ll only spend two hours instructing them. That’s how much time I have.

“But during these two hours, I’ll put in extra attention. Therefore, I won’t just be accepting one hundred gold per person, I’ll be asking for two hundred gold per person. But it must be paid on the first day of every month. Don’t even think of paying only after the Regional Selection is over.”

Hearing how relentless Fang Xingjian was, Edger frowned. He had never expected his plan against Fang Xingjian to fail. However, he still had another plan.

He lifted his head and looked sternly at Fang Xingjian before saying with a solemn tone, “Fang Xingjian, do you know what you’re doing? Earning money from your schoolmates? Dragging the whole academy down at the most crucial time?

“Do you know that you’re not giving a hoot about the bigger picture?

“Can’t you just bear with it for just three months? Or do you think that the academy will refuse to pay up?”

He pointed to Fang Xingjian, appearing to be more angry the more he spoke. He spoke out righteously, “Do you really care not about the bigger picture? About responsibility? About team spirit and honor? How can you be so selfish and only about money?

“If you’re really bent on doing things like this, the academy can only cancel your classes so that you won’t continue to affect the

order in the academy and spread such selfish mindset to the other students.

“Of course, this is something that we do not hope to see. As long as you can properly support the elite class, then we can maintain the status quo.”

‘Since I cannot move you, then I’ll threaten you. Feeding you a carrot, then holding onto a stick, I don’t believe that you won’t give in.’ Moreover, to him, Fang Xingjian was already blind and he would need to depend on the academy in the future. How could Fang Xingjian afford to offend him?

However, Edger had been an instructor for far too long. He thought that every student was like those he had taught in the past, obedient and naive. He had never tried to fully understand Fang Xingjian, this seventeen year old young man. He knew that Fang Xingjian had talent, was competitive, and rash.

But Fang Xingjian was, after all, blind.

What he did not know was that Fang Xingjian had the number one sword arts talent in the world, a five year lifespan, and deep vengeance. He also was not aware that Fang Xingjian never gave in.

Back then, even the First Prince was not able to force him to do as he said. So how could he, a mere Deputy Headmaster, succeed?

When Edger finished saying what he had to say, Fang Xingjian’s brows furrowed tightly. It was as if one could hear the swooshing sounds of the blood in his body, the popping of veins on his forehead, as if a lump of black aura had gathered at his glabella [1].

Fang Xingjian gradually lifted a single finger and pointed towards Edger’s direction, saying, “I don’t like the way you’re talking and doing things.

“Therefore, I’ll talk to the three of them directly.”

The next moment, a piercing white light appeared on Fang

Xingjian's fingertip and immediately encompassed his whole body. Edger felt as if a sun had appeared before his eyes. The strong light beam caused everything to turn into a white color.

If Edger knew about the existence of a flash grenade, then he would have definitely felt that what he was experiencing now was very similar to it.

However, although he did not know about flash grenades, he knew the sword technique Fang Xingjian was displaying.

‘Radiant Light Sword Technique!’

His eyes could not see anything at all and his first reaction was to get into a defensive stance. He set off his Reduced Force Field to encompass himself.

Absolute light brings about absolute darkness.

To Edger, it was a situation where he could not see anything. To Fang Xingjian, however, it was no difference from how he usually was. He had long gotten used to the darkness and blended into it.

To Fang Xingjian senses, it were as if Edger's defensive stance had not existed at all.

A current of air surged towards Edger, causing pain in his stomach. He received three consecutive kicks at his chest and his knees weakened. He fell to the ground, half-kneeling. He then felt a sharp pain at his chin as he was kicked and sent flying, eventually landing on the floor.

In less than a second, he was kicked five times in total, each attack extremely vicious. There were no signs of holding back as he was knocked down flat on the ground.

He only felt a burning fury, as if his heart was on fire. It caused him to bellow loudly and stand up.

“Fang Xingjian, you... you... What nerves! What are you doing?! Do you know what you are doing?!”

Edger lifted his head, his face extremely bruised as if he had just received a thrashing by a group of people.

What he valued most was his reputation. Back then, when he was down and out, what he wanted to do most was to walk over Jackson so that he could become the Headmaster and have his name pass down in history.

For a person who valued his reputation most, how furious must he feel to have been defeated by his student and bashed up badly?

The light gradually scattered and Fang Xingjian said with his head tilted, “What did I do?”

“You attacked a teacher, attacked the Deputy Headmaster of a Prefectural Academy!” Edgar bellowed, “Fang Xingjian, you’re doomed. I’m telling you, you can forget about being a Knight!”

“Did I beat you up?” Fang Xingjian asked coldly, “Did you see it?”

With a light sway of his body, Edger was sent flying with a kick and landed over ten meters away.

Fang Xingjian smiled coldly as he shook his leg, asking, “Did you see me attacking? Didn’t you fly out yourself?”

He looked towards Hamil and the others and asked, “Did any of you see me attacking?”

[1] The point between the eyebrows.

Chapter 176 Exchanging Blows

Looking at Fang Xingjian's expression when he turned over, Hamil and the others were all stunned for a moment.

Seeing that the three of them remained silent, Fang Xingjian said calmly, "To me, what's the difference between you and blind people?"

The three of them wanted to rebut, but thinking of Fang Xingjian's earlier actions, it was true that they had not been able to see it clearly. They did not even know how many kicks Fang Xingjian had landed on Edger.

'How could he be so fast?'

Aside from the fact that Fang Xingjian had beaten up Edger, what astonished the three of them more was his speed, which was now even faster than before.

And the Radiant Light Sword Technique he had performed earlier was accurate, as if he had never turned blind.

The Fang Xingjian who stood before them with his eyes closed seemed to be even more terrifying than before.

But in the next moment, the three of them thought about the same thing.

'Thank goodness, thank goodness that there is the Pantheon Monument Observation in the Regional Selection. With him being blind, there's no way that he can get through this stage. His starting point is still behind us and it's impossible for him to take part in the Regional Selection.'

A hint of rejoice flashed past Hamil's face.

Ralph shook his head as he gazed at Fang Xingjian with pity.

Only Rota stared at Fang Xingjian's tightly shut eyes, as if she hoped to see his eyes. She suddenly had the feeling that this person

might really be able to breakthrough to Heaven's Perception and pass the Regional Selection.

‘But how would it be possible to breakthrough to Heaven's Perception in three months' time? It has only been six months since he had completed his transition. How could it be possible?’

However, after Fang Xingjian threw out the question, he turned back toward Edger's direction. Edger was still bellowing, his body flashing as he appeared a hundred meters away from Fang Xingjian.

He drew out a foldable longbow from his waist which was exploding and shooting out streams of electricity. Edger moved around Fang Xingjian at supersonic speed.

As the previous Headmaster's son and the genius who had become the Prefectural Champion back then, his abilities now were at the pinnacle amongst those in the first transition. He was even a little stronger than Clan Elders like Rebecca. His instantaneous explosive force could even allow him to move at supersonic speed.

The next moment, it were as if ten thousands shooting stars had fallen from the sky. Countless crossbow arrows rained down from all directions like laser beams. This was archery at supersonic speed, and each shot transformed into ten arrows which split out.

Fang Xingjian had no way to sense supersonic arrow. He did not even know how many arrows had been shot out by him in that instant.

However, this did not mean that he had no way to deal with it. When he sensed that Edger had disappeared from his sensing perimeters, he abruptly charged forth. Although Fang Xingjian did not go all out at full force, he moved with four times supersonic speed. In an instant, he was five hundred meters away and standing at the borders of the training ground.

Only then did those supersonic arrows hit Fang Xingjian's

afterimage, creating a series of loud explosive sounds and causing the stone surfaces to shatter.

Although Fang Xingjian could not see the attack, no one would be able to catch up to his speed if he was hell-bent on escaping.

Edger realized this as well and was fuming in rage. He was just about to nock more arrows when he saw a lump of white light appear at Fang Xingjian's fingertip. The Radiant Light Sword Technique was once again activated and at the next moment, Fang Xingjian was shooting out streams of white light from his body, turning the area within a ten-meter radius into complete white. One would be unable to assess his actual position.

Amidst the light, Fang Xingjian had not expected that Edger had such capabilities. To think that he could also surpass supersonic speed, preventing Fang Xingjian from sensing him.

If that was the case, Fang Xingjian could probably only rely on the Ether Sword Ripples to defeat Edger. He could dash up to the estimated position Edger was around and release up to a hundred Ether Sword Ripples around him within a ten-meter radius.

However, that was a bit hard to control. He might accidentally kill him or miss him completely.

Facing the Radiant Light Sword Technique, Edger also hesitated. If he could not see his target, it would be very hard for him to hit.

When he was considering if he should attack specific areas to test out Fang Xingjian's location, a sound rang out from afar.

A few instructors dashed toward the training ground and shouted from afar, "Deputy Headmaster, what's wrong?"

"What happened? Do you need our help?"

Looking at this scene, Edger frowned slightly, a hint of fury flashing passed his face. He put down his bow and arrows and retreated with a swoosh, showing no signs of hesitation.

Hamil, Ralph and Rota all looked in surprise toward Edger who had left. They had yet to figure out what was going on.

The Deputy Headmaster had left just like that?

Although he had not managed to take down Fang Xingjian in the fight earlier, Fang Xingjian was blind after all. Even if his speed was ten times faster, Edger still had a chance to win. Why did he leave?

A hint of comprehension flashed past Hamil's eyes.

'I heard that this Edger values his reputation the most and can put up with sufferings in order to maintain his reputation.

'Hehe, judging on what just happened, this really is the case.'

Hamil's guess was right. Edger had initially planned on fighting it out with Fang Xingjian, pushing him down and teaching him what respect was.

However, having been caught by surprise earlier, he was given a beating by Fang Xingjian right from the start. If the other instructors who had rushed over saw this, what would be the result?

A commotion would probably breakout the next day. The whole academy would know that he had met up to have a talk with Fang Xingjian, and because they had some disagreements, he was taught a lesson. They would also spread that he failed to defeat Fang Xingjian, ended up getting bruises all over, and was only saved after a few instructors came up to stop the fight.

How could Edger put up with such a situation? Thus, he simply turned to leave without speaking to the few instructors at all. He then spoke out in a loud, and clear voice, "Xingjian, since that's the case, this thing is settled. You'll instruct the elite class on their martial arts. As for the details, I'll leave it for you guys to discuss."

He made it appeared as if they had just finished their discussion, but there was a threatening tone only Hamil and the others could

tell.

The few instructors who rushed over exchanged glances, not understanding what was going on.

Fang Xingjian laughed coldly and stopped his Radiant Light Sword Technique and looked toward Hamil and the others. Since Edger had decided to stop pursuing further, there was no reason for him to continue looking for trouble anymore. There was too many things which he needed to get done as soon as he could. He had no time to get entangled with him.

He looked toward the trio and asked outright, “How is it? I’ll instruct you guys on your martial arts for two hundred gold every month. Are you guys going to accept the offer?”

The trio exchanged glances. None of them immediately replied.

Just as Fang Xingjian had thought the three of them could not put down their pride and accept his offer, Rota was the first to stand out. She stared at Fang Xingjian and said, “It’s true that I’m full of admiration for your martial arts, but I heard that everyone gets to have a one day free trial for your classes. I wonder if we can first try out the feeling of the class which costs two hundred gold per month?”

Fang Xingjian smiled, “Of course.”

Hamil’s face also reflected an incomprehensible smile akin to mountain spring water. He said calmly, “Then count me in as well.”

On the other hand, Ralph turned, let out a cold snort and said, “I’ll practice my sword myself. I don’t need other people to guide me.”

Sensing that Ralph had taken his leave, Fang Xingjian naturally did not say anything. He merely walked up to Rota and Hamil, saying, “You guys can just practice the martial arts you guys are currently cultivating. As long as it is related to circulation in the

physical body, I can provide you with guidance.”

After saying that, he once again lift up his finger and started cultivating his Radiant Light Sword Technique.

Rota and Hamil exchanged a glance. Eventually, Rota was the one who stepped forth and said, “Then I’ll start demonstrating my spear arts.”

Fang Xingjian smiled, looking at Rota and Hamil as if they were two fat sheeps ready for slaughter. In order to gather sufficient money to take part in the auction for the bones, he was giving it his all.

Chapter 177 Receiving the Goods

This was Rota's first time receiving Fang Xingjian's guidance. As she swung out the silver spear in her hands, Fang Xingjian's free hand formed sword fingers and with a tap, sent over ten streams of atmospheric sword currents into the air.

The ten or so sword Qis were like many slithering snakes, encompassing Rota at a steady pace.

Seeing Rota's slightly stiff actions, Fang Xingjian calmly advised, "Relax, it won't hurt."

Rota nodded, and started practicing a set of Nurturing spear arts, one stance at a time. With each movement, strong gales exploded, creating a loud boom as if thunder rang out each time.

Her ponytail swung about, and with each stance she showed the combination of extreme power and beauty. Her long and slender limbs continued to move, unleashing force and showing off her toned curves. She was not as muscular as Lilia, but instead had a slender figure with smooth lines, as if she were a female martial goddess in the Norse Mythology.

While she was practicing this set of spear arts, Fang Xingjian's streams of sword Qis surrounded her like slithering snakes, and in just a blink of an eye, had gotten close to Rota and started hitting against her body.

With each hit, Rota felt a force entering and passing through her body like an electric current, continuously guiding her force circulation and spear arts movements. In just a few minutes, she started to discover that her mastery of the spear arts and the resulted effects had both increased by a lot.

Fang Xingjian had focused the energy he usually spent on fifty people on her alone. Naturally, she could now feel a significant impact.

However, after practicing for a while, Rota's face turned flush red. It was because she felt the streams of sword Qi surround her body, pressing and slapping her body as if they were countless little warm hands, making her feel strangely embarrassed.

But even though she felt embarrassment, the pleasant sensation from the increase in mastery and potential made her reluctant to stop. Instead, she persisted in practicing.

She did not know that what she was experiencing was at least fifty times what ordinary female students had experienced. After ten minutes, the skin all over her body was shivering, her cheeks were flushed red, and the sweat covering her forehead had soaked her hair wet. Finally, with a thrust of her spear, without wanting to, a soft cry came from her mouth. The next moment, she glared at Fang Xingjian as if she had the intention to murder someone.

She clenched her teeth and said, "Fang Xingjian!"

Fang Xingjian was blind, so how could he possibly know the situation? He only curiously asked, "What's wrong? Why do I feel that your heartbeat and blood flow have turned faster just now? Even your breath is frantic. You've only cultivated for such a short amount of time. Your stamina shouldn't be that bad."

Looking at Fang Xingjian's innocent expression, Rota bit her lips, her face turning an even deeper shade of red, which added a hint of charm to her valiant disposition.

She clenched her teeth and said, "I'll change my clothes, then come back for practice."

Of course, Fang Xingjian did not stop her. However, Hamil threw a curious glance at Rota, feeling that she seemed to be a bit weird. He sniffed and asked, "What smell is this?"

Rota who had walked a distance away almost tripped. Her face which was turned away from the two men, blushed more and more. However, she had never been one to easily admit defeat.

Men and women were different, and such differences were reflected on many levels. In terms of martial arts, such differences were significant. For example, females were disadvantaged by the fact that they had to go through menstrual periods and had a colder physique in nature. However, they also had advantages, such as their bodies being more slender, a higher level of endurance, and lighter bodies.

Because men and women were different in too many ways, the way men and women cultivated were naturally different as well.

Rota's earlier reactions were just because of the fact that men and women had very different skin characteristics. Men's skin was thicker than women's by two to three times. Therefore, their skin was coarser, while women's skin was smoother and more sensitive.

Therefore, when women started practicing martial arts, they would have to go through much more pain than men.

Most female Knights did not have money, so their skin would become increasingly coarser and thicker. But people with rich backgrounds, like Rota, were obviously different. She took and applied many beauty products and a lot of medicinal food, both of which were good for the body. This allowed her to keep her skin smooth and tender despite practicing martial arts. It even helped her keep her body long and slender, just like common women.

And ever since she had become a Knight she had the Reduced Force Field to protect her body, so there were less chances of her skin sustaining injuries during training, which also allowed her skin to retain its sensitivity.

Not only did this maintain her appearance, but during battle, her skin's sensitivity also allowed her to sense the finer changes of the airflow.

In the changing room, Rota recalled the previous embarrassing scene and clenched her fists tightly, "How could I lose here?"

Wasn't my intention to prove that women are never weaker than men?"

She instructed the maid outside the door, "Go get bring me a pad."

No matter what, Fang Xingjian's guidance quickly got Rota and Hamil interested. These two aristocrats were willing to pay the price of six hundred gold to enjoy Fang Xingjian's guidance for the next three months, before the Regional Selection.

This Regional Selection was of great importance, and as renowned talents, they had both received considerable financial aid from their clans.

Another three days passed and Fang Xingjian's income increased by four hundred gold from the two of them. The sword techniques he had mastered to the maximum level had also increased to ninety, and he only needed ten more to level up his Unparalleled Sword Intent.

No matter if he was walking, sitting or lying down, there seemed to be sword theories simply flowing out from his body.

Edger never appeared again, as if he was fearful of losing his reputation. He only returned to the academy after the injuries on his face had fully recovered. He did not interfere with the elite class's current condition either.

However, the resources planned to be given to Hamil and the others did not stop coming, contributing to their increase in power.

...

One day, Ferdinand and the others finally came back. They did not bother to have their meal, wash up, or rest, but instead rushed over to Fang Xingjian's with excitement.

"It's done." Ferdinand smiled. "A total of fourteen corpses have arrived at my place and are waiting for buyers to get them."

Fang Xingjian nodded and asked, “How much left until the auction?”

“Eight days.” Ferdinand replied. “Although time is a bit tight, it should be just about sufficient. Now the only worry is that the money made from selling the corpses won’t be enough.

Fang Xingjian looked at Ferdinand and asked, “You have a solution to this?”

Ferdinand smiled and a hint of confidence flashed in his eyes. It was an absolute confidence Fang Xingjian had never seen before.

“If you ask me questions about spear arts, I might still hesitate a little.

“But with regards to selling things... I’m sorry, but I’m the true expert here.”

He looked towards Robert and Anthony and said, “The two of you, follow me back tonight. We have work to do tomorrow.”

Chapter 178 Selling Bones

“Did you hear? Someone is buying remains of first transition Knights.”

“Mmm, I heard it’s that big aristocratic clan who wants to buy a large number of remains to refine something.”

“Hehe, to hell with the big aristocratic clan. It’s the academy who wishes to collect remains to forge Inferior Remains Divine Weapons and help the students in the upcoming Regional Selection.”

Next to the table, two merchants exchanged glances and quickly left.

Similar news were spreading through the whole of Kirst through various underground channels.

...

On the other end, in an underground room, Anthony pinched his nose, his face pale as he looked at Ferdinand, who was cutting up and polishing the corpses. He felt as if he was about to puke.

“What are you doing?”

Ferdinand’s expression did not change as he continued to work on the corpses and said, “Other than their bones, the other parts of first transition Knights can’t be used to make Remains Divine Weapons. They’re useless.

“Although these black people are black, their bones are white, just like ours.

As long as we polish them up a little, no one will be able to tell that they were Garcia’s Great Warriors.”

Anthony turned his head, not daring to continue looking at what Ferdinand was doing. “I’m asking what use is it?”

“What use?” Ferdinand lifted his head, looking at Anthony as if

he was looking at an idiot. “Garcia’s Great Warriors are much weaker than our Empire’s Knights. When you compare their bone remains with the bone remains of Empire’s Knights, which do you think will sell at a better price?”

Ferdinand shook his head helplessly, “If not for the fact that the remains of Conferred Knights are too different from those of the Knights’, I would even be able to pass these off as Conferred Knights’.”

He then pointed to the pile of bones which had already been polished and said, “Alright, take that pile away. Take it to the location I told you of. Someone will offer you two thousand gold for them. You just need to sell it to him.”

“Two thousand gold? It can sell for that much money?” Anthony asked with wide-open eyes. “From what I know, the bone remains of a normal level 19 Knight can only be sold for about one thousand gold or so. The bones still need to be processed and combined with other materials to actually make a Remains Divine Weapon.

“And yours is a counterfeit.”

He tapped the counterfeit remains and shook his head, “If it was me, I would pay at most six hundred gold for it.”

“Hehe, then it’s right. Everyone will feel that two thousand gold is too much, that’s why they’ll be tricked.” Ferdinand smiled.

Anthony frowned, but understood after thinking about it. “You’re laying the ground? Buying what you sell?”

“Will it work?”

...

“Have you heard?”

“This time around, Governor Devitt plans to choose a person to be his disciple from the ten who’ll pass the Regional Selection.”

“The Governor is looking for a disciple.”

“Is that true? Where did you hear the news from?”

“How could it be false? The person who becomes the Governor’s disciple will be able to gain great power and authority. Hehe, otherwise, why do you think so many people are buying bone remains?”

“Oh? I heard that someone bought one set for two thousand gold yesterday.”

“Hehe, someone also said that they would be buying one in the east district today.”

...

Ferdinand looked at Hylong helplessly and said, “Hylong, I’m sorry. I’m going to leave this rib bone for myself.”

Hylong stood up immediately and said furiously, “Ferdinand, what rubbish are you talking about? Haven’t we agreed that you’ll let me have it?”

Ferdinand touched the remain affectionately and sighed, “But this is my ancestor’s remains, passed down in the clan. Not only is it strong, more importantly, it is very meaningful to me. Moreover, this is a rib bone, and is the best material for a spearhead. It’s just right for me and my spear arts.”

Hylong spoke in a panic, “You can’t go back on your words! We agreed on the deal for seventy gold! Are you planning on raising the price?”

“It’s not that I want to raise the price.” Looking at how anxious Hylong was, Ferdinand spoke with great hesitation, “Barbara isn’t letting me sell. She said that she has something important to discuss with me. It’s with regards to the upcoming Regional Selection. I think... I think it’s related to the Governor.”

Hylong’s eyes narrowed and he asked, “What did you say?”

Ferdinand laughed out loud, “Look, Barbara is here.”

Barbara walked over and headed straight to Ferdinand, tugging him and said, “Ferdinand, don’t sell that rib bone yet.”

Hylong said angrily, “Are you kidding me? We’ve agreed on the deal and the price. How can you just say that you’re not selling?”

Barbara let out a cold laugh and asked Hylong, “Hmph, you must be here to take advantage of Ferdinand, isn’t it?”

Hylong asked, a bit meekly, “What do you mean?” He turned to Ferdinand and said, “Alright, I’ll make it ninety gold. That should be fine, right? The rib bone is mine to keep now.”

With that, he turned, taking the rib bone from the table, and left.

After seeing that he had left, Barbara pouted and said, “I didn’t know Hylong was this rich. He couldn’t have sold the shops under his clan to gather the money, could he?”

“Tsk, he should go take a look at himself in the mirror. He thinks someone like him can pass the Regional Selection? ” She then reached out her hand to Ferdinand and said, “The five gold we’ve agreed on. Give it to me.”

“Take it yourself.” Ferdinand stroked his chin and thought to himself, ‘Seems like the profit is better if they are sold individually. It’s a pity that there’s not enough time. We can only change our method.’

On the other end, Hylong left excitedly, holding onto the rib bone and thinking to himself, ‘It’s a pity. Now the money I have won’t be enough for me to sign up for Fang Xingjian’s class.

‘But with this rib bone to make my spear tip, I can get my father to help me find what I need to forge an Inferior Divine Weapon. With that, my battle prowess will increase by at least 50%.’

...

In the underground room, Robert looked at the incomplete set of bone remains and asked, “Weren’t there fourteen sets? Why is

there one more now?”

Ferdinand grinned and said, “I noticed that a complete set of remains would look too new. If there are some parts missing, then the people will think that these have some age, and they won’t suspect Garcia.

“I wanted to sell some of them individually to some poor fools. But it seems that we don’t have time. Therefore, I just put them together to form one set and sell it to people who don’t know any better.”

Robert shook his head while looking at Ferdinand, mourning for the many deceived people.

...

In Fang Xingjian’s study, Manny was holding onto a book and reading, “The human body is an internal world, and the universe is a large world. Heaven’s Perception requires an exchange of one’s will with the world’s will.

“But the world cannot talk, so we must learn how to interact with the world. Each increasing stage in the Ten Heavenly Barriers allows a deeper understanding of the world’s will.”

Manny nodded and said, “This Lobuche’s words have a charm to them. The world has a will of its own? Just like humans?” He smiled and told Fang Xingjian, “I heard that you’ve been crazily earning money from teaching classes?”

Fang Xingjian turned to him and asked, “What about it?”

“If you have your mind set on the parietal bones, you can give up on it now.” Manny sighed, a hint of disappointment flashing in his eyes. “That item has been reserved.”

Chapter 179 News

Fang Xingjian's expression did not look good. He asked Manny, "What do you mean 'it's reserved'?"

Manny shrugged, "A set of Conferred Knight's parietal bones, on loan for six hours, although quite effective, still depends on the individual's talent. It's very hard to say how much help it can provide in attaining Heaven's Perception. In normal circumstances, it's considered quite a feat to be able to put the price between eighteen to twenty thousand gold."

Fang Xingjian nodded in agreement. This was about the price Ferdinand had estimated for it. If it exceeded twenty thousand, the price for these parietal bones would not be reasonable. After all, although they could be used to increase the chances of attaining Heaven's Perception, it merely raised the chances, and it was merely an experience.

Manny sighed, "I wanted to fight for it too, but this time around, an extremely rich person openly offered a price of thirty thousand gold, telling everyone else not to fight with him for it."

"Thirty thousand gold?" Fang Xingjian furrowed his brows and asked, "Why? This is too much of an inflation. Why is he doing this?"

"For one, of course it's because he's rich, too rich. Although an additional ten thousand gold would pain him a little, it's still just a little." Manny sighed and continued, "Another reason is because there's been a rumor recently that Governor Devitt is going to choose someone from this upcoming Regional Selection to become his disciple. Naturally, everyone wants to fight for this chance."

"If one can become Governor Devitt's disciple, then power, wealth and various cultivation resources will easily be within grasp. The person would be able to jump up many ranks and become a member of the Empire's upper echelon."

“Of course, if one could attain Heaven’s Perception’s before the Regional Selection, the chances of getting Lord Devitt’s favor would be higher.

“After all, it is no easy feat to breakthrough and attain the Heaven’s Perception by oneself, without the support of the Regional Academy’s resources.”

Having said that, Manny smiled. “Although it is hard to say how much help one can get with the right to use the parietal bones for six hours, what can we do when he has the money to spare?”

Fang Xingjian did not say anything, but his brows furrowed increasingly tighter. Although to other people the Regional Selection was of great importance, they would not be in despair even if they did not pass.

But to Fang Xingjian, missing this year’s Regional Selection meant he would have to wait for another two years. How could he? He had a lifespan of less than four years, and if he were to wait another two years, he would be left with less than two years. He would not be able to participate in the next National Selection either.

And in his plan of seeking vengeance from the Onassis Clan and Caroline, attaining the Divine level was a must. If he wanted to stand before them and before Fang Clan’s Old Granny Li Shuanghua, he would need to be at least at the peak of second transition, level 29.

Therefore, to Fang Xingjian, it was a must to pass the Regional Selection. It was something he could not afford to miss.

And for him to pass the Regional Selection, he would first need to get through the challenge of attaining Heaven’s Perception. To him, the value of having these parietal bones for six hours was too important.

Manny looked at Fang Xingjian in surprise. Even he could tell

that Fang Xingjian's emotions were a bit off. He asked, "What's wrong?"

Fang Xingjian shook his head, "It's nothing. Let's continue."

"Oh, right. What's the name of the guy who released the news?"

...

After Ferdinand and Manny finished their exchange, he headed over to Ferdinand's late that night.

Ferdinand was surprised when he saw Fang Xingjian after opening his door. He asked, "Why have you come?"

"There's trouble." Fang Xingjian did a quick scan, and after making sure that no one was inside, he entered. After taking a seat, he asked outright, "How much did you sell those bone remains for?"

Ferdinand replied, "There was a total of fourteen sets, and I spent various means to sell them and I now have nineteen thousand and fifty-four gold altogether. Adding it up with the two hundred and eighty-five gold from your class and the four hundred gold from the elite class, and taking away the money you have used for your cultivation during this time, we now have a total of nineteen hundred, five hundred and eighty-seven gold."

Fang Xingjian calmly asked, "There's still that house on the outskirts which was sold for five hundred gold, and adding in my own savings, it's twenty thousand, five hundred and eighty-seven gold."

Ferdinand yawned and then smiled, "Alright, this should be about enough. Worst case, I'll lend you some too. It should be enough to buy the six-hour ownership of the bones."

Fang Xingjian shook his head and asked, "Have you heard of a person called Bruno?"

"Bruno? He's a profligate son. However, he's extremely rich,"

Ferdinand said. “His grandfather is a Conferred Knight and works in the Empire’s Ministry of Finance. In the whole of Kirst, there’s probably no one else who’s richer than him.”

Fang Xingjian frowned and said, “Bruno will also be participating in this auction. And he has already released the news that he’s going to get this bone even if he has to pay thirty thousand gold.”

“Thirty thousand gold?!” Ferdinand gasped. “This guy really is a profligate son.”

“Are you sure that what he said is likely to be true?” Fang Xingjian asked.

“Hehe,” Ferdinand smiled bitterly and replied, “This guy doesn’t treat money like money at all. The businesses under their clan’s name is more than enough for him to live ten lives or more.

“But why does he want the parietal bones? Based on what I know, his talent is mediocre and he should know that even if he were to use it, it’s unlikely that he would be able to attain Heaven’s Perception.”

Fang Xingjian turned to him and said, “It’s because he heard the news that Governor Devitt is planning to choose a disciple from the participants in the upcoming Regional Selection.”

“Huh?!” The rumors that Devitt was planning to choose a disciple in the upcoming Regional Selection had been released by Ferdinand to begin with. Who would have thought this rumor not only helped him gain a greater profit from selling the Garcia’s Great Warriors’ bones, it also attracted a rich competitor like Bruno.

The next moment, he regained his senses, “Although his talent is not there, if he could buy the six hours, even if he could not succeed, he could at least prevent other people’s success. This way, his chances of being selected would slightly increase.

“This damned rich guy.”

He had the feeling as if he had lifted a heavy boulder and then smashed it down on his own foot.

Half an hour later, Robert, Anthony, Ferdinand and Fang Xingjian all gathered in the room, keeping very quiet.

Anthony was the first one to break the silence, asking, “Xingjian, are you sure that you must have these bones? Even if you’re late by one to two years...”

“No way.” Fang Xingjian’s tone was very firm. “I must definitely get my hands on them.” His tone was very cold as he said, “If everything else doesn’t work out, I can only snatch them.”

“Don’t!” Ferdinand said. “The people who brought the bones are not simple characters. I’ve heard that there’s at least one Conferred Knight amongst them. It’s an Empire’s Conferred Knight. He’s not going to be as weak as Garcia’s Destined Warriors.”

“Bruno only came because he heard the rumors and thought that the Governor would select a disciple in the upcoming Regional Selection.” Robert stroked his neck and said, “Then can we arrange for a meet-up with him to tell him the truth?”

Ferdinand sighed, “It’s useless. Why would he believe us? We can’t prove it.”

Truly, the news that the Governor would be selecting a disciple in the Regional Selection was one which people had the choice to believe or not. However, there was no way for them verify it. It only depended on what people chose to believe.

After all, they could not actually go up to ask that number one character in the Great Western Region if he was going to take in a disciple in the Regional Selection.

In the beginning, Ferdinand had been very proud of his plan, but now, he thought that even he was unable to find a loophole, since the rumor could not be verified.

Anthony spoke again, “Or...we could think of a way to delay Bruno so that he would be unable to take part in the auction?”

Chapter 180 Auction (Part I)

“It’s useless.” Ferdinand shook his head and said, “This idiotic Bruno has already released news that he’s aiming for the bone. Although this got many other competitors to come out earlier...”

“It also made many people think that the rumor that Governor Devitt will be choosing his disciple is true.

“Even if we can stop Bruno from attending this auction, there would be tough competition in the auction anyway.

“When I previously estimated the price at twenty thousand gold, I hadn’t expected this happen.”

Having said this, a hint of comprehension flashed in Ferdinand’s eyes. “It’s no wonder that when I was spreading the news, I sensed some other power helping to spread the rumors. I did not understand this at the beginning, but thinking of it now, it’s those people who are auctioning the six hours who were helping to push out the news.

“They also want to fetch a high price.”

Fang Xingjian nodded. He was bent on getting the bones, and even though the auction had yet to start, the upper limits of the cost had already been raised again and again. The money he had with him now was a tremendous sum of money in any other situation, but it was not enough for him to win the bid in this auction.

They continued discussing, continuously brainstorming for ideas and then rejecting them. It went on until daybreak, but they were still unable to come up with a solution.

Anthony leaned back on the sofa and dejectedly said, “Why don’t we just snatch Bruno, take his money and use it in the auction?”

Ferdinand pouted and said, “If you want to offend a Conferred Knight, a high official in the Empire, then go do it yourself. I won’t

risk my life together with you guys.”

“Pass off as Bruno?” Fang Xingjian thought and said as he turned toward the window where sunlight was gradually shining down on the earth.

“Impossible.” Ferdinand said, “If we were to restrain Bruno, considering his grandfather’s powers, it would be very troublesome if they decide to pursue and investigate the case.

“We must hide our identity in front of him, and do the same when facing the auctioneers.

“We need to hide from both sides and snatch Bruno’s money. He also has experts under him, given to him by his grandfather. Who knows what kind of Remains Divine Weapons they have?

“It would be trouble if our identities were revealed.”

“No.” Fang Xingjian shook his head and suddenly smiled, “We might really be able to do it.”

He turned toward Ferdinand and asked, “Has Bruno come into contact with a Conferred Knight’s head bone before?”

“He shouldn’t have. There’s only a total of five thousand Conferred Knights in the Empire, with at most twenty dying each year due to accidents, war casualties and old age, at most five of them being level 25 or higher.

Some of them are kept by their clans, some by the royal family, but most of them are split up and given to the various Regional Royal Academies. Almost 80% of the parietal bones are kept in Regional Royal Academies to nurture the next generation of Conferred Knights.

“Being able to come into contact with this thing isn’t a matter of money. If not for the temptation of the upcoming Regional Selection being too great, Northern Ice Region’s academy would not put out this offer.

“And with Bruno’s flamboyant nature, if he had used parietal bones before, he would have already announced it long ago.”

Fang Xingjian nodded. “That’s good, then. Since he’s never come into contact with parietal bones before, then we have a way of dealing with this.”

Ferdinand curiously asked, “What way?”

Fang Xingjian smiled, “Have two auctions.”

Ferdinand felt stunned for a moment. However, quick-witted as he was, he immediately reacted, “Two?”

Fang Xingjian explained, “Leaving the parietal bones in their own academy and not handing them over to the Regional Academy does not fit the rules to begin with, right? This is why their auction is conducted in secret, and why they won’t dare to openly advertise it.”

Ferdinand stood up, pacing left and right, his brain working at a very quick speed, as he continued to mumble unceasingly.

“If it’s the location, there should be no problem.

“If it’s people, we can just use the trained Warriors from our clan...

“No, if we can earn a sum of money while we’re at it, we can actually invite and hire a few people.

“The other party shouldn’t have met Bruno before either.

“It’s doable, it’s actually doable.”

Ferdinand’s eyes got increasingly brighter while Robert and Anthony were both puzzled, “What’s going on?”

“Ferdinand, what are you thinking about?”

Ferdinand shook his head, “There’s still some crucial information I need to verify. If there’s no problem, we can set up two auctions, but that still leaves the crucial point.”

He turned toward Fang Xingjian and asked, “How do you plan on tricking Bruno?”

Fang Xingjian calmly replied, “In my hometown, there was a similar situation before. I plan to try that out.”

“How?”

Fang Xingjian replied, “Give me five hundred gold and I’ll make a trip to Netherworld Valley myself. I’ll leave the rest to you.”

Seeing that Fang Xingjian and Ferdinand seemed to be speaking in riddles, Anthony finally could not hold it in anymore and once again asked, “What’s the situation now? What’s the actual plan?”

Ferdinand smiled, “You’ll find out tonight.”

...

On the day of the auction, in a building known as Black Saloon, Kirst.

Due to its vast interior, the cylindrical-shaped two-storey building had always been treated as the best gathering location. Therefore, he rented both levels for the day.

It was because an auction known only to Kirst’s aristocrats and members of the upper echelon would be conducted here.

Of course, to Fang Xingjian and the others, there were going to be two concurrent auctions.

A team of people dressed in black robes alighted from the horse carriage and headed toward the Black Saloon’s backdoor.

A man in a tuxedo lowered his head and walked over to the black-robed man leading the pack. He bowed and said, “Welcome.”

The man in black robes coldly asked, “Where is Bennett?”

“Lord Bennett is in the hall attending to guests. We heard that you do not wish to divulge your identities and thus I’ve arranged for the horse carriage to stop at the back door.”

The man in tuxedo lifted his head, revealing his face. It was Ferdinand.

He smiled and asked the man in black robes, “Sir, are you satisfied with the arrangements?”

The man in black robes leading the pack kept silent for a moment and a stifling aura gushed out. Just as Ferdinand’s temples and forehead were unceasingly perspiring and he felt as if he was going to be forced to his knees by the pressure, the man in black robes finally spoke.

“Let’s go.”

Ferdinand nodded with a slightly pale countenance, “Yes, please follow me.

“We’ve invited the most powerful buyers in KIRST this time around. You will definitely not be disappointed in the auction today.

“We’ve also followed your instructions to make it a secret auction and will definitely not reveal your identities to anyone.”

The man in black robes did not say anything. Ferdinand turned, his eyes flashing with excitement as he led the group of black robed people toward the Black Saloon’s first level.

...

On the other side, at the Black Saloon’s main entrance.

Under the lead of an attendant dressed in black, the buyers who had arrived at the Black Saloon’s main entrance were led toward the second level of Black Saloon.

Most of these buyers also covered their faces with robes so as not to reveal their identities. One reason was because this was the requirement of this auction, and the other reason was because they did not wish to reveal their financial ability. Furthermore, if they were to win the bid for the parietal bones, they would not wish to

be known all the more.

However, there were also people who did not care about all these. A man wearing a golden-colored mask bawled loudly without any restraint as he walked toward Black Saloon's second level.

“Haha! Everyone! This time, I'm bent on winning the bid. The parietal bones are really very important to me, so I'll have to trouble everyone to give in to me a little.”

Just like that, under Ferdinand's special arrangements, all the buyers headed up to level two, while the sellers stayed on level one. The two auctions on both levels would start at the same time.

...

On the first storey, the black-robed man in the lead had just taken his seat, when he suddenly frowned and asked, “Why is it so noisy outside?”

Ferdinand's heart sank. ‘How sharp is this guy's hearing? This hall is almost soundproof, yet he can hear the sounds outside?’ Ferdinand smiled and tried to cover up, “It's nothing much. There's just some construction works for one of the corridors.”

The black-robed man ignored Ferdinand and told one of his subordinates, “Go take a look outside.”

Ferdinand smiled and blocked his way, “There's no need to be so wary. Today, we've already reserved the entire Black Saloon. There definitely won't be any problems.”

The black robed man laughed coldly, saying again, “Go take a look.”

The subordinate, also dressed in a black robe, passed by Ferdinand and headed toward the door of the first storey's hall.

Chapter 181 Auction (Part II)

Under Ferdinand's nervous gaze, the subordinate left the hall for the door. After opening the door, Bang! Bang! Bang! Non-stop knocking sounds resounded.

He frowned and looked over to discover that five to six men were in the corridor, fixing up the place. He nodded and closed the door, shouting out to the leader, "Sir, it's alright. Someone's fixing up the wall over there."

Ferdinand exhaled and thought to himself, 'Thank goodness we made the arrangements earlier.'

The black-robed leader asked, "Why, don't you have to go out and take charge?"

Ferdinand replied, "No, my job today is to wait upon everyone here. He pointed to a room above the hall and said, "Everyone's room is over there. This is a secret auction, so all the buyers will be staying in their respective rooms. No one will find out your identities."

Other than the seats in the hall, there were also some slightly elevated rooms which appeared to be observation booths. They were spread out in a circle around the entire hall. The people inside could look outside easily, but those outside would not be able to look in.

The black-robed leader nodded and headed for the room.

On the other side, under the lead of attendants, the buyers participating in the secret auction were led to the hall on the second storey.

Fang Xingjian stood in the dark, while Robert signaled toward a man wearing a golden mask, "That's him, Bruno. He's probably going to be the winner of the auction this time around."

Fang Xingjian nodded and looked toward the first storey.

‘Hope that everything goes well.’

The auctions on both storeys would start at the same time.

On the first storey, only the black-robed sellers were real, while the others were all the trained Warriors from Ferdinand’s clan. Some of them took on the roles of attendants, some of them stood in the private rooms, getting ready to put up the farce of calling the bids on behalf of the buyers.

And on the second storey, all the real buyers were gathered, including Bruno. The only thing missing was the actual seller.

In the auction hall on the first storey, an auctioneer went up the stage and started talking, “A great welcome to everyone here tonight. Compared to the usual jokes I share at the start of auctions, I’m sure everyone is more concerned about the auctioned item. Let’s cut to the chase and let me introduce the item put up for auction today. It’s the parietal bones of a level 25 Conferred Knight, which can help the user appreciate the feeling of Heaven’s Perception. The item will be loaned out for six hours.

“There’s no need for me to say more about the effects. Any expert who aspires to become a Conferred Knight won’t this chance.

“Six hours will be sufficient for you to completely comprehend the feeling of Heaven’s Perception.

“It may even allow you to achieve a further breakthrough and attain the true Heaven’s Perception. It would be as if you have passed the Regional Selection before it has even started.”

The auctioneer continued with his inflammatory speech, and the fake buyers did not show much of a reaction.

Only the black-robed leader who had brought the parietal bones nodded slightly, feeling that this auctioneer was quite good.

...

In the auction hall on the second storey, another auctioneer had

stepped onto the stage. He started off by saying, “A great welcome to everyone here tonight. Compared to the usual jokes I share at the start of auctions, I’m sure everyone is more concerned about the auctioned item. Let’s cut to the chase and let me introduce the item put up for auction today...”

But just as he spoke halfway, a furious bellow rang out.

“Shut your trap. Who here doesn’t know this thing? Just go straight to the auction.”

“Hehe, that’s right, just go straight to the auction.”

The auctioneer seemed to have not received such a response with everyone raising a commotion before. At that split second, he was at a loss.

Fang Xingjian looked at the situation in the dark and said to Robert, “Let him start directly. It’ll also allow us to make up the time difference and allow us to end this side faster.”

With that, he headed for the door, saying, “I’ll go make some preparations.”

In the private room on the second storey, Bruno had taken off his gold-colored mask and sat down without any reservations. He looked at the auctioneer who had started the auction and coldly said, “Just call for twenty-five thousand directly.”

“What?” The attendant was stunned.

Bruno said coldly, “Later, just call for twenty-five thousand directly.”

“This time around, I’m bent on getting this.”

The auctioneer received the instructions and went on directly, “Since no one here requires any further introductions, then let us begin. The starting bid for this auction is one thousand gold, and each calling bid must be at least one hundred gold higher.”

Just as the auctioneer finished his words, the attendant in

Bruno's room called for the bid, "Twenty-five thousand gold."

At the same time, Bruno's voice also rang out. "I'm sorry everyone, but I really need this bone. Please help me out here today. I'll definitely be very grateful."

Hearing the price of twenty-five thousand gold, all the buyers in their private rooms frowned.

In another private room, Rota's pretty face scrunched up. Today, she had put on her white-colored practice robes. They complemented her tender skin, making her appear extremely pure and cute.

Hearing the calling bid of twenty-five thousand gold, Rota furiously said, "This goddamn Bruno. With his talent, this thing is useless on him."

Seated next to Rota was an elder with the build of a bear. He smiled and said, "He just wants to make it such that even if he doesn't succeed, none of you will either."

"Moreover, this Bruno is truly rich. We're no match for him."

"Father, then what shall we do?" asked Rota. "Twenty-eight thousand gold is all the liquid capital we can bring out. But, most likely, we will still lose to him."

Rota's father smiled, "Little Ta, why don't you marry into Bruno's family and bring over all their assets? By then, the parietal bones will be nothing in comparison."

"Father," Rota looked at her father solemnly and said, "Please stop joking."

Feeling awkward under his daughter's glare, the elder stroked his head. "Haha, then let's increase the price too."

"Twenty-six thousand gold!"

"Twenty-six thousand gold!" The auctioneer called out in surprise. "The auction has an exciting kickstart of twenty-five

thousand gold and the current bid has been increased to twenty-six thousand gold! This is really an astonishing price, but it also shows the value of this item.

“Calling once for twenty-six thousand gold! Anyone else wants to call for a higher bid?”

“Twenty-seven thousand gold.” In his private room, Hamil calmly stated his bid. Next to him, his younger brother hesitantly asked, “Elder brother, father only gave us twenty-five thousand gold. Why did you call for twenty-seven thousand gold? What if we can’t pay up?”

Seeing that his younger brother was about to break into tears, Hamil snapped, “I also have my private stash. And Lochte, why are you becoming increasingly delicate? You’re not showing any hints of masculinity at all.”

Lochte replied, “I’m not a Knight, of course I’m not as fearless as you guys.”

Hamil shook his head, “This doesn’t look too good. This Bruno, it’s too hard to win over him. It’s a pity... Six hours is short to begin with. If they were willing to loan it out for twelve hours, then I would have looked for someone to partner up with me. With that, we could each take six hours.”

Lochte replied, “Then other people could team up as well. You still wouldn’t be able to win the bid.”

While Hamil and his brother were talking, Bruno raised the price once again.

“Thirty thousand gold.”

The charm of money was fully displayed. How much was thirty thousand gold? It was about a quarter of the budget for the whole Kirst Academy!

Bruno casually called out the price, as if he was a huge mountain pressing down on everyone else. Moreover, there was also a

Conferred Knight supporting him from the back. No matter how much they wanted to, they could not blast up the mountain.

“Thirty thousand gold calling thrice...

“Sold!”

Chapter 182 Auction (Part III)

In the auction hall on the first storey, the fake auction continued to progress steadily.

Although the final price was decided slightly later than the one on the second storey, it was fixed at thirty thousand gold.

Looking at the auctioneer on the stage, Ferdinand's eyes narrowed a little, feeling a little disappointed.

It was not as if they had not thought of taking Bruno's thirty thousand gold on the second storey and paying the black-robed leader twenty-eight thousand gold on the first storey, thus earning a profit.

But if they were to do so, it would increase the chances of their cover being blown up. Neither the high officer from the Ministry of Finance supporting Bruno nor the Conferred Knight who had brought the parietal bones were people they could trifle with.

Therefore, in order to minimize the chances of their cover being blown up, they gave up on this chance to earn money.

However, when it came down to it, he could still not control the hint of disappointment flashing in his eyes.

He nodded toward the black-robed leader, smiled and said, "Sir, congratulations. Please follow me to the dealing room to complete the deal."

Therefore, he led the group toward the dealing room on the first storey. On the second storey, Bruno, wearing his golden mask, was also led to the respective dealing room.

Both parties opened the doors to the respective dealing rooms almost at the same time, and looked inside.

On the second storey, Bruno looked into the dealing room and saw that a (fake) black-robed man was already standing there. He

walked in with a few attendants following behind him and smiled at the (fake) black-robed man.

“Where are the parietal bones?”

That (fake) black-robed man spoke in a stifled voice, “Where’s the money?”

Bruno clapped and one of his subordinates lugged in a total of ten chests, “There is a total of fifteen thousand gold here. After the deal is completed, which is six hours later, we’ll pay the remaining fifteen thousand gold.”

The (fake) black-robed man nodded, and signalled the two subordinates behind him to move the chests.

But before they could, Bruno suddenly stopped them.

“Wait a minute. Before you take the money, I want to make sure that there’s no problems with the parietal bones.” He looked toward the middle-aged man behind him and said, “Let this master blacksmith appraise it. Master Harman has forged a Superior Remains Divine Weapons before and is well experienced in dealing with Conferred Knights’ bone remains. You guys can bring out the parietal bones first and let Master Harman appraise it.”

Suddenly, the place was filled with tension, turning completely silent.

...

On the first storey, Ferdinand led the black-robed men into the dealing room. The black-robed leader took a look and noticed a (fake) man with a gold mask was already standing in there.

The black-robed men walked in and the (fake) man with the gold mask said, “Hello, where’s the parietal bones?”

The black-robed man said, “Hand over the money and we’ll hand over the goods. Where’s the money?”

The (fake) man with the gold mask kept silent for a while, as if he

was thinking of something. Just as the atmosphere in the room was tensing up, he nodded and said, “That’s how it should be. Bring in the money!”

His second sentence was targeted to the people outside.

A few burly men brought in ten large sacks and as they walked, clanking sounds rang out. It was the sound of colliding gold.

The (fake) man with the gold mask said, “There’s a total of fifteen thousand gold here. Six hours later, I’ll pay the remaining fifteen thousand gold. How about it?”

The black-robed man nodded and replied, “Alright.” With that, he took out a square box the size of a palm. The parietal bones had been kept close to him all this time.

Ferdinand let out a sigh of relief and thought to himself, ‘Thank goodness we have the money from selling the bone remains previously. There shouldn’t be any problems now.’

Just as he was feeling relieved, the black-robed man’s words caused him to be on tenterhooks yet again. The guy spoke calmly, “You can stay here to comprehend it. Within these six hours, you cannot leave my sight.”

Ferdinand immediately frowned, but smiled and said, “Sir, trying to attain Heaven’s Perception is no trivial matter. Shouldn’t it require one to be in a quiet and concealed environment? This is different from what we’ve previously agreed on.”

The black-robed man shook his head and said, “Within six hours, the parietal bones cannot leave my sight. If you are not willing to accept it, we’ll cancel the deal. Anyway, there’s still many other people who are interested in it.”

He stood there tyrannically, as if he was a huge mountain which could not be easily crossed. He released the aura of a second transition Conferred Knight without any restraint, pushing down on everyone in the room.

...

On the second storey, when Bruno mentioned that he wanted to appraise the parietal bones, the place turned dead silent.

Bruno's eyes narrowed as he looked at the (fake) black-robed man who was not saying a word. He suddenly spoke out in a cold voice, "Why? You don't dare to go through with the appraisal? You couldn't possibly have brought me a fake parietal bone, right?"

As the atmosphere grew increasingly tense, the (fake) black-robed man suddenly walked up toward Bruno and the others.

The eyes of the four Knights behind Bruno narrowed and they quickly stepped up to stand in his way, but before they could get near, Fang Xingjian casually sent out the Ether Sword Ripples with an extremely domineering, quick and terrifying aura.

He did not need the limits of eight times the supersonic speed, but just sent out formless slashes at four times the supersonic speed. To someone at the first transition, this was already unimaginably terrifying.

Soft pfft pfft pfft pfft sounds rang out. In the situation where the four Knights had neither seen nor sensed anything, and did not know what they had been attacked by, all four of them had already become bald the moment they heard the soft sounds.

Their heads looked as if they had been handled by a hairdresser, their hair floating in the air and slowly falling to the ground.

Fang Xingjian slowly walked up to Bruno and spoke out with a cold voice.

"If you want to appraise it, go ahead. But the parietal bones can only be touched by a single person. If he has touched it, you can forget about touching it."

Bruno only felt that from the darkness of that black robe, it was as if a pair of extremely sharp eyes was staring straight at him. He turned to look at the four Knights who had defended him and said

with a grin, “Good skills. To be able to cut off their hair without making any sounds, it means that you can also silently chop off their heads.”

“As expected of a Conferred Knight.” Bruno naturally did not know of any other Knight-level experts who could achieve this. Sensing the other party’s aura, and having seen his wonderful skills, he immediately confirmed that the one protecting the parietal bones was a powerful Conferred Knight, although he was not sure of what level.

He straightened up and said, “But even if you’re a Conferred Knight, you can’t possibly be so tyrannical, can you? Can’t we even appraise it?”

Fang Xingjian said coldly, “If there’s no effect, you don’t have to pay. We’ll leave these fifteen thousand gold here first.

“But only one person can touch the parietal bones. Otherwise, wouldn’t it have been used by two persons? If you want to do so, that’s fine as well, just add on to the money.”

Master Harman frowned and said, “I will only appraise and will definitely not secretly use the parietal bones during the appraisal process. Aren’t you being too stingy here?”

“Oh?” Fang Xingjian turned toward him, unleashing a sharp and overbearing aura, “You’re right, I’m that stingy. Since it’s agreed that only one person can use it, then only one person can touch it.”

Just as the others still wanted to retort, Bruno stopped them and said in a clear voice, “Alright. Could it be that you guys don’t trust a Conferred Knight?”

He had seen Fang Xingjian’s actions, thought about his means, heard his tone. A person’s name appeared in his mind.

Chapter 183 Auction (Part IV)

One day before the auction, in the underground room.

Ferdinand said, “Although this Bruno is a profligate son, he isn’t an idiot. He might come up with all sorts of ridiculous requests. Therefore, I have thought of a way out.”

Fang Xingjian had his eyes closed, cultivating. A gleam of white light shot out from his fingertip.

Ferdinand did not pay it much heed. He had long gotten used to Fang Xingjian maintaining this state of cultivation for almost twenty-four hours a day, so he just went on, “Xingjian, with your ability, you should be able to pass off as someone.”

“It’s just nice that these parietal bones came from the Northern Ice Region, and in that academy, there’s a Headmaster known for his formless sword Qis.

“However, what he’s even more known for is actually his pettiness and violent temperament.”

Ferdinand smiled, “Hehe, none of the people who’ve offended him have escaped from his revenge. If you can pass off as him, you should be able to suppress Bruno.”

Of course, this act of passing off as someone else must not be done openly.

When facing someone like Bruno, sometimes, it would be more effective to drop him some seemingly unintentional hints, and let him guess for himself.

This resulted in the current situation. Bruno knew in advance that this person came from the Northern Ice Region. He would then see him displaying Ether Sword Ripples to suppress four Knights, and would be able to tell from vague hints that this person was very petty.

‘Hans Wilson.’ This name appeared in Bruno’s mind.

‘So this person is Hans Wilson? Coming from an academy in Northern Ice Region, with formless slashes which can instantly kill a first transition Knight of the Academy, and with a bad temper, calculative regarding every single detail.’

Bruno’s expression under the gold mask was now one of great confidence.

A person like him tended to be extremely confident about their own conjectures.

Since he had ‘confirmed’ that the other party was Hans Wilson, he was obviously not worried about being deceived. A Conferred Knight, the Headmaster of an academy... How could he possibly employ such underhanded means?

Therefore, he got his subordinates to step back and he said, “Haha, Headmaster still has that bad temper. I wonder if Brother Colin is doing well in Northern Ice Region?”

Colin was a genius who had left Kirst for Northern Ice Region five years before, and had entered the Wilson Regional Academy.

Hearing Bruno’s words, Fang Xingjian turned silent as if he was surprised. Only after a short while did he speak a bit impatiently, “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Do you want to go ahead with the deal or not?”

With Fang Xingjian acting so conspicuously, Bruno was even more confident in his conjecture. He shook his head and said, “Of course, I believe what you say. Since that’s the case, I’ll just use the parietal bones directly. Six hours later, the thirty thousand gold will be sent here.”

Although he was sure, since the other party had said that he could pay the thirty thousand in one go after the six hours, Bruno would not pretend to be generous and insist on paying the fifteen thousand gold right now.

The attendant at the side let out a sigh of relief and said, “Could the two of you kindly follow me to the meditation room.”

One of Bruno’s subordinates asked, “Young Master, do you need us to accompany you?”

Bruno waved his hand and pretended to be generous, “It’s fine. Appreciating Heaven’s Perception must be done in absolute silence. It’s disadvantageous if there’s too many people around. Moreover, with this lord with me, what could possibly go wrong?”

With that, he smiled and left with Fang Xingjian.

...

On the first storey, when the black-robed man mentioned that the person using the parietal bones cannot leave his sight during the six hours, the place turned silent.

After very long, the (fake) man with the gold mask let out a bitter laugh, “To tell you the truth, I’m actually just a representative. The real person who had bought the parietal bones isn’t me.

“However, my master does not wish to divulge his identity and has asked me to bring it to him.

“As you know well, if there’s no progress after using it...”

A hint of understanding flashed past the black-robed man’s eyes. There was nothing he could say to rebut. After all, whether or not one could attain the level of Heaven’s Perception was largely related to one’s talent and temperament.

If one did not progress significantly after coming into contact with the parietal bones, it would naturally be a very disgraceful thing. The person might also end up being labelled as someone without talent.

It was especially so for larger clans. Once they were given such a label by their competitors, it would be very troublesome, and one could even be looked down on by their clan head and Elders.

The black-robed man had seen too many similar people who shamelessly curried favors for personal gains. Therefore, he did not pay too much heed to the other party's attempt to remain secretive.

He merely shook his head and said, "Don't worry. Go tell your master that it'll be fine if he puts on a mask. I have no intention of checking out his identity. If he's not even able to face something like this, then he can just give up on this deal."

Then, he solemnly repeated, "But no matter what, the parietal bones must remain within my sight."

The (fake) man with the gold mask sighed and said, "Then please come with me to meet my master."

...

On the other end, Bruno followed Fang Xingjian to a quiet meditation room and sat down.

Fang Xingjian turned toward him and slowly took out a small box. Bruno looked at the box, his eyes shining with excitement and greed.

However, with a 'Conferred Knight' before him, he did not dare to be impetuous.

Fang Xingjian opened the box, revealing a piece of parietal bone. Seeing that Bruno was about to reach out for it, he blocked him with his hand. He then calmly told the anxious Bruno, "Have a glass of water first. For the next six hours, it'll be all yours. But I'm sure that you would not wish to, in the midst of appreciating the feeling, break off your concentration from shock due to a parched throat, right?"

Bruno smiled, "Thank you for your reminder." He was treating the other party as a Conferred Knight.

Bruno casually received the tea from Fang Xingjian and drank a sip.

Fang Xingjian then said, “Alright, just moisturizing your throat will do. Don’t drink too much, if not you’d have the urge to pee later.”

Bruno put down the drink, as suggested, and asked the black-robed Fang Xingjian, “It should be fine now, right?”

Fang Xingjian then slowly pushed the small box over to him. He had enquired on the usage of parietal bones long ago. He then said, “Put your hand on it and focus all your attention on it, slowly feeling the fluctuations.”

Naturally, Bruno had also enquired about the use of parietal bones before this. He tried to calm down as he reached out his hand and placed it on top of the bone, gradually placing his full attention on it.

Although he did so, this was merely an ordinary bone. How could Bruno have sensed anything?

A minute passed by with Bruno focusing his full attention on the bone like never before. It seemed as if he had sensed something, but at the same time, it felt as if he had sensed nothing at all.

Of course, the feeling of sensing something was merely his illusion. Any person who calmed down and focused all their attention on a certain part of their body would have the misconception that they felt something.

He could not help but ask, “Sir, I think...”

“Don’t speak.” Fang Xingjian said, “Just use your heart to sense it.”

Bruno held back his words and gradually, he felt as if something was gradually burning up in his brain. It was as if countless spots of light had started to flash before his eyes.

“S... sir, I think...”

“I think I am sensing it...”

Chapter 184 Auction (Part V)

The world started to spin and countless memories, illusions and the space all seemed to be expanding and contracting. Bruno could only feel as if countless items were flashing and disappearing right before his eyes.

‘This... This is the feeling of Heaven’s Perception?’

Fang Xingjian’s silhouette gradually appeared before him, “Carefully appreciate this feeling. This feeling is Heaven’s Perception.”

Bruno let out a cry. He felt that his brain and limbs were extremely relaxed, as if there was different kinds of warmth flowing into his body. As for the things that happened thereafter, he could not remember anything at all.

Fang Xingjian waved his hand before him and, upon seeing that he had no reaction at all, he pushed aside a divider at the side and walked out of the door behind it.

Once he came out, Robert, also dressed in a black robe, walked up to him and anxiously asked, “How is it?”

Fang Xingjian immediately started taking off his clothes, changed into a new set, put on a mask and then said, “It’s settled. Later, you go in and pretend to be me. If I can’t rush over six hours later, then you can just send him out. There shouldn’t be any problems.”

Robert popped his head into the room to take a look at the state Bruno was in. Seeing that the guy was in a daze, occasionally laughing like an idiot, he asked, “What did you feed him? Is it from Netherworld Valley?”

“Initially, I wanted to look for them in order to get some stuff which is non-fatal and non-addictive. For example, a poisonous mushroom which can create illusions.” Fang Xingjian sorted his clothes and calmly continued, “But I saw some other good stuff

there.”

“What is it?” Robert asked, filled with curiosity.

Fang Xingjian smiled and said, “Back in my hometown, this was called marijuana.”

...

The black-robed leader followed behind the (fake) man wearing the gold mask. They went past many corners along the passageway and after two minutes, the former suddenly stopped and coldly said, “We’ve passed this place before.

“You’re bringing me around in circles?”

His voice was filled with fury and killing intent. It was as if the surrounding space would overflow with blood at any moment.

The (fake) man with the gold mask froze. In order to give enough time for Fang Xingjian to deal with Bruno on the other side, he wanted to try stalling for time. But now, the black-robed leader’s words made him so scared that he froze.

It was because a Conferred Knight’s aura was too overwhelming. At this moment, the (fake) man with the gold mask only felt that there was blood gushing even in his nose. That stench of blood was really too overwhelming.

While he was in shock, Ferdinand walked over, smiled and said, “I apologize. This person may not be familiar with our place. Sir, let me bring you there.”

Upon seeing that the black-robed man had left with Ferdinand, the (fake) man with the gold mask gradually exhaled and took off his mask. It was Anthony.

‘This guy... His aura is far too strong. Is this how a Conferred Knight is? Seems that the Headmaster hasn’t been showing us his full powers.’

Before Ferdinand had rushed over, he had received the news that

Fang Xingjian had settled the affairs on the other side . He directly brought the black-robed leader to a secret room, and after opening the door, he saw that Fang Xingjian, wearing a mask, had already arrived.

They had finally made it to the final phase. Ferdinand could not help but relax a little.

However, he knew that this was precisely why he had to be even more cautious. He held his cool, bowed and said, “Then I shall not disturb the two of you. I’ll come back in six hours.”

With Ferdinand’s departure, the black-robed leader looked toward Fang Xingjian and calmly asked, “You’re the one who won the bid for the parietal bones?”

“That’s right.” Fang Xingjian did not lose out in terms of aura. He merely pointed to the table and said, “Then, let’s begin.”

Sensing the parietal bones on the tabletop, a tiny ripple flashed in Fang Xingjian’s heart. Under the black-robed leader’s gaze, Fang Xingjian slowly placed his hands down on the bone and continued to focus on them.

Gradually, he could feel as if his consciousness had left his body. The surrounding space seemed to have countless loads of information swarming into him.

Warmth... light... the air’s composition... color... humidity...

All these were merely the basics. As more and more information swarmed into Fang Xingjian’s brain, the darkness in his eyes seemed to have shattered with a boom. Countless loads of information once again constructed a new vision in his consciousness.

It was a vision that was many times more detailed, clearer, better than the naked eye.

‘This is Heaven’s Perception?’

The information in the ether particles continued to swarm into his brain unceasingly, but he did not feel uncomfortable at all. The massive amount of information which was supposedly enough to drive one crazy, that tremendous amount of information that could confuse a person... Fang Xingjian felt that he was not affected by it in the least.

It was only because his sword talent was the best in the world, and sword arts required one to have attributes such as strong determination, courage, and a strong heart. Moreover, these were characteristics he had to begin with, and his were very strong.

The next moment, his vision seemed to undergo yet another transformation. Fang Xingjian took a look at his Stats Window, but felt that in his consciousness, there seemed to be countless white light spots flashing.

‘These are... skill seeds?’

Heaven’s Perception. After one entered the second transition, they would be able to understand their body better through the information transmitted by the ether particles.

He could even see his own skill seeds in his mind. Each one of the light spots represented a skill.

Fang Xingjian could sense that the one that was shining the brightest with an endless silver gleam was his mental cultivation method Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar.

Next to it, a slightly dimmer one, was his Waves: Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves.

Putting aside these two, amongst the other light spots, the one that was the next brightest was the Supreme Mistwind Sword. It was unceasingly circulating around the other two.

The remaining lights were the various sword techniques he had learnt.

It was said that after one reached the second transition, not only

would one be able to see the existence of these skill seeds, one would also be able to control them as if they were controlling the transmission of messages in the brain, deleting them or synthesizing them together.

Deleting would mean that the person would forget about these skill seeds, while synthesizing them would allow one to add a supporting skill to a primary one, thus combining them into a new one. The synthesized skill would be focused on the primary skill, and would have new mutated special effects from the supporting skill. Of course, the combined two had to have reached the maximum level.

The success rate of the synthesis was related to one's ability to sense ether particles. Regardless of whether it was a success or a failure, the supporting skills would disappear or be forgotten.

This was the first time Fang Xingjian had heard of such a method. It made him feel that a person in the first transition was like an ordinary player in a game who could only silently train to level up.

And a person in the second transition was like a cheater who could already control part of the data on the Stats Window.

Of course, this was just his own analogy on how things were. After all, what he was seeing was a real world, and not just a game.

It was like how Huang Lin's, the First Prince's and the Headmaster's Killing techniques had all gone through countless synthesis processes to become the terrifying skills they were today.

Especially for the First Prince. The secret manual to the Ancient Path of Hell had recorded countless ultimate Killing techniques which could only be gained through synthesis. Each of them were extremely powerful. This was the reason why he could suppress countless experts all by himself.

And Garcia's warriors, such as Mumukeya, had not received any

legacy, and could only rely on themselves to experiment around. This was why their abilities were a far cry from the Empire's Conferred Knights.

Looking at the countless shiny lights, each representing one of the hundred skill seeds he had, Fang Xingjian smiled. After reaching the second transition, his talent in sword art could get to even greater heights.

Other people would be putting hard work into cultivating their skills, and then hesitate thinking whether they should synthesize them or not. They would feel elation or disappointment from their successes or failures as they continued to study historical cases of skill synthesis.

However, Fang Xingjian would definitely be crazily synthesizing his sword techniques, since his cultivation speed was fast enough and he did not need to worry if the attempts were successful or not.

He could not wait to throw in other skills onto the Ether Sword Ripples and the Supreme Mistwind Sword.

‘It’s a pity that I can only appreciate the feeling of Heaven’s Perception now, and have not really attained it. I can sense the existence of the skill seeds but can’t really control them.

‘Everything will have to wait until I’ve completed the second transition.’

Chapter 185 Come To An End

A moment later, Fang Xingjian stopped observing the skill seeds and continued receiving the endless stream of information coming from the ether particles, familiarizing himself with the feeling of Heaven's Perception.

He continued memorizing and getting used to this feeling, hoping to retain it so that it could help him attain Heaven's Perception in the future.

Throughout the whole process, although he felt some slight discomfort in his brain, there was neither pain nor the feeling of being overwhelmed.

Not only did the ether particles contain some basic physical information, they also contained information about many people.

'Let's have noodles for dinner tonight...'

'The boss is deducting our wages again... What am I going to do next month...'

'I want to be a Knight! I want to work hard cultivating my martial arts!'

Various thoughts, memories, and voices were all captured by the ether particles and kept within them. When Conferred Knights sense ether particles, they would naturally be able to receive such personal information.

This feeling was like the smell of the air, yet a hundred or even a thousand times more detailed and ancient. It was because the information about these people could have been brought over by the ether particles from tens, hundreds, or even thousands of years ago, and from tens, hundreds or even thousands of kilometers away.

In addition, the higher the Conferred Knight's level was, the stronger and deeper his sense of the ether particles would be, thus

receiving even more of such personal information. One would only be able to sense such personal information after reaching at least level 25.

In such a situation, one must rely on his own willpower and mind to overcome them. Once one gets lost in it, or even mistook other people's memories as his own, he would eventually go crazy or even become an idiot.

There had been a countless number of cases of Conferred Knights suddenly losing their minds and becoming a lunatic during their cultivation.

Therefore, during the process of sensing ether particles, Conferred Knights would all be extremely careful. They could never be cautious enough, putting in endless amounts of willpower and determination so that they would not lose themselves in the process.

Currently, the process which Fang Xingjian was going through to sense the ether particles was extremely relaxing. Although it was partially because he had done it through the help of the parietal bones and thus could not sense much information, it was also because he had the number one talent for sword arts in the world. His attributes, such as willpower and courage, were all extremely strong.

Although he did not know it, at this moment, because of his unparalleled willpower, courage, and memory, his performance was truly heaven defying. His ability to sense ether particles was ten or one hundred times stronger than ordinary people, and once he stepped into the state of Heaven's Perception, his cultivation speed would also be much faster than normal people. The barriers, including various illusions and jumbled up memories, had no impact on him at all.

The black-robed man stared at Fang Xingjian from the beginning to the end. He was not only staring at the parietal bones Fang

Xingjian's hand was on, but also at Fang Xingjian himself.

‘This lad... When normal people come into contact with Heaven's Perception, they have no way to deal with the tremendous amount of information entering their brain.

‘They would either experience headaches or illusions, thus becoming excited and maniacal, and had to rely on strong willpower to suppress them.

‘But his condition...’

The black-robed man looked at Fang Xingjian and felt that Fang Xingjian seemed to be too quiet.

‘Could it be that he had yet to enter the realm of Heaven's Perception, even with the help of the parietal bones?

‘No, that's not possible. No one would give up on this chance. Then there's only one explanation for it.’

The black-robed man looked at Fang Xingjian with some surprise, ‘This lad is a genius, a genius in sensing ether particles.’

His mind started to circulate, ‘I heard that this time around, the one with the greatest chance of winning the bid for the parietal bones is a lad called Bruno who had said that he would be paying thirty thousand gold for it. Is this lad Bruno?

‘Hmph, seems like Kirst is going to have another great genius in a few years time.’

In that state, Fang Xingjian felt that only a small amount of time had passed by, but when he regained his senses, his hand felt light and the parietal bones had already been retrieved by the black-robed man.

Only then did Fang Xingjian came back from the state of Heaven's Perception. However, his mind was still drunk in that feeling.

“Six hours are up?”

“They’re up.”

As they spoke, Ferdinand walked in. Fang Xingjian said, “I need to secure the sensation. You guys can carry on with the transaction.”

From there, Bruno paid the money, and Ferdinand then brought part of this money to the black-robed men to complete the transaction. Fang Xingjian could no longer be bothered to care. He was now entirely focused on reliving the feeling of Heaven’s Perception from earlier, trying to strengthen the feeling.

After Bruno and the black-robed men had all left, Ferdinand, Robert, and Anthony came to Fang Xingjian’s secret room.

Seeing that Fang Xingjian was still comprehending the feeling, a hint of excitement flashed past Ferdinand’s eyes. “I can’t believe that we’ve really succeeded. Hahahaha... That Bruno still thought that he had really entered the realm of Heaven’s Perception for six hours.”

Anthony sighed, “Such a pity. Why didn’t we try to earn the difference in the money back there? Bruno gave us thirty thousand gold and we could have just given the black-robed men the price of twenty-eight or twenty-six thousand gold. With that, we could have profited over a few thousand gold.”

Ferdinand shook his head, “Bruno has a conspicuous nature. What’s more, with so many buyers hearing the price of thirty-thousand gold, if the black-robed men were to find out that the money they received was less, it would spell trouble for us.

“With so many important characters here today, do you want each of them to come knocking on your door?”

He looked at Fang Xingjian and said, “How is it? How’s the feeling of Heaven’s Perception?”

Fang Xingjian finally opened his mouth, let out an exhale and said, “It’s just like reading the diaries of tens of thousands of kids.”

Fang Xingjian rubbed his forehead and said, “But I feel that I’ve already reached a bottleneck with it.”

He reached out his palm and felt the space in the surroundings. It was as if he could feel ether particles slipping through his fingers.

“I can feel that I’m only just one step away. I’m just one step away from attaining Heaven’s Perception.”

Having said that, he turned toward the trio and said, “This time around, I have to thank you for your help. Let’s do this... the money from selling the bone remains, I’ll keep ten thousand. You guys can split the rest of the money.”

Hearing this, even Ferdinand was stunned for a moment. Anthony gulped and hesitated, “Are you sure this is a good idea?”

Robert was feeling even more excited, his eyes gleaming as if there was a countless amount of gold shining before him.

Even if ten thousand gold were deducted from the money made from selling the bone remains, each of them would still get about three thousand gold. What a tremendous amount of money this was?! Even aristocrats like Hylong would feel pain when taking out tens of gold, let alone the fact that they now had three thousand gold.

Fang Xingjian shook his head and answered, “This is what you deserve.”

Of course, he did not give them the money because his conscience told him to, but because what they had done today was too audacious. They had not only conned the strongest batch of aristocrats in Kirst, but also a Conferred Knight.

If they were to feel that Fang Xingjian was unjust and spilled on him because the three of them did not get any money and Fang Xingjian had kept all the benefits for himself, he would be in greater trouble.

Compared to that, what Fang Xingjian needed most now was to

make good use of his time and digest what he had experienced today. He needed to make a breakthrough and attain Heaven's Perception. Not only would it allow him to regain most of his battle prowess, but he would also have hope to pass the Regional Selection.

Therefore, all was well that ended well, with each of them getting their share. Fang Xingjian left his money with Ferdinand and returned to his villa.

However, when he returned, he saw that Manny was already seated on his sofa. The latter looked at him with great interest and said, "Xingjian, you seem to look a bit different today.

"Also, where did you go so late at night?"

Chapter 186 I Must Kill

Manny's appearance and his abrupt question caused Fang Xingjian to be momentarily stunned. However, he did not show any transformations to his expression, and merely sat behind his desk as usual. He turned to Manny's direction with his both eyes closed tightly and asked, "You're looking to have a chat with me so late at night?"

Manny smiled, as if he was unconcerned with his earlier question. Merely, when the smile finally left his face, he became extremely solemn, with no traces of the previous smile.

"Originally, I had not wanted to approach you with this matter, but it is even more awkward for the old man to come.

"But someone has to do it."

Fang Xingjian frowned and asked, "What on earth is it about? Stop going around in circles and just say it."

Manny smiled bitterly and said, "Kaunitz is the only son of Tresia Clan's clan head."

Almost at the same moment Manny finished this sentence, he felt a strong surge of killing intent gushing over. Such a feeling was as if someone had put a blade at his neck, making his heart palpitate, and he felt very uncomfortable.

'Old man, you've really gotten me in trouble.

'Why do I have to do this?

'This can't do, I must ask for an additional one hundred gold when I get back.'

Initially, they had also considered not telling Fang Xingjian. However, as long as Fang Xingjian was not deaf, he would eventually find out. Rather than letting him be the last person to find out, they might as well tell him earlier.

Manny gulped and continued, “Kaunitz’s uncle, someone who disappeared ten years ago, is a Conferred Knight. We’ve only just heard about this as well. This is obviously the Tresia Clan’s final trump card.

“By right, this does not mean anything, since even a Conferred Knight cannot be recklessly covering up for his nephew.

“But five years ago, he went to the Imperial Capital and three months ago and became one of the five Deputy Commanders of the Imperial Guards. All of these were achieved by the help of the First Prince.

“Based on our understanding, it was because he was unable to leave behind any heirs that he was made a hidden card by both the First Prince and Tresia Clan’s clan head.

“You know, the leadership positions in the Imperial Guards are viewed differently by the royal family.”

Seeing that Fang Xingjian still remained silent, Manny felt that the atmosphere was growing increasingly tense. He let out a cough and continued.

“Kaunitz is already a cripple now. Mongul Royal Academy’s Headmaster Oliver broke the tendons in his arms and legs. Now, his five attributes will never exceed 10 points, and he’s not even able to circulate his Waves and mental cultivation method. He is truly a cripple now, and there’s not much difference whether he’s dead or alive.

“Moreover, he has been stripped of his position as a Knight and banished to become a commoner.

“Tresia Clan’s clan head’s request is very simple: to spare Kaunitz and let him carry on the family line.

“In exchange, Kaunitz’s uncle Adri will betray the First Prince, and as the Deputy Commander of the Imperial Guards, he will become one of us, coming under the Second Prince.”

The Second Prince was the strong backer behind Huang Lin and Jackson, the person they swore their loyalty to. In the past, Fang Xingjian had guessed this, but he had not expected it to be confirmed under this situation.

“Xingjian, if Adri joins us, you know well what benefits it would bring us, including helping the Second Prince gain control in the Imperial Capital and dealing the First Prince a setback, and the only price to pay is handing a cripple over to them.

“The Tresia Clan has assured us that Kaunitz will not take a single step out of the house in this lifetime.”

Seeing that Fang Xingjian was so silent that it felt creepy, so Manny patted him on the shoulder and said, “Xingjian, look at the bigger picture.”

Fang Xingjian’s brows relaxed and his eyelids drooped down. He looked as if he was a ten thousand year old mountain of ice. “From the very start, since I was young, I have only wanted to devote all of my focus onto swinging my sword, seeking the highest level in the path of sword arts.

“But the world is unfair. In this world, people who devote all their attention to working on something while being oblivious to the world tend to not succeed in life.

“Everything is related to connections, plots and conspiracies, the way of the world... With the human heart mixed together with too many distractions, how would one be able to appreciate the unrivaled view at the very top?

“With so many people getting paid for not doing their job, joining forces with crooks, I can’t even practice my sword in peace.

“This is a bad feeling, a very bad feeling.”

At that moment, Manny abruptly stood up. Although he did not understand many indirect words mentioned by Fang Xingjian, including corpses, demons, and thoughts, he seemed to feel as if

there was a ferocious beast right before his eyes, baring its fangs and claws at him, waiting to choose a person to devour.

He looked at Fang Xingjian with a grim look and said, “Xingjian, don’t be rash. And, in apology, they are willing to compensate you with five thousand gold. This is sufficient for you to buy one of the best level 19 Inferior Divine Weapons.”

Fang Xingjian’s aura gradually reduced and disappeared. He once again appeared to be a harmless student, as if what Manny had seen earlier was but an illusion.

Fang Xingjian smiled and said, “Don’t worry. I won’t be rash.”

Manny nodded, but still felt a bit worried. He had already decided to send someone to keep an eye on Fang Xingjian for twenty-four hours, seven days a week to prevent him from creating trouble.

After Manny left, Fang Xingjian let out a cold laugh.

In the past, Fang Xingjian had also been an ordinary person. He too had once thought of cultivating by himself in silence, secretly becoming stronger and eventually reaching the very top.

But ever since he was harmed back in Demonic City, thrown into a foreign land, and modified by the purple flames, he had lost all of his emotions, leaving behind only feelings of fury and vengeance. However, he was able to have a clearer mind, especially after his mental cultivation method had mutated. His thoughts and his heart had grown increasingly clear.

The society’s resources were in the grasps of those in the upper echelon. Therefore, regardless of which line they were in, the people who wished to climb up and become stronger would naturally need to solicit with the people in the upper echelon. They would also need to observe the societal rules set out for them. While they were given benefits, they would also need to be suppressed and exploited. This was unavoidable.

It did not matter if these rules were underhanded or aboveboard, kind or cruel.

The world's darkness was like a cage, imprisoning his heart. He wanted to seek out real peace, true freedom of the heart. To do that, he could only slash with his sword, killing all the external demons before his eyes, seeking true satisfaction.

He gradually stood up, and with just one step, he left the villa like a breeze. Accompanied by streams of sword Qi all over his body, he took another three consecutive steps, appeared outside Kirst Royal Academy and headed for Kirst City.

Kaunitz was someone he must kill.

But this would mean that he would be fully cutting off all ties with many people and would have affected the so-called bigger picture. He may even be pursued by many strong warriors from Kirst. However, with Fang Xingjian's value, they would not go as far as killing him.

But imprisoning Fang Xingjian would also affect his participation in the Regional Selection.

Therefore, before he kills Kaunitz, he planned to spend all the ten thousand gold he has on hand, buying equipment, medicine, and supplies.

Ten thousand gold was sufficient to last him for the next three months. At most, he could go into hiding for three months after killing Kaunitz and then participate in the Regional Selection when the time comes.

All official Knights had the rights to participate in the Regional Selection. And once one passed the Regional Selection to become a Conferred Knight, acts of killing a useless bum like Kaunitz would be nothing.

His mental cultivation method circulated increasingly faster in his consciousness and his mastery in it grew at a crazy rate, hoping

to get yet another breakthrough under such tremendous pressure. Especially now that Fang Xingjian had just reached a bottleneck with regards to attaining Heaven's Perception, he only felt that the ether particles' existence was growing increasingly clearly as his mental cultivation method circulated endlessly.

However, something like a layer of fog was still clouding up his heart, causing him to be unable to truly attain a breakthrough.

He had a feeling that as long as he kills Kaunitz and completely put an end to their relationship, his mind would be relaxed and he would have an extremely high chance of attaining a breakthrough, reaching the realm of Heaven's Perception and have a chance of aiming for the second transition.

Chapter 187 Buy, Buy, Buy (Part I)

Appearing before Ferdinand, Fang Xingjian said, “I want to spend all of my money within a day to buy equipment, medicine, and various useful supplies.”

Ferdinand was stumped for a moment. However, seeing how serious Fang Xingjian was, he did not say much and just nodded and said, “Alright, follow me.”

Therefore, Fang Xingjian followed Ferdinand through the streets of Kirst. After making many turns, they eventually arrived at the opening of a waterway and continued to make many turns after entering it. About five minutes later, Fang Xingjian could hear loud sounds of commotion.

Ferdinand smiled and said, “Kirst is the Great Western Region’s bright jewel and has accumulated countless goods from the western coast. However, many of the goods are prohibited for sale by the government and thus, there is the black market.”

Fang Xingjian passed by him slowly, controlling and sending out the breeze-like sword Qis. Countless people in the underground black market shuddered, feeling as if the temperature had dropped.

The bustling market also appeared in Fang Xingjian’s consciousness.

Ferdinand asked, “So how about it? What do you want to buy first?”

“Weapon. I need a sword.” Fang Xingjian patted the normal steel sword on his waist and said. He had long wanted a good sword but had not come across any. He only used ordinary steel swords which would shatter easily if he exerted more strength.

Ferdinand smiled and said, “Follow me.”

As he went through the crowd, Fang Xingjian’s brain kept on

recreating the scenes he had passed by. The place was filled with martial arts practitioners holding onto swords and sabers. Amidst the densely populated alley, there were all sorts of stalls.

Some of them had various meats and leathers of unknown sources.

Some of them were filled with various bottles containing medicinal ointments and drugs.

Some of them were even selling live ferocious beasts. There was a huge wolf which was four to five meters long, a bear about the size of a tank, and a large gorilla with three heads which kept on bellowing toward Fang Xingjian as he passed by.

Various novel items that Fang Xingjian had never seen before were now constantly appearing before him, causing him to be a bit surprised.

In the past, he had focused on cultivation and did not have spare money with him. This was the first time he had come to a black market like this.

However, Ferdinand appeared to be very familiar with this place. After making a few turns, they had already entered an area filled with sounds of blacksmiths at work.

Looking toward the many roadside stalls with people blacksmithing, casually placing the weapons about, Ferdinand said in a soft voice, "These small stalls only sell ordinary weapons that are not intended for non-Knights. I'll bring you to a good place which sells Empire's Divine Weapons."

Fang Xingjian nodded and followed Ferdinand to the entrance of an enormous shop. It resembled a huge stone building that had been embedded into and carved out of the walls. Before he could even get close, he could feel a surge of heat gushing toward him, as if he had arrived at the mouth of a volcano.

Upon entering, rows upon rows of weapon racks could be seen.

Fang Xingjian casually picked up a longsword and could see a cold gleam shining with faintly imprinted grains. With just a quick look, there would be a sharpness piercing his eyes. It was obviously extremely sharp.

This was a longsword that had achieved the peak of cold weapon [1] workmanship. Although it was not an Empire's Divine Weapon and had no grade, it was much better than the longsword Fang Xingjian had.

Ferdinand led Fang Xingjian with great familiarity and called out, "Come out and receive your customer. A big customer has arrived!"

A strong man with a shiny and bare upper body walked out. He was like the strongest bodybuilder on Earth. When he saw Ferdinand, he spoke with great annoyance, "It's you again, darned brat. You only look and don't buy. I've no time to entertain you."

Ferdinand smiled and said, "Hehe, I'm not the one buying. It's my friend." Ferdinand pointed to Fang Xingjian who was behind him and said, "A real big customer. No need to bring out the ordinary goods. I know that boss has a few pieces of Empire's Divine Weapon here."

The strong man's brows twitched and said, "Empire's Divine Weapons are items that are prohibited from sale. We don't sell them here."

Ferdinand broke into a smile and took out ten security slips. These were slips of paper which were used for trade and were given by the bank after Ferdinand had helped Fang Xingjian to deposit his money into a bank.

However, the Empire had yet to establish a bank which operated throughout the country. The credibility of such security slips all depended on the credibility of the bank itself.

However, this was still much better than having the two of them

lug around a chest of money.

As for the secret auction of the parietal bones, because it was a secret transaction and a situation which required both parties to have a one-to-one exchange, it was naturally settled with ready gold.

Looking at the numbers on the security slips, that boss' gaze swayed a little.

He shouted out in his heart, 'A sucker! A great sucker!'

He immediately adjusted his expression and appeared before Fang Xingjian, beaming with smiles and said, "I wonder what kind of weapon this sir requires? We have everything here, blades, spears, staffs, armors and even helmets. Feel free to state whatever you need."

"I want a sword," Fang Xingjian said, "It must be an Empire's Divine Weapon, and it'd be even better if it's an Inferior Divine Weapon."

The strong man frowned, "We don't have Inferior Divine Weapons here but as for Empire's Divine Weapons, we do have two level 9 longswords. Please follow me in to take a look."

The two of them followed the strong man to the interior of the stone hut, walked to a secret door, and then entered again. They arrived at a secret chamber filled with weapons.

There were a total of twelve strong men guarding the place, which obviously stored the shop's highest quality weapons.

The strong man took out two longswords and brought them to Fang Xingjian.

He first drew out a blue-sheathed longsword and proudly introduced, "This sword is called Fiery Thunder. The sword's body is made from a combination of thirteen types of alloys and in terms of its flexibility, toughness and sharpness, it's the best amongst level 9 Divine Weapons. Furthermore, there's a pattern carved by

the master blacksmith himself, filled in with fire paste. It can create high temperatures and slash through enemies with just a slight abrasion with the air.”

As he said that, he swung the longsword, creating hints of sparks that flew off the blade.

He then picked up the sheath and said, “The sheath was also carefully forged. Not only does it have a fire resistant protective layer, it also comes with a large amount of fire paste. When the fire paste on the longsword is use up, you just need to return it to the sheath to fill it up again.”

Fang Xingjian nodded, then looked toward the other sword and said, “Then what about this?”

The strong man put aside Fiery Thunder and picked up that pitch-black longsword which exuded a strong smell of death. He appeared to be even prouder, “This one is even better.”

As he gradually unsheathed the longsword, a soft cry came from it. Upon hearing this cry, even Ferdinand felt a bit irritated.

[1] A weapon that does not use fire or explosives.

Chapter 188 Buy, Buy, Buy (Part II)

What appeared before Fang Xingjian and Ferdinand was a pitch-black, streamlined longsword. It had many weird holes and imprints.

The boss then introduced, “Putting aside the sword body of this Demoness’ Howl, it is a high quality item, a level 9 Empire’s Divine Weapon.

“And the most unique part of it lies in the one hundred and twenty-three wind prints on its body. As long as the sword is swung quickly, slicing through the air, it can create a sound like the howl of a demoness. It can cause your opponent to feel irritated and even possibly angered.”

With the slash of the longsword, a muffled cry sounded out, as if a female ghost were crying.

Hearing this voice, the boss, Ferdinand and even the twelve guards all furrowed their brows, a feeling of annoyance growing in their heart.

However, Fang Xingjian was expressionless. His willpower could allow him to easily overcome sound attacks of such level. He merely looked at the longsword and nodded, saying, “How much?”

The boss’ face broke into a smile and said, “A fixed price, five hundred gold.”

Fang Xingjian signalled to Ferdinand and said, “I’ll take it.”

Leaving the shop with the level 9 Empire’s Divine Weapon, Demoness’ Howl, Ferdinand said helplessly, “You should at least have bargained a little.”

“No time,” Fang Xingjian shook his head and said, “Are there any medicinal ointments or foods that can directly increase one’s attributes, or even increase one’s potential?”

Ferdinand grinned and said, “Of course, but they are all extremely pricey. For most of them, you’re better off training yourself, rather than paying for them.”

“Bring me there to take a look.”

...

Before a shop filled with the smell of medicine, a white-haired old granny with a wrinkled face grinned, revealing two rows of yellow teeth. She pointed to the medicine bottle in her hand and said, “Spider Medicine, a secret medicine made from the bones of a Wind Bird, the eyes of a Mountain Hawk, and fifty-six types of ferocious beasts. It can, at max, increase a person’s reaction attribute by three points.”

“Is there any use in eating it repeatedly?”

“Of course not.”

“How much?”

“Three thousand gold!”

Fang Xingjian nodded, “I’ll take it.”

“Wait a minute...” Ferdinand was just about to speak but ended up just supporting his forehead with his hand helplessly. He reluctantly handed the security slips to the old granny.

...

Entering a place was covered with flowers, plants and trees, which made the underground passageway appeared to be like a forest, a young lady, wearing a head cloth and carrying a puppy, looked at Fang Xingjian in a daze.

After hearing his question, she pointed to a medicinal herb exuding a faint green glow and said, “Heart Connecting Herb. Each strand of it can stimulate one’s potential. However, it is poisonous, and a person can only take at most ten strands of it everyday to increase his or her potential by one 1000 points.”

Fang Xingjian asked, “Can the poison be nullified by Netherworld Valley’s antidote?”

The dazed-looking young lady carrying the puppy thought about it before nodding and saying, “It should be able to, but even so, there won’t be any effect after one hundred strands. It’s because by then, the body would have gotten accustomed and developed antibodies toward it.”

“How much is one hundred strands?”

“One thousand gold.”

“Give me one hundred strands.”

Ferdinand sighed deeply as he took out five security slips with an aching heart. He felt that each time he paid the money, his kidneys were being pierced.

“Ferdinand, let’s get going.” Fang Xingjian grabbed a bunch of Heart Connecting Herbs and starting munching on them. Then, he took the antidote he had carried with him.

Ever since he was poisoned, he had gotten into the habit of bringing along some antidote with him, drinking it as if he was drinking water.

Ferdinand, with his heart aching, said, “This is hard earned money made from sweat and blood. How could you spend it all so easily?”

Fang Xingjian replied, “I didn’t spend it easily. These are all things I need.”

He said to Ferdinand, “Remember, money is just ordinary chunks of steel if you keep them. Its worth is only shown through spending it on meaningful items.”

Although Ferdinand felt pained, when he heard Fang Xingjian’s words, he felt that it did make some sense.

...

The place was filled with metal cages holding various ferocious beasts, including light-emitting rabbits, large two-headed wolves, and white tigers with wings. It was something like a pet shop.

Fang Xingjian looked at the sexy boss lady who had tattoos all over and was wearing a beast hide, asking, “If I want to level up, which ferocious beast would let me level up the fastest?”

The boss lady smiled and pointed to a cage filled with rats covered in pitch-black fur that looked like steel and said, “These are Guard Hair Rats. If you want to kill to level up, they are the most economical. It’s one gold for one hundred of them. There are as many as you need.”

There was basically no value to these rats; their only value was that their ability to reproduce was many times stronger than ordinary rats.

But it was also because of this that it was an attractive yet inexpensive good. It became a ferocious beast that a countless number of people bought to kill in order to gain experience and level up.

Fang Xingjian nodded, “Then I’ll get this.”

...

In a general store with swords, blades, armors, drugs, small-scaled ferocious beasts, and many other miscellaneous items.

A short man smiled and looked at Fang Xingjian, asking, “Sir, may I know what you’re looking for?”

Fang Xingjian asked, “Do you have anything that can fill your stomach, replenish vital energy and blood, and is easy to carry about?”

“Yes, of course.” The short boss went back in and shouted, “Please wait here.”

Not long later, he took out a small sack with three purple-colored

medicinal pills and said, “We went through great efforts to smuggle this over from Uranlis. It’s something the Mages over there made.”

Fang Xingjian grabbed one of the medicinal pill about the size of a fingernail and asked, “What is this?”

“The people there call them Magic Beans. They’re made from condensing the essence of more than ten types of ferocious beasts are also said to have been incorporated with a Mage’s magic. If an ordinary person were to take one of this, he can go without eating for ten days. Even if it’s taken by martial arts practitioners like yourself, it’ll be sufficient to replenish your energy depletion for the day.”

It was naturally not enough for Fang Xingjian to eat only one per day. However, he still smiled and asked, “How much is this thing?”

Ferdinand finally could not hold it in anymore and asked, “Xingjian, you’re not joining the military, why do you need this?”

Fang Xingjian paid him no heed and asked, “How are you selling this?”

“These are smuggled goods and we don’t have much in stock, but since you look so sincere, I’ll sell it to you at a cheaper price.” The short boss said, “Three gold for one.”

Fang Xingjian nodded, “Give me three hundred.”

Ferdinand looked toward Fang Xingjian grievingly, but still ended up handing over the security slips when the latter urged him.

Just like this, the two of them spent six hours, and Ferdinand did not have much left of the ten thousand gold he had brought with him.

Fang Xingjian also finally got to appreciate the feeling of how the rich cultivated. It was extremely convenient.

Now, he had a longsword – Demoness' Howl. He also had three hundred Magic Beans for rations. As for the rest of the money, he had spent it on various items and took them on the spot or just killed the Guard Hair Rats to gain experience to level up.

His level had finally reached level 19, the highest level in the first transition. Moreover, with the progress he had attained from his recent period of cultivation, including the leveling up of his Waves a few days ago after cultivating for twenty-four hour a day, his attributes had now become:

Name Fang Xingjian

Age 17

Occupation Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level 19

Strength 57+5

Agility 191+5

Reaction 68

Endurance 50

Flexibility 52

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated.

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute).

Nurturing Sword Techniques 94 sets

Training Sword Techniques 12 sets

Supreme Mistwind Sword Level 30

Radiant Light Sword Technique Level 18

Ether Divine Art Level 1

Specialties: Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,
Internal Healing,
Internal Training,
Sword Specialist,
High Agility Motion Vision,
Heightened Reflexes,
Perfect Muscles,
Elementary Berserkness,
Unparalleled Sword Intent (95/100)
Potential 11,000 point increase/day
Waves Level 6 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves
Mental Cultivation Method Level 3 Universal Sword Dominance
Lunisolar

With that, Fang Xingjian had powered up once again. When his agility attribute of 196 points completely burst forth, he could already surpass the speed of sound by ten times.

In addition, the Unparalleled Sword Intent would also go through a change after he reached the maximum level in five more sets of sword techniques. He was also two levels away from getting another special effect from the Radiant Light Sword Technique. Therefore, after returning to the academy, he planned to kill his way to the Tresia Clan after leveling up his Unparalleled Sword Intent and Radiant Light Sword Technique. No matter who tries to stop him, he must chop off Kaunitz's head.

Chapter 189 Assassination, Frontal Attack

Everything remained peaceful. During the day, Fang Xingjian would instruct the elite class and the ordinary class on their martial arts while using of all his other time at night to cultivate his Radiant Light Sword Technique and other sword techniques.

Just as Manny and the others thought that Fang Xingjian planned to take the bigger picture into account and did not make any moves, six days passed by very quickly. Fang Xingjian's Radiant Light Sword Technique had reached the maximum level of 20, and he had also reached the maximum level for four sets of Nurturing techniques, causing him to reach the one hundred sets of sword techniques at maximum level required for the Unparalleled Sword Intent.

After taking such a long time and so much effort, his Unparalleled Sword Intent had finally leveled up. Fang Xingjian could not wait to see its new introduction.

Unparalleled Sword Intent Level 1: To be able to instantly break through all pure stances, allowing the rate at which the practitioner picked up sword arts to increase further, learning at a glance, mastering after a single practice. The practitioner could just cultivate over ten times and be comparable to others' efforts of cultivating the same sword technique for more than ten years.

Other than breaking through the flaws in the opponent's stances, the practitioner would also let the person observe the flaws of all living things, slashing and cutting through everything. It allows one to be able to gradually, relying only on one's sword arts level, using any weapon, cut down any Empire's Divine Weapon, Inferior Divine Weapon, Superior Divine Weapon, Divine Remains Equipment or even light and ether particles.

Looking at this, even Fang Xingjian could not help but fall into a moment of daze, especially upon seeing that one could reach the

level of being able to cut through light and Ether Sword Ripples. Would that not mean that even electromagnetic waves could be sliced through?

If that were the case, to be able to cut through light, infrared rays, ultraviolet rays and other kind of waves, even ether particles, then no matter how strong one's Reduced Force Field was, would he be able to slash through them with one attack? Would he even be able to slash through all kinds of wave attacks, including high temperature, low temperature, electrical and gravitational waves?

Would this not be an attack which could counter all attacks?

What kind of level would that be? It was a pity that he was still only able to cut through Empire's Divine Weapons. He would need to continue cultivating even more sword techniques to reach an even higher level. However, what level would he need to reach in his sword arts cultivation to be able to slash something of a greater level?

There was no information stated on that. Fang Xingjian could only be left to search for the answer himself.

The Radiant Light Sword Technique, having reached the maximum level of 20, now had another special effect, which was to be able to refract sunlight and moonlight, increasing light intensity.

The Radiant Light Sword Technique was already like a flash grenade to begin with, but now, it could further increase its light intensity through sunlight and moonlight. How bright would that be?

Fang Xingjian continued to think about it. Now, he was blind, and if he were engage in a battle, he would need to use the Radiant Light Sword Technique first, before charging up, using his Supreme Mistwind Sword and High Frequency Effulgence Weapon to break through the opponent's defences, and finally, killing them with his Ether Sword Ripples.

Combining the Radiant Light Sword Technique, Supreme Mistwind Sword, High Frequency Effulgence Weapon and Ether Sword Ripples together would create a tremendous damaging prowess.

Therefore, with all preparations completed, that night, Fang Xingjian brought along his Demoness' Howl and Silver Fox and headed slowly toward the Tresia Clan.

...

At the same time, in a secret room in the Tresia Clan, the white-haired Tresia clan head sat on a chair, his expression as gloomy as black coal.

Next to him was a pale-faced Kaunitz, lying on a bed, covered with wounds. He was still covered in bandages as he looked upward, his eyes filled with perplexion and terror.

Just then, a servant came in and said to the Tresia Clan's clan head, saying, "Sir, the person we've sent to keep a lookout has yet to find him. Fang Xingjian has truly disappeared. He's not in the academy."

The Tresia Clan's clan head was worried that Fang Xingjian would be back to seek vengeance and thus had sent someone to keep Fang Xingjian under surveillance.

"Not in the academy? If he's not in the academy, then where could he be?" The clan head frowned, his emotions slightly fluctuating. However, he had noticed this as well and kept it under control. He spoke coldly, "He's just a blind man. I don't believe that there's anywhere he can hide. Send out all our people and look for him! Even if you have to turn all of Kirst City over, you have to find him!"

Hearing Fang Xingjian's name, Kaunitz, who was on the bed, suddenly shuddered and shouted out, "Fang Xingjian? What about him? Is he coming to kill me?"

How could the Kaunitz today be compared to his valiant self from two months ago?

Two months ago, he still had great talent, with his sword arts notches higher than other people at his age. He even signed the First Prince's Devil's Note and gained the dragon and human bloodline. He had also grasped the Divine Flames of the Earth's Core, which, with just a point of his fingers, would send all first transition Knights into hiding.

Talent, power, and background had brought him limitless confidence.

However, his talent was useless now. After the tendons in his arms and legs had all been broken and his attributes had all dropped to below 10 points, it was inevitable that fear would dawn on him.

It was just like how a person with one billion dollars would gradually become arrogant and throw his weight about; if the person goes bankrupt, he would not be able to stay proud for long.

When Kaunitz lost everything, after a torturous month, he was left with only pain, vengeance, desperation, and the endless terror he had toward death.

"Fang Xingjian, that god damned Fang Xingjian!" He was just like an angry, ordinary patient, throwing out the pillows and blanket on his bed. His face was filled with both fury and terror as he said to the Tresia Clan's clan head, "Father, you must stop him! That beast can do anything!"

"Where's Jackson?"

"Where's Kirst's City Lord?"

"Didn't they assure that Fang Xingjian will not come and kill me?"

"Liars! They are all liars!"

"Enough!" Tresia Clan's clan head could not help but glare at

Kaunitz and say, “Shut up! Look at you now! Fang Xingjian has just disappeared, it doesn’t mean that he’s coming to kill you! Furthermore, even if he’s coming to kill you, with me protecting you, what are you afraid of?”

“Haha, you’re thinking of me as a burden now. Is it because I’ve become a cripple? So in your eyes now, I’m just a robot for carrying on the family line. Hahahaha, all of you are looking down on me now. All of you have let me down.

“All of you will regret this. All of you will regret this.”

Looking at Kaunitz’s maniacal state, a hint of pain and vengeance flashed past the clan head’s eyes.

Kaunitz was a son he had gotten in his old age, and was his only son. He had adored this son and had put a lot of his hope on him. Seeing Kaunitz’s state now, how could he not be sad? How could he not feel heartache?

He hated Fang Xingjian for agitating Kaunitz time and time again; he hated the First Prince for burning the bridge after crossing it, caring only for himself; he hated Oliver for torturing Kaunitz when he was imprisoned, causing him to become a total cripple.

He could not bear to see his son in this state. He walked out and stood outside the door, waiting for news.

After leaving the room, knowing of Fang Xingjian’s disappearance, he called all seven Knights in the clan over, including Xiu Yi and Zhou Yong who were still learning in the academy.

Looking at the seven Knights before him, he felt more at ease.

‘Although Fang Xingjian may not necessarily come, but it’s better than not being prepared at all. Kaunitz’s is the last hope for extending our clan’s bloodline. We can’t let anything go wrong.’

One hour passed. Three hours passed. Six hours passed.

Fang Xingjian was like a wisp of smoke, disappearing without a single trace. No matter how much effort the Tresia Clan spent to investigate and search, they could not find any traces of Fang Xingjian. It was as if he had completely vanished.

“All of you are a bunch of useless bums!

“What use are you when you can’t even find a mere blind man?”

The Tresia Clan’s head thought to himself coldly, ‘No, this won’t do. This can’t go on. Although he is blind, it only means that his frontal battle prowess has been weakened. He might not be able to pass the Regional Selection, and it might be hard for him to launch far distance attacks, but he still has his speed.

‘If he were to sneak into the manor and launch a sneak attack on us with his unparalleled speed, even I might not be able to fend him off. And so what if I were to kill him?

‘Our condition to the Second Prince was that there’s no need for us to fight to the bitter death with a person like him.’

The Tresia Clan’s clan head quickly said, “Quick, go look for Kirst’s City Lord and Headmaster Jackson. Tell them about this and get them to capture Fang Xingjian as soon as possible.

“Tell them that they need to fulfill the promise agreed earlier.”

After giving out the instructions, he looked toward the seven Knights and the armor they were wearing. He felt more at ease now.

‘He’s already blind and has yet to attain Heaven’s Perception. How could he possibly win against all eight of us who are Knights?

‘There’s no way that he could attack us from the front.’

Thinking about this, the clan head then shook his head, ‘In comparison, we need to be more careful about his assassination. From now on, we can’t let anyone get near Kaunitz.

‘We just need to wait for Jackson and the others to capture Fang

Xingjian.'

But suddenly, various sounds came from the courtyard, including a person's cry, the sound of a weapon dropping, people falling, and buildings collapsing.

All of the sounds had sounded out at virtually the same time, proving how fast the person's attack speed was.

The Tresia Clan's clan head gulped. He only felt that the sound was getting closer. It was a few hundreds of meters away earlier, but now, it was already just tens of meters away. After trying to focus on it, he realized that everything had turned quiet and nothing could be heard.

The courtyard in the Tresia Clan turned completely silent, as if everyone had lost the ability to talk in just over ten breaths of time.

This was Fang Xingjian openly attacking from the front.

Chapter 190 Within A Second

Fang Xingjian's footsteps landed lightly on the stone slab before the entrance. A hint of breeze followed him, encompassing the area one hundred meters around him. Even though he was blind, he could clearly sense any situation within a one hundred meter radius.

The scene reconstructed in his brain allowed him to see clearly. Hundreds to a thousand apprentices collapsed on the ground behind him. Some of them were moaning, some were letting out terrible cries, while some simply fell unconscious.

They were all defeated within a short half minute, each of them by a single move. They could not even clearly see how they were defeated.

Fang Xingjian could sense that there were eight powerful Knights waiting for him behind the door. Each of these eight Knights had a heart as powerful as an electric motor, their blood flowing through their bodies like a gushing river, bringing forth great power and speed.

Fang Xingjian could hear their heartbeat and breathing. The wind brushed past their bodies, allowing him to accurately sense the location of each one of them. He could even sense their body form, and even the weapons attached to their waists, backs, or in their hands.

If he were to engage in battle with all eight of them, once they started moving at high speeds, or even accelerated to transcend the speed of sound, it would spell trouble for Fang Xingjian.

Therefore, he did not plan to give them the chance to speak or attack.

The next moment, he activated Boundaries Negation.

Fang Xingjian now had a speed limit of ten times that supersonic

speed. How terrifying was this speed? If he were to run at full speed, he would be able to run about three to four kilometers in just a second.

A second was sufficient for him to run around a four hundred meter field over eight times.

With ten seconds, he could reach Kirst City's west gate from its east gate.

With one hundred seconds, he would have enough time to run from Shanghai all the way to Nanjing.

What did this terrifying speed represent? Even the majority of Conferred Knights below level 25 would not be able to attain this speed.

Therefore, in this single second, he would have enough time to defeat all eight Knights.

Fang Xingjian, having a speed of ten times that supersonic speed, only felt that the time in his surroundings had slowed down. The air became as dense as glue. With a gentle lift of his hand, he pushed the door before him and felt the increasing resistance. At the same time, a surge of heat came from his hands; it was the heat formed from abrasion against the air, causing his palm to turn completely red.

After landing his palm on the door softly, the entire door suddenly flew up, and, like a movie played in slow motion, it was slowly flung inch by inch into the courtyard.

With one step, Fang Xingjian entered the courtyard. All eight Knights remained motionless, without a single change to their expressions.

The whole space was completely silent. It was because there was not even enough time for sound to spread out.

With the friction formed from the high speed abrasion with the air, he felt his body continuously heat up. The air in the

surroundings were heated up very quickly. Fang Xingjian felt as if he had leisurely strolled up to a middle-aged Knight and landed a light punch on the guy's stomach.

The middle-aged Knight who suddenly got hit was sent flying and gradually knocked toward the walls, moving an inch at a time. There had yet to be any changes to his expression, with it still being the same from a second ago.

Fang Xingjian then appeared before Xiu Yi and landed a kick on his chin. The latter's teeth, blood and saliva stayed in mid-air, landing toward the ground at a snail's pace. He also seemed to be in slow motion as he was sent flying out.

Fang Xingjian then moved on to the next Knight. All eight Knights, including the Tresia Clan's clan head, were sent flying in slow motion by Fang Xingjian alone.

The next moment, Boundaries Negation was deactivated. Only a second had passed.

Boom boom boom boom! Bang bang bang bang!

Just as time appeared to have regained its natural flow, the sound of explosions from Fang Xingjian's series of actions at ten times that supersonic speed rang out, resembling a hundred explosions concurrently blowing up in the courtyard. Strong gales, air currents and white fog crazily scattered about.

All eight Knights let out terrible cries as they knocked against the walls, as if they were eight bulldozers, crashing through the surrounding walls before falling into a pile of rubble.

The Tresia Clan's clan head struggled to his feet as he trembled, glaring in Fang Xingjian's direction.

White fog encompassed Fang Xingjian, shooting out as if it was steam.

It was caused by abrasion with the air at ten times that supersonic speed, causing Fang Xingjian's body to be heated up

continuously, like a meteorite piercing through the atmosphere.

He walked out from the white fog, a faint red glow all over his body and exuding a tremendous amount of perspiration and white steam from the surface of his skin. There were even faint traces of burns.

‘As expected, moving at high speed has increasing requirements for the body’s tenacity.

‘Now, even with Boundaries Negation removing the limitations imposed on the other attributes, just the high temperature from the air abrasion is sufficient to fry me if I were to constantly move at such high speed.’

Knights were also human. As long as one had not gone through the second transition and had not entered the Divine level, their bodies would still be mere flesh and blood, and it would be inevitable for them to have limitations.

At the same time, in Kaunitz’s room, Kaunitz was shouting out, feeling uneasy, “Father? Father, are you there? What’s going on? Why are there explosions? Is Fang Xingjian here?” His voice was filled with helplessness and fear, as if he were a young puppy howling out alone in the night.

Hearing his son’s voice Tresia Clan’s clan head turned to look in Fang Xingjian’s direction.

He looked at Fang Xingjian who appeared to be burning up. He looked at the mess in the area, at the place which seemed as if a bomber aircraft had passed by. He gritted his teeth and asked, “Fang Xingjian, must you be so ruthless? Kaunitz is already a cripple, why do you need to make things difficult for him?”

“Why I kill a person is not related to whether or not he is a cripple. It’s just because I want to kill him.” Fang Xingjian tilted his head and looked toward Kaunitz’s room as a strong killing intent gushed forth and was reflected on his face.

The Tresia Clan's clan head shouted, "Fang Xingjian, if you were to kill Kaunitz, it would be cutting off our Tresia Clan's bloodline. If you want to kill, then you might as well kill our whole clan; kill all three thousand of our clan members and servants."

Why would Fang Xingjian pay him any heed? With a steel-like will, once he had decided on killing someone, then even if there were hordes of cavalry and troops, even if the world was turned upside down, even if there were overflowing rivers of blood, they would not be able to change his decision in the slightest.

Looking at how he was moving toward the room, the clan head bellowed, "Fang Xingjian, if you kill Kaunitz, my younger brother will definitely not come under the Second Prince's wing. The First Prince will gain even more power. Wouldn't you feel guilty that all the people in the world will be forced to suffer because of this in the future?"

"Don't worry, this will not happen.

"Because within four years, I'll definitely kill the First Prince.

"If you do not wish for your younger brother to be killed by me too, then you had better advise him to not join the First Prince. Otherwise, if I were to kill in the future, I won't give a single hoot about whether or not the person has any unspoken difficulties."

Chapter 191 Kidnap

Just as Fang Xingjian was talking and walking toward Kaunitz's room, Headmaster Jackson finally could no longer hold it in and appeared at the main entrance.

“Xingjian, enough. Do you really want to blow up the matter until it has reached a point of no return?” Jackson's expression was calm as he looked at everything that had happened, secretly feeling astonished at the rate of Fang Xingjian's progress.

‘Even I was not able to clearly see the series of attacks in that single second with my naked eye. Now, if Fang Xingjian doesn't enter my Reduced Force Field, I probably won't be able to see his movements clearly.’

Ten times that of supersonic speed was so fast that it could no longer be seen by the naked eye. Not even Jackson, at second transition level 26, could break through such physical restrictions.

However, if it was within his Reduced Force Field, then Fang Xingjian's actions would appear very clear to him. It was because no matter how fast Fang Xingjian was, he would not be able to compete with the speed at which waves like the ether particles transmit at. They transmit at a speed of light just like electromagnetic waves.

Moreover, Headmaster Jackson's second transition job, the Tyrant Fist of the Azure Skies, had a Reduced Force Field reaching out to three hundred meters. This meant that he could see everything clearly as long as it was within the three hundred meter range.

Therefore, the moment he stepped through the door, he had already grasped the situation within a three hundred meter radius. Then, with a change in his expression, he dashed out, heading for Kaunitz's room, accompanied by a long whistle and an impact wave.

Kaunitz was already nowhere to be found. All that was left was a big hole in the middle of the room. Kaunitz, who was in a frail state, had obviously been abducted.

The Tresia Clan's clan head also panicked when he saw how Headmaster Jackson had reacted. He stumbled in after him and was astonished by the scene in the room, "What is going on? Where is Kaunitz?"

"Did you guys really think that during this period of my disappearance, I had done nothing at all?" Fang Xingjian saw that the two of them had simultaneously turned over in his direction. With one step, he leapt and stood more than three hundred meters away from them, leaving Jackson's Reduced Force Field.

Eyelids drooping, he held onto Demoness' Howl, as if he were a dancer in the darkness, giving people the feeling that he would disappear before your eyes at any time.

Jackson knew that this was Fang Xingjian's speed. His speed had reached extreme limits and his will had moved even before his body had. Thus, this gave others the feeling that he was moving yet motionless, as if he would disappear at any time.

However, at this moment, this was not what he was concerned with. He was more concerned about what Fang Xingjian had just said. This meant that the big hole in Kaunitz's room had been dug by Fang Xingjian.

It turned out that Fang Xingjian knew that Jackson and the others would be protecting Kaunitz. If they were to protect him openly, then he would just appear from the underground passageway, releasing hundreds of Ether Sword Ripples at once, using Ether Sword Ripples, which were at ten times that of supersonic speed, to turn Kaunitz into mush.

If he were to do this, he would naturally be going against the Second Prince and his faction and would need to flee with all his might.

But if it was another situation and the Conferred Knights, on account of their status, did not stay next to Kaunitz to protect him, then he would step out to attract everyone's attention while letting Robert and Anthony dash into the room to abduct Kaunitz.

Without killing Kaunitz in front of everyone, even if they knew that the odds were against Kaunitz, the contradictions they have between them would not burst out immediately. To Fang Xingjian, this was the best possible scenario.

Otherwise, if he were to kill Kaunitz before everyone, he would incur the wrath of the few Conferred Knights.

Although Fang Xingjian was very vicious, he was not foolish. If he had lacked wisdom and tact, not being able to differentiate between foolishness and courage, how could he have completed the first transition, sensed the ether particles, and cultivated up to a hundred sets of sword techniques?

Although Jackson did not managed to guess Fang Xingjian's plot immediately, he could vaguely guess what had happened. Looking at the hole, he said, "To be able to dig such a big hole without being noticed in just a few hours... Xingjian, seems like your sword arts have been brought to a higher level yet again."

Fang Xingjian did not say anything. With the level 9 Divine Weapon Demoness' Howl in his hand and enhancement from the Unparalleled Sword Intent, he was at a level at where he could cut through Empire's Divine Weapons. For him, cutting through the ground and silently creating a passageway was just too simple.

However, Jackson continued, "But even so, the passageway that you dug could not possibly be long. With my speed, if I were to dash out, shouldn't I still be able to find Kaunitz?"

Fang Xingjian smiled, "If Headmaster leaves, then I'll just go on a killing spree and kill all eight of these Knights from the Tresia Clan."

Jackson's eyes suddenly narrowed, as if he wanted to know whether or not Fang Xingjian was speaking the truth.

At the same time, his thoughts started to circulate. If what Fang Xingjian said was true, then the death of eight Knights would truly be a heavy blow. Since when had so many Knights died during a non-warring period?

Not only would Deputy Commander Adri join the First Prince, even the King would indicate his dissatisfaction with the situation and might even doubt the Governor's and the Second Prince's ability to lead.

Also, if they were just considering Kaunitz's disappearance, then the disappearance of a commoner who was an ex-Knight would be much easier to deal with than the deaths of eight Knights.

However, the problem was whether or not Fang Xingjian dared to do this.

Of course, other than these two solutions, there was still another solution.

Jackson's body trembled slightly. In the next moment, an air explosion occurred, and ripples that could be seen by the naked eye were sent out from around his body to the surroundings.

"Then I'll just subdue you before going to look for Kaunitz."

In the next instant, a huge bang rang out. No one had seen when Jackson had dashed to more than one hundred meter away. They had only seen Fang Xingjian suddenly being sent flying, and with a pfft sound, Fang Xingjian had spewed out a large mouthful of blood.

But in the 0.1 second it took to launch a fist, Fang Xingjian had been given sufficient reaction time.

Boundaries Negation activated! Radiant Light Sword Technique!

Under ten times that of supersonic speed, Fang Xingjian's

Demoness' Howl cut across the air, scattering sound blasts that were powerful enough to drive one insane.

The Radiant Light Sword Technique was concurrently activated. Under the full prowess of the level 20 Radiant Light Sword Technique, Fang Xingjian became a human of light, with white light brimming out from him and filling the entire sky. It made him appear like a small sun that had fallen on the earth.

Almost half of the people in Kirst could see the white light shooting up into the sky, causing the whole Tresia Clan to appear as if day had descended in the darkness.

The sudden burst of white light caused the Tresia Clan's clan head and the other few Knights who had been looking toward Fang Xingjian's to let out a howl, covering their eyes as they retreated. They had been temporarily blinded.

Although Headmaster Jackson was at second transition level 26, he was still unable to overcome the limitations of the human body. He could not help but closed his eyes, tears trickling down from the corners of his eyes.

However, even without his naked eyes, he could still sense everything that were within a three hundred meter radius though Heaven's Perception. Of course, that included light as well.

He dashed toward the ball of light three hundred meters away, only to find that, although Fang Xingjian could not see him, he had already slipped away the moment he had activated the Radiant Light Sword Technique. Under the situation where Fang Xingjian was maintaining ten times that of supersonic speed with his Boundaries Negation, for a while, there was no way for Jackson to catch up to him and keep him within a three hundred meter radius. He even allowed Fang Xingjian to slowly increase the distance between them.

Within a short ten plus seconds, the two of them, one chasing and the other escaping, the environment consistently changing

very quickly, arrived in the wilderness about fifty kilometers away. On the way, countless people had been temporarily blinded by the piercing white light, and many people heard the sound produced by the Demoness' Howl and went into fury, calming down only after over ten minutes had passed.

Finally, after chasing him for about fifty kilometers and seeing that Fang Xingjian was getting further and further away, Jackson threw out a punch. However, as Fang Xingjian was far out of his three hundred meter radius, there was no way that his punch could come into direct contact with him. Amidst the tremendous air explosion, Fang Xingjian was sent flying once again. At the same time, he borrowed the explosive force from this attack to accelerate and dashed into the forests.

Just as he slipped into the forest, the white light extinguished, completely leaving Jackson's radar.

Chapter 192 Turning Point And Departure

Absolute light brings about absolute darkness.

Faced against Fang Xingjian's level 20 Radiant Light Sword Technique, even Jackson could not keep his eyes opened. His vision was disturbed by the Radiant Light Sword Technique while his ears were receiving the attack from Demoness' Howl. Both his sight and hearing could no longer catch a hold of Fang Xingjian.

He could only sense and battle with his Heaven's Perception, but he was unaccustomed to doing so. The difference between this and the fact that Fang Xingjian was long accustomed to living and battling in darkness gave Fang Xingjian a few second to make his escape and flee tens of kilometers away.

Even with this, the battle had yet to conclude. However, Jackson stopped and quietly looked in the direction Fang Xingjian disappeared in.

He looked at his hands, sighed, and said, "My old pal, with this, you won't blame me when you come back, right?"

...

In the shadows, Fang Xingjian abruptly spat out a mouthful of blood. Even if Jackson had not used his full power, an attack that merely brushed passed him had still caused him to suffer from internal injuries.

However, with Internal Healing, Internal Training and the Elementary Berserkness physique, his injuries were slowly healing. He paused for a short moment. Even though he had not healed completely, it did not affect his movements. Then, he headed toward the agreed location.

Like a cool breeze brushing against the night sky, Fang Xingjian quickly went through the alleys in Kirst and came to an underground sewers. This was an idea he had thought of after

coming across the black market.

In the pitch-black underground sewers, Robert and Anthony were anxiously waiting. Next to them was Kaunitz who had been tied up like a dumpling.

Kaunitz's face was extremely pale, his face filled with terror. His fear of death was like a palm forming a vise around his heart, causing his countenance to turn increasingly grim.

When he saw Fang Xingjian, he started struggling furiously. The flesh on his cheeks trembled incessantly as if he had seen the ghosts and monsters from the legends.

Fang Xingjian did not pay much heed to Kaunitz. He could feel from his senses and hearing that both Robert and Anthony were extremely anxious and even a bit frightened.

Obviously, the things they had done today caused them to feel fear and unease toward the future.

Fang Xingjian knew that if he did not do anything, he would bring trouble to the two of them.

He sensed Kaunitz's situation, and concurrently, a feeling of yearning suddenly gushed out from his heart. It was a kind of pressure that had been secretly suppressed in his heart and was also a spiritual trammel, a shadow that had been casted into his consciousness.

Fang Xingjian suddenly felt that if he were to remove this layer of stress, his soul would feel even more free.

And today was a great opportunity.

He broke into a slight smile and said, "Kaunitz, do you know why you lost?"

Kaunitz kept on struggling, letting out muffled cries. However, because his mouth was sealed, he could not say a word.

Fang Xingjian was indifferent to it. He suddenly retreated a step

and started displaying a set of sword technique.

It was the Tresia Clan's Descent of Holy Light. After he finished displaying this set of sword technique, he then continued with the Silver Moon Prayer Sword Technique, then another, and then another. After demonstrating all the sword techniques from Tresia Clan, Fang Xingjian continued on to display over thirty sets of sword techniques from various sects.

His speed was very fast, and when he demonstrated each set of sword technique, he only displayed the few moves that were of the essence.

At the beginning, Kaunitz was still continuing to struggle, not paying any attention to Fang Xingjian's display of sword arts. But bit by bit, his eyes stared, wide-open, as if he had just seen the sun rise from the west. Looking at Fang Xingjian, Kaunitz's eyes were filled with disbelief.

Although Robert and Anthony did not practice the sword, as time passed, they also understood what Fang Xingjian had just done. To think that he alone had actually learned over thirty sets of sword techniques?! How could this be possible?

Looking at how astonished all three of them were, Fang Xingjian said calmly, "Do you understand now, Kaunitz? There's only one reason for your failure.

"You've looked for the wrong opponent.

"My talent in sword arts is the best in the world.

"I have not only mastered the sword techniques from your Tresia Clan... But, in this world, no matter what sword technique it is, what stance it has, when placed before me, I'll be able to pick it up with just one look, and master it with just one attempt. Not just you alone, within one or two years, I'll even completely surpass the First Prince. I'll chop off his head and send him to accompany you."

While Fang Xingjian was saying this, Kaunitz fell into complete despair. His eyes reflected his unwillingness to accept this, as well as the emotions of despair and regret.

‘Why?’

‘Why is there a person like Fang Xingjian in this world?’

‘Why is there someone like you in this world?’

Fang Xingjian naturally had neither interest in listening to the narration in Kaunitz’s heart nor intention to take off the cloth covering up his mouth to listen to his verbose speech. He merely thrust the sword into Kaunitz’s heart, piercing through his body.

He then sensed Anthony and Robert, noticing that their heartbeat and blood flow had slowed down. The two of them were not as frightened and anxious as before, but were looking at Fang Xingjian with slight agitation and asked, “Xingjian, was what you said earlier true?”

“Is your talent really that amazing? But... how could that be possible? There’s never been anyone like this before.”

“Now there is.” Fang Xingjian replied. “Later, when the two of you return, just pretend that nothing happened.”

After revealing part of his talent, Fang Xingjian pacified Anthony and Robert, saying, “Alright, I have to leave now.”

After sharing his talent and killing Kaunitz with one sword attack, Fang Xingjian only felt a sense of relaxation in his chest.

One of them was a secret he had been keeping to himself for a prolonged period of time and after saying it, it dismissed the shadow that had been encompassing his heart for a very long time.

The other was that Kaunitz, the person who had been pestering him for almost a year, with the two of them inflicting harm upon each other and attacking each other, had finally died by his hands.

A relaxation and peace filled his heart. He could feel that his mental cultivation method was starting to achieve a breakthrough.

Exhaling a large mouthful of foul air, it was as if he had exhaled all of the troubles in his heart.

Mental cultivation method: Universal Sword Dominance Lunisolar has achieved a breakthrough, leveling up from level 3 to 4.

Ether Sword Ripples have also increased from 1.5 times his strength to two times his strength.

In addition, with the breakthrough of his mental cultivation method, it was as if there were many things in the air surging toward him, as if they would gush into his brain at any time.

Through his many sessions of exchanging information and thoughts about Heaven's Perception with Kaunitz, through the experience with the level 25 Conferred Knight's parietal bones, through exposing his secrets to feel physically and mentally at peace, through killing Kaunitz to take a load off his mind...

With his unparalleled talent and determination, Fang Xingjian had finally gotten an inspiration for Heaven's Perception.

He could sense that, as long as he carefully polished his soul, he would be able to truly step into the realm of Heaven's Perception and take a step toward overcoming worldly thoughts and attaining sainthood.

His voice seemed to become misty, gradually entering Anthony's and Robert's ears.

"The things in Kirst have come to a conclusion.

"I've reached the true turning point of attaining Heaven's Perception.

"Now, I must leave the crowd, leave society, and slowly polish my soul in absolute silence.

“I’ll be back before the Regional Selection. By then, I will definitely have attained Heaven’s Perception.

“Stay well in Kirst, don’t do unnecessary things. As for the tuition fees for the class, help me with the arrangements for the refund...”

By the last two words, Fang Xingjian’s voice was already so soft that it was almost inaudible. Right before Anthony’s and Robert’s eyes, Fang Xingjian’s silhouette slowly scattered and eventually disappeared.

Fang Xingjian’s departure was like a rock sinking into the ocean. There was no more news from Kirst, and everyone was lost deep in their own thoughts.

Chapter 193 Finally Succeeded

Fang Xingjian left Kirst City, bringing along his Silver Fox, Demoness' Howl and three hundred Magic Beans. He had already tried the Magic Beans. Three a day should be sufficient to replenish the energy he had depleted after a day of cultivation. It was sufficient to last him till the Regional Selection.

Therefore, wearing an ordinary short-sleeved top and walking, he went on his way, arriving deep in the forest in a short half hour.

Far away from the human crowd, from the human world and from society, Fang Xingjian was seeking absolute peace in order to comprehend that tiny inspiration in his heart.

In the beginning, without anyone to cook and do laundry, without a clean room and bright lights, Fang Xingjian was not very used to it.

But he could only continue to walk in the forest alone, sensing the humidity in the air, the muddy ground, and the dirty forest, taking one step at a time. His body continued to automatically cultivate sword arts while his consciousness was trying to understand that hint of inspiration regarding Heaven's Perception.

Whenever he got hungry, he would eat the Magic Beans; whenever he felt thirsty, he would look for streams to drink from; whenever he was tired, he would sit down to take a rest. Sometimes, he would look up into the sky; sometimes, he would look at the mountain valley and streams; sometimes, he would looked far into the mountain range.

Gradually, the unaccustomed and uncomfortable feelings about the dirtiness started to turn into feelings of quiet, calm and revitalization.

His moustache started to grow, and his hair, which was not trimmed, became filled with dirt and split ends. His clothes

became increasingly tattered and he appeared increasingly dirty. However, his soul grew increasingly purer.

All of the messed up stuff that he had encountered in the city were gradually wiped out from his heart as if they were dust.

He felt that he had become increasingly calm, as if everything in the surroundings had naturally blended together.

He listened to the sound of the wind. He could sense that there were worms crawling a few meters underground.

He could hear, in the trees over ten meters above his head, there were birds setting up their nests.

He could sense, tens of meters away, the flowers and grass were fluttering with the wind.

He could sense, hundreds of meters away, there was a stream exuding mist.

The world before him seemed to have appeared increasingly clearer. His ears could take in many more sounds, telling him the secrets in the world. However, they were very vague and he was still one step away from understanding them.

Therefore, he continued to head north. His shoes became tattered, so he went on without them. His legs were like metallic pillars, breaking off trees, crushing grass and rocks. There was nothing that could leave traces of his feet.

Eventually, he came to a large river. Looking at the great, endless river, Fang Xingjian did not stop and continued forward.

His legs formed a series of after-images above the river's surface. Although he seemed to be walking, he was, in fact, moving at an extreme speed. Because his speed was fast enough, the water's surface tension raised him up, allowing him to be able to tread on water. Following the rows of waves, he crossed the great river and headed for the opposite bank.

On a boat by the bank, countless people cried out in astonishment. The old man rowing the boat knelt down and shouted, “It’s the Water God! The Water God has come!”

“We pray for the Water Lord’s blessings!”

“Has the Water God appeared?”

“A bunch of idiots.” Some merchants who had seen more mumbled to themselves, “It must be a Knight. But the level 19 Knight I met last time could only swim to cross the river. To think that this person can cross just by treading on the waves.”

There was no way that Fang Xingjian would pay any heed to a bunch of foolish people who were revering him as if he were a god. He passed the banks and continued heading north. Neither forests, mountains, rivers, or ditches were able to stop him from moving forward.

On a mountain path, a bunch of warriors from the City Guards Institution were progressing steadily at great speed. The Knight in the lead shouted with a grim face, “Hurry, hurry, hurry! Those bandits are just right in front! We must catch up to them!”

All the City Guards bellowed and were about to accelerate on when a hysterical laughter came from overhead.

“Idiots, you guys have fallen into our trap!”

“What?!” The Knight shouted out in surprise and fury.

Countless arrows rained down on the troops.

The Knight sent out his Reduced Force Field and could naturally ignore the rain of arrows. However, ordinary soldiers could not do the same. In that short instant, a big group of them were either injured or killed.

The Knight let out a loud bellowed and charged forth, but was pushed back by the leader of the bandits. This bandit leader was also at the first transition level.

That Knight bellowed, “Flame Wolf, are you crazy?! I’m going to wipe out the entire Seven Flames Hall!”

“Haha, you Empire’s dogs... Say that after you survive this ordeal. No one will know that you have been killed by me.”

Just then, a black silhouette flashed by, cutting across the sky like a black line. It dashed up above where both parties were.

Then, a series of sound explosions rang out and a series of huge sounds appeared in the air as if there was a thunderstorm.

Amidst the Knight’s horrified gaze, all hundred bandits were like fireworks being lit up, exploding and forming many clouds of bloody fog, one after another. The bandit leader was no exception and was turned into up to a hundred lumps of flesh.

Fang Xingjian passed by the valleys and mountain paths without stopping. His mind was filled with countless sounds, and when he regained his senses, he had already appeared on a snow-covered mountain. A month had passed since he had left Kirst.

Standing at the highest point of the snow-covered mountain, he looked down at the magnificent snow-capped peaks piercing into the skies, and at the endless mountains reaching out under his feet, all the trees covered in snow were of a unified color. A feeling of shock that he had never experienced before entered Fang Xingjian’s soul.

Although the snowy mountain range was wide, everything was in silence. Amidst this silence, Fang Xingjian could finally hear the sounds in the space.

They were not actual sounds, but were information contained in the ether particles.

Warmth, humidity, sunlight, length, height, color...

As more and more information gushed into Fang Xingjian’s brain from the ether particles, the information from ten meters around him gradually took form in his brain.

In the next second, he could already 'see' the scenes ten meters in his surroundings in his consciousness. In that moment, Fang Xingjian, after having gone through countless hardships and paid an endless price, he had finally taken the most crucial step and attained Heaven's Perception.

Endless information which was enough to drive ordinary people crazy gushed into Fang Xingjian's brain. However, with his unrivalled talent and extraordinary willpower, he accepted it all.

At the same time, on his Stats Window, other than strength, agility, endurance, reaction and flexibility, a sixth attribute appeared.

Ether synchronization rate: 10%

This ether synchronization rate represented how much information he could receive from the ether particles. 10% was the benchmark for entering the realm of Heaven's Perception. It represented that 10% of the information was sufficient to form a basic image in his mind.

This was similar to a photo's clarity. 10% was the most basic. The higher the synchronization rate, the clearer the photo. Eventually, he would even be able to see the world from a micro perspective and look at the various pieces of information left behind by other people. It would also include information on things that could not be exposed in public, various electromagnetic and sound waves, as well as things that could not be seen with the naked eye.

It could be said that 10% was just the beginning. In the future, the synchronization rate would keep on increasing, allowing Fang Xingjian to see the world clearer and clearer, just like how a photograph's degree of resolution would increase higher and higher.

Only then would he be able to change his job and level up to level 20.

From then onward, each additional 10% of the synchronization rate would be a barrier, just like how one must reach a synchronization rate of 20% at level 20 to be able to level up to level 21.

And with each additional 10% increase, there would be a Heavenly Barrier like a massive flow of information, like the disturbance of illusions, and like the emotions and sensory pleasures which were out of control. These were the Ten Heavenly Barriers.

There would always be Conferred Knights who fell at each barrier, and each of them would be extremely dangerous.

However, it might not be the same for Fang Xingjian. For example, he had easily received the first blast of information.

It was because his talent was unparalleled. No matter if it was his brain's memory power, reaction, willpower, or endurance, they were all topnotch.

Looking at the ether synchronization rate on his Stats Window, Fang Xingjian smiled. He only had to try a little to be able to sense over one hundred beams of micro light in his brain which were over a hundred skill seeds.

He could finally start synthesizing his skills.

Chapter 194 Smash, Smash, Smash

Fang Xingjian sat down excitedly, preparing to synthesize his skills. Compared to an ordinary genius who could be proud of picking up over ten sets of techniques, and could spread their names far and wide by mastering tens of techniques to the maximum level, Fang Xingjian had over a hundred sets of techniques that were at the maximum level.

‘First is the Nurturing techniques, combining all of the Nurturing techniques into one set.’

Thinking of this, Fang Xingjian started to consider which Nurturing sword techniques he should use as the primary technique. He looked through the sword techniques from The School of Sword Arts and then at Tresia’s Nurturing sword techniques. Scanning through them one by one, his eyes finally landed on his first ever sword technique, the level 30 Basic Sword Technique.

‘Basic Sword Technique...’

To Fang Xingjian, although this set of Basic Sword Technique, which was passed down in Demonic City, had a strengthening effect, it was truly deserving of its name. It had almost included all of the most basic and simplest movements of all sword techniques, and was the basis for all sword techniques.

If he wanted to synthesize his techniques and to combine over a hundred sets of Nurturing sword techniques into one, this Basic Sword Technique had the widest range and was the obvious choice.

Therefore, he picked out the skill seed that represented the Basic Sword Technique and then got another Nurturing technique. It was the first set of Nurturing technique he had learned, the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique.

The only use of this sword technique was to increase Fang Xingjian's potential by a few hundred points everyday, and there were also many Nurturing techniques whose effects overlapped with this.

The Basic Sword Techniques cultivated one's entire body. However, it did not go as in depth in targeted cultivation of each part. Regardless, it was still undeniable that this technique covered a wider range and had more potential.

Therefore, he controlled the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique's skill seed without any hesitation, pressing it down onto the Basic Sword Techniques' skill seed.

With a boom, the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique's skill seed merged together with the Basic Sword Technique's skill seed like a drop of water. In the next moment, there seemed to be a torrent of information being exchanged and merging together in his mind.

When everything calmed, the skill seed representing the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique had completely disappeared, yet when Fang Xingjian looked toward the introduction for the Basic Sword Technique, there seemed to have been no changes at all.

‘Did the synthesis fail?’

He tried recalling it, only to discover that he had forgotten the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique. It was because what he had done to the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique was equivalent to deleting it.

The ether synchronization rate had reached 10%, meaning that the success rate of skills synthesis would be 10%. Therefore, after becoming one with the nature, the higher the ether synchronization rate, the higher the level of the skill, and the higher the success rate of the synthesis. Only then would the synthesized skill become increasingly powerful and terrifying.

It would eventually even reach the level at which Huang Lin, Jackson or even the First Prince were.

Upon reaching level 29 like the First Prince, with a 100% ether synchronization rate, the skills synthesis would definitely succeed. What that required was only the time to bring the cultivated skill or technique to the maximum level. It was because only when a skill was at the maximum level would a practitioner be extremely familiar with it and have sufficient information about it to ensure the success of the synthesis.

However, this was not something that worried Fang Xingjian, since he could pick up skills especially fast.

Even though the attempt with the Grizzly Bear Sword Technique had failed, he did not sigh, and turned his gaze toward the Eagle Sword Technique. Then, with a sweep of his sword fingers, streams of sword Qi shot out, slashing the rock walls and causing snow and rocks to scatter all over. He carved out over ten images of a human waving a sword and even wrote down explanatory notes next to them.

After finishing, Fang Xingjian once again sent the Eagle Sword Technique's skill seed smashing toward the Basic Sword Technique's skill seed.

A loud boom resonated in his consciousness, but there were still no changes to the Basic Sword Technique. The synthesis had failed again.

'As expected, with a synchronization rate of 10%, my understanding of the information from the ether particles is still too coarse, and my success rate of skill synthesis is also only at 10%. It's still too low.'

The ether synchronization rate represented the amount of information one could receive from the ether particles in the surroundings. 10% of the information was very little. For example, it would only be able to reflect a coarse image of the environment into one's consciousness, and similarly, one would only be able to receive 10% of the information from the ether particles about his

own body. Therefore, the success rate was very, very low.

Most Knights with a synchronization rate of 50% and below tended to require a few months, or even a few years, in order to bring a set of skill or technique to the maximum level. They would have to carefully study the synthesis before making a careful and difficult decision.

However, Fang Xingjian did not have the same worry and problem because he could learn extremely fast. With the enhancements provided by his skills and specialities, as well as his number one sword arts talent in the world, his learning speed had reached an astonishing stage.

While other people carefully selected skills to combine and even held it in until they were at least at level 25 before having the confidence to start doing large-scale skill synthesis, performing each skill synthesis with great care, Fang Xingjian had already casually started to undergo the synthesis.

He looked toward the Eagle Sword Technique carved on the cliffs, glancing for about a minute, and Eagle Sword Technique reappeared on his Stats Window.

Without even drawing his sword, he just used his sword finger in place of an actual sword and started practicing the Eagle Sword Technique. When he thrust out the first sword, he was still very choppy with it, but on the second thrust, he had already started familiarizing with it, and by the third one, he was extremely fluent. When he reached the tenth, his Eagle Sword Technique was already as if he had been practicing for a few months, and he appeared to be very seasoned in this technique.

He practiced the whole set of Eagle Sword Technique from the beginning to the end, and it reached the maximum level of level 30 once again.

Fang Xingjian once again smashed the Eagle Sword Technique's skill seed toward the Basic Sword Technique's skill seed.

With a loud boom, once again, the Eagle Sword Technique disappeared, but this time, the Basic Sword Technique had an additional effect of being able to achieve a maximum of 800 potential points daily.

‘I’ve succeeded. The Eagle Sword Technique’s effects has been added onto the Basic Sword Technique.’

Fang Xingjian smiled and directly swept out with his sword Qi. He sliced off the layer of rock which had the technique carved on it, and it once again became a smooth cliff. He then carved out another set of Nurturing technique, the Tenauer-Style Body Strengthening Sword Technique.

In the days following, Fang Xingjian stayed on the snowy mountains, eating the Magic Beans when he got hungry, taking snow when he was thirsty. He began days of cultivating non-stop, from day to night, and went through skill synthesis again and again.

Compared to how other people were only able to attempt one skill synthesis every few months or even years, he was able to make one attempt every few minutes.

One week later, he had already combined all of his Nurturing techniques into the Basic Sword Technique and all of the Training techniques into the Nine-Headed Dragon Sword Technique.

The Nine-Headed Dragon Sword Technique which had undergone synthesis was nothing extraordinary. It was just a byproduct of a few sets of Training techniques, but was equipped with the ability to temper the five major attributes. Each time he practiced this new Nine-Headed Dragon Sword Technique, Fang Xingjian would be able to train any of the five attributes of his choice, and his cultivation speed was increased by 20%.

What was amazing was the Basic Sword Technique that had been synthesized together with over a hundred sets of Nurturing sword techniques. He combined all the pros of all the Nurturing

techniques, and with each practice, he was able to nurture every single cell throughout his body. When he was cultivating, it was as if he was soaked in a hot spring, and each fiber and flesh were trying very hard to absorb the nutrition and energy in his body.

Its effects were also much higher than all of the Nurturing techniques added up together. Previously, Fang Xingjian could gain at most 11,000 potential points daily, but now, with his physical body automatically cultivating this new Basic Sword Technique, he could gain 20,000 potential points. The efficiency was simply terrifying.

This meant that he could increase his reaction attribute by a bit every three to four days.

This was one of the reasons why Conferred Knights grew increasingly powerful. Their Nurturing techniques had usually gone through many syntheses, were increasingly suitable for their bodies, and were better able to tap into each little bit of potential in their bodies. This thus allowed the growth of their attributes to be increasingly terrifying.

Therefore, Fang Xingjian named this set of sword technique the Rebirth Sword Technique. This sword technique was true to its name. After cultivating, it would bring about an effect of completely transforming the practitioner's body as if he were reborn.

Therefore, now, the skills Fang Xingjian was left with included one Nurturing technique and one Training technique, the Rebirth Sword Technique and the new Nine-Headed Dragon Sword Technique.

Then, there were the two sets of Killing techniques, the Supreme Mistwind Sword and the Radiant Light Sword Technique.

There was also the skill he obtained when his Reduced Force Field underwent an evolution due to the mutation of his mental cultivation method, the Ether Sword Ripples.

There was not much left for him to do with the set of Nurturing technique and the set of Training technique.

The next thing he needed to work on was his Killing technique. The Ether Sword Ripples was not something Fang Xingjian had learned, so it was impossible for him to risk experimenting with it since it would be gone forever if he forgot it.

Thus, it boiled down to how he should synthesize the Supreme Mistwind Sword and the Radiant Light Sword Technique.

Should he smash the Supreme Mistwind Sword onto the Radiant Light Sword Technique or the Ether Sword Ripples?

Or should he smash the Radiant Light Sword Technique onto the Supreme Mistwind Sword or the Ether Sword Ripples?

Fang Xingjian thought hard about it for a while before suddenly smiling.

The Supreme Mistwind Sword was a sword technique that controlled the atmosphere and was restricted by the limits of the air. To a second transition Warrior who would frequently transcend supersonic speed in the future, it would not be of much use. Therefore, it was not suitable to be a primary skill.

As for whether he should smash the Supreme Mistwind Sword onto the Radiant Light Sword Technique or onto the Ether Sword Ripples, that was somebody else's problem.

For Fang Xingjian, he just needed to smash it onto both of them.

No, he could go even further.

He planned to smash both the Radiant Light Sword Technique and the Supreme Mistwind Sword onto the Ether Sword Ripples. After succeeding with that, he would relearn the Radiant Light Sword Technique and Supreme Mistwind Sword, before smashing the Supreme Mistwind Sword onto the Radiant Light Sword Technique.

This was all due to the fact that he had the advantage of learning things quickly.

As for the Ether Divine Art and the Effulgence Weapon's special effects, they were still at level 1 and could not be used for synthesis.

Chapter 195 Result and Great Western City

From there onward, Fang Xingjian went through multiple attempts of synthesis, one after another. He first threw both the Supreme Mistwind Sword and the Radiant Light Sword Technique onto the Ether Sword Ripples.

After succeeding, he then continued his repeated attempts to set the Supreme Mistwind Sword onto the Radiant Light Sword Technique.

However, cultivating the Supreme Mistwind Sword and Radiant Light Sword Technique was not as fast as compared to the other Nurturing techniques. It would take about one to two days for him to reach the maximum of level 30 for these sword techniques.

Therefore, during Fang Xingjian's stay on the snow mountain, in his consciousness each skill seed which represented a sword technique continued to be smashed toward the Ether Sword Ripples' skill seed. With each collision, there would be countless exchanges and information merges.

It made Fang Xingjian feel as if he was a computer in a human form, his consciousness leaking out a tremendous number of data waterfalls.

Just like that, repeating the cycle of cultivating sword arts, then going through skill synthesis, cultivating sword arts, going through skill synthesis, Fang Xingjian analyzed the situation of the skill seeds' repeated collisions in his mind. Finally, half a month before the Regional Selection, Fang Xingjian finally succeeded.

The new Radiant Light Sword Technique was not only able to emit white-colored sword light to confuse the enemies, it could also be used to control the air current to refract daylight, moonlight, and various other light sources in order to kill enemies.

Holding onto his Demoness' Howl, Fang Xingjian did not dare to

use it with the risk of creating too powerful a howl in the snow mountains, and thus only moved slowly. Like that, he was able to see the currents from the atmosphere encompassing the longsword. In the next moment, a ray of sunlight shone on the sword's body, and in that instant, reflected through the vapour in the atmosphere.

With a swoosh accompanied by a sword thrust, a ray of white light shot out from the sword's tip. It was akin to a laser beam sweeping across the ground, melting a tremendous amount of snow and raising white steam all around. It was as if one had been teleported from the snow mountains to a hot spring.

‘Its refractions can kill enemies?’

Fang Xingjian smiled. The speed light travelled at, coupled with the longsword's refraction effect which could create a temperature of about one thousand degrees celsius, this new set of sword technique was much stronger in comparison to the Radiant Light Sword Technique and the Supreme Mistwind Sword.

Furthermore, this sword technique had retained the Supreme Mistwind Sword's ability to control the atmosphere, which had not suffered too much of a downgrade.

Fang Xingjian named this sword technique the ‘Luminous Heaven Soaring Slash’.

Once the Ether Sword Ripples was smashed and merged together with the Supreme Mistwind Sword and Radiant Light Sword Technique, it had also received a qualitative improvement.

The new Ether Sword Ripples still increased his strength by 50% with each increasing level, and still inherited the practitioner's highest attack speed. However, at the same time, the Ether Sword Ripples could also change its frequencies to be like light rays of different frequencies, showcasing two special effects, of high and low temperatures.

Looking at the snow on the ground now turned into a hot spring, with a tap of his finger, Fang Xingjian made over ten streams of Ether Sword Ripples. They swept out with a chilling aura, making the melted snow drop in temperature once again, and turning it into a puddle of icy water.

He then sent over ten streams of Ether Sword Ripples slashing through space, making the surrounding air to suddenly become scorching hot, and then once again increased the melted snow's temperature.

With the Ether Sword Ripples' special ice and fire effects, his battle prowess had increased yet again.

With that, after two and a half months' worth of cultivation, not only had Fang Xingjian completed his skill syntheses, his attributes had also increase due to his daily cultivation. Millions of potential points had been used up to increase his strength and reaction, his Waves had leveled up to level 7, and his attributes had increased as well. At the same time, due to this period of calm and peace along with the constantly increasing ether synchronization rate, his mental cultivation method had also finally reached level 5.

Therefore, his stats had now changed to:

Name Fang Xingjian

Age 17

Occupation Windshadow Sword Divinity

Level 19

Strength 68+5

Agility 193+5

Reaction 79

Endurance 51

Flexibility 53

The attributes above come into effect once the Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves is activated.

Due to Perfect Muscles, +5 in strength and agility (10% of the endurance attribute).

Skills / Techniques: Rebirth Sword Technique,

New Nine-Headed Dragon Sword Technique,

Luminous Heaven Soaring Slash,

Level 1 Ether Divine Art

Specialties: Genius Swordsmanship,

Elementary Survival Instinct,

Internal Healing,

Internal Training,

Sword Specialist,

High Agility Motion Vision,

Heightened Reflexes,

Perfect Muscles,

Elementary Berserkness,

Level 1 Unparalleled Sword Intent

Waves Level 7 Sonido Sword Zephyr Waves

Mental Cultivation Method Level 5 Universal Sword Dominance
Lunisolar

Looking at his abilities which had once again soared, Fang Xingjian exhaled.

‘It’s time to prepare for the participation in the Regional Selection.’

The current Fang Xingjian finally had the confidence to participate in the Regional Selection, secure the top position, and

become the Regional Champion.

In the next moment, Fang Xingjian's silhouette abruptly disappeared. He had already turned into a series of afterimages, hurrying toward the south, toward the Great Western Region, the location where the Regional Selection would be held. It was the Great Western Region's focus of political powers, the city where the Regional Academy was located. It had gathered countless important characters in the Great Western Region, including the Governor who managed all the Knight Academies, the Regional Chief which managed all government boards, and the Marshal who leads all the troops in the Great Western Region.

It was the center of the Great Western Region, the Great Western City.

...

A few days later, Fang Xingjian had made his way through mountains and across waters, cultivating as he rushed, finally arriving in Great Western City.

Looking at this enormous city, three times bigger than Kirst, with a population of over five hundred thousand, where countless vital departments and important characters of the Great Western Region gathered, and which had up to a hundred stationed Conferred Knights, Fang Xingjian smiled with excitement.

He would pass the Regional Selection here, becoming the Regional Champion. Here he would soar, becoming a Divine level existence. From here, he will then head back to the Divine Continent and do what he needed to.

But to participate in the Regional Selection, he would first need to register.

Worried that he would be late for the registration, the first thing Fang Xingjian did was to ask for directions, and then head toward the place in Great Western City where the registration was being

held.

There was plenty of traffic in Great Western City, and it was extremely crowded. However, Fang Xingjian headed up to the tops of the buildings, leaping from roof to roof as he proceeded, and asking for directions when he was uncertain. He arrived at the registration counter not long after it had turned dark.

He went in and said to a receptionist, "I'm here to register for the Regional Selection."

"Oh?" The receptionist was a young lady in her twenties. She was wearing a uniform, her face filled with fatigue. Although she was an ordinary person, she did not appear to be shocked when she saw Fang Xingjian. It was because in a place like the Great Western City, Knights were only too common.

Moreover, the place she was stationed at was the registration counter. How many Knights had already appeared before her?

However, she merely shook her head and said, "You've come too late. The registration is over."

Fang Xingjian frowned, "Isn't there another fifteen days before the Regional Selection?"

The young lady threw him a glance and replied, annoyed, "The registration started a month ago and ended half a month before the Regional Selection. Haven't you heard this from the people in your academy?" However, seeing how tattered Fang Xingjian was, she pouted and said, "Hmph, you must have just returned from your cultivation journey and thus the academy was unable to inform you?"

"But there's no other way. You'll have to wait for the next round."

How could Fang Xingjian possibly wait for the next round? He frowned and said, "Is there another solution to this? I must definitely take part in this Regional Selection."

The young lady furiously shook her head, but she also finally noticed that Fang Xingjian had been talking to her with his eyes closed all this time. She could not help but ask, “Hey, all this time you’ve been talking to me with your eyes shut. Aren’t you being too rude?”

Fang Xingjian was stunned for a moment before he calmly replied, “I’m blind. I can’t see anything.”

The young lady froze for a moment, then a hint of fury flashed on her face. “Are you kidding me?! You’re trying to register despite being blind? Do you know of the Pantheon Monument Observation in the Regional Selection? What the hell are you registering for?”

Fang Xingjian frowned and coldly replied, “I’ve already attained Heaven’s Perception. Within a ten meter radius, I can see clearer than using the naked eye.”

The young lady fell into a daze and in the next moment, she cried out in surprise, “You... You’ve attained Heaven’s Perception? Then, you’re able to go through the second transition at any time?”

Chapter 196 Late Arrival and Gathering

Not long after shouting out, the young lady looked at Fang Xingjian in disbelief. She waved her hand before Fang Xingjian's eyes for a while and suddenly asked, "What color are the clothes I'm wearing today?"

Fang Xingjian's Heaven's Perception had an ether synchronization rate of 10%, which meant that it could transmit him the basic 10% worth of information. This information was mostly related to vision and hearing, and allowed one to have a clearer perception. Of course, it also allowed him to see the situation within a ten meter radius very clearly.

As for the things beyond ten meters, Fang Xingjian did as before, and sensed them through the wind and sounds, just as he did in the past.

He nonchalantly answered, "Blue-colored short-sleeved uniform and blue pants."

The young lady was surprised for a moment, then she waved her hand before Fang Xingjian once again. "Are you really blind?" Suddenly, she thought of how if Fang Xingjian had really stepped into the realm of Heaven's Perception, he would be able to clearly sense what she was doing. She immediately stuck out her tongue and said, "Please wait for a moment. I'll go ask my leader."

With that, she ran off mumbling to herself, "Heaven's Perception, to think that this year we have a Knight who has already attained Heaven's Perception. And he's of such a young age!"

Hearing the young lady's voice, the colleagues in the area all turned to look at Fang Xingjian with surprise and curiosity.

Not long later, sounds of footsteps rang out and a fat man whose head was covered in perspiration came over. When he saw Fang

Xingjian, he shouted, “You said that you’ve attained Heaven’s Perception?”

Fang Xingjian could clearly sense that although the man seemed to be very ordinary, his strong muscles and powerful heart all proved that he was very strong. This fat man was a first transition Knight.

The young lady followed behind the fat man and shouted, “It’s him! It’s him!”

The fat man put his hands behind his back and asked, “How many fingers did I put up?”

Fang Xingjian could sense very clearly that the other party had put his fingers to signal eleven. He said calmly, “Eleven.”

“It’s really Heaven’s Perception.” The fat man was still slightly stunned. He looked at Fang Xingjian in surprise and asked, “How old are you? Which academy are you from? Why have you come for the registration so late?”

“Seventeen year old, Kirst Royal Academy. My name is Fang Xingjian.”

“Oh~ So you’re that Fang Xingjian who transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero and killed a level 20 Garcia Destined Warrior despite being at first transition. It’s a pity that you’ve gone blind.”

Fang Xingjian had not expected that the other party had heard of him.

The fat man continued, “My name is Valen, and I’m the person in charge of handling the registration issues for the Regional Selection this year. Sigh... Why did you come for the registration only now? You’re late. You’ve really been too careless,” he said with great distress. “There’s no way to participate in the Regional Selection when you’re late for the registration. At the very least, I don’t have the rights to approve it.

“Sigh, and the Hundred Blossom Banquet, where the details of the competition will be announced, will be held tonight. You definitely won’t be able register through me.

“How about this. You can follow me to meet Governor Devitt. He’s in-charge of all the Knights in the Great Western Region, as well as the selection and examination of the Conferred Knights. He’s the only one who can authorize your participation now.” Saying that, his eyes were filled with pity and anxiety, as if he was even more anxious than Fang Xingjian himself.

“Where is the Governor?” Fang Xingjian asked.

The fat man Valen replied, “Today, the Governor’s wife will be holding the Hundred Blossom Banquet, inviting the various talents from the twelve Prefectural Academies. Both the Governor and his wife will definitely be at their residence now. Come, come, come, we’ll go look for them.”

While speaking, the fat man Valen had already started tugging Fang Xingjian, and headed out.

...

In the east of Great Western City, in a huge manor, the garden was brilliantly lighted up, and there was huge traffic at the entrance. There were beautifully dressed up young aristocratic ladies, handsome young aristocratic men, as well as some Knights whose faces were either gleaming, or who had tall, muscular or lean physiques.

This was the day when the Governor’s wife, Madam Hathaway, was holding the Hundred Blossom Banquet. It was the banquet where the talents participating in the Regional Selection would be gathered before the selection itself.

“Look, that person is Lord Dren from the Regional Secretariat Department.”

“Look over there! It’s Lord Feng Erlun from the Regional

Ministry of Finance!”

A young lady then pointed to a young man who had just got off the horse carriage and was covered with a black robe, which only revealed a single eye and said, “Look! That’s Southern Mountain Academy’s Anderson!”

“He is THAT Anderson? The first person in the Empire who transitioned into the first transition job Shadow Death God?”

“That’s right. Who would have thought that the Southern Mountain Academy would keep him hidden for so long? Shadow Death God... That’s something only someone from the previous empire has succeeded in. If not for the temptation of this Regional Selection being simply too great, they would probably have continued to keep him hidden, and would have only let Anderson come out after he’s completely prepared.”

“He’s almost ready with his preparations. I heard that Anderson has been in the first transition for five years now. When facing Knights, he’s never had to make a second attack. He’s the hot favorite for the champion title this time around.”

The young man, Anderson, seemed to have heard what they were saying, and coldly glared at them. The few chattering people suddenly felt shivers running through their bodies, as if they had been submerged in ice.

“Awesome, it’s really awesome! Is this the power of a Shadow Death God?”

“To think that I can’t move with just a single glare from him.”

The few ladies looked on as Anderson left and continued chattering thereafter. The next moment, another din occurred. It seemed that another important character had appeared.

Countless petals suddenly fell from the air, as if it were raining flowers. Amidst the fragrance, the crowd dispersed as a young man with an unbelievably exquisite-looking face and figure stepped on

the petals as he gradually approached. He was wearing white top and pants, as if he were a god who had descended from the heavens.

“So... So handsome!”

Another aristocratic young lady next to the other shouted out, “That must be the Astral Ancestor’s third generation disciple, Hoult! I heard that he will also be participating in this Regional Selection.”

A Divine level expert’s third generation disciple. In other words, he was the disciple of the Astral Ancestor’s disciple. It was a dazzling status to have.

And the name of this Divine level expert was also very interesting. Astral Ancestor. Everyone knew that there were no stars in the Miracle World. However, those from clans with an established history would know that very, very long ago, there had been stars in the Miracle World. No one knew why they had suddenly disappeared.

Therefore, the name Astral Ancestor held a certain ancient charm to it. It represented a legacy from very, very long ago.

The present aristocratic ladies all looked toward Hoult, as if they were wolves who had found their prey.

From the crowds, Kirst Royal Academy’s Rota mumbled, “Rumor has it that all the disciples under the Astral Ancestor must be either handsome guys or pretty ladies. Those whose appearances or figures have gone out of shape supposedly need to be chased out. Seems that it’s the truth.”

Manny, who was next to her, laughed and said, “Is that true? To think that there’s such a rule...”

Ralph and Hamil also turned around, as if it was the first time they had heard such gossip.

However, the Deputy Headmaster who led them here

immediately reprimanded them, “Shut up. This is Great Western City, not a small place like Kirst. You must be aware of your image and not go off spouting rubbish, ruining Kirst’s image.”

He glared at the few of them, then frowned, “This time around the Regional Selection is stock full of hidden talents. To think that there are all kinds of powerful characters showing their face here!”

Just then, from the entrance’s direction, another din broke out. Everyone gathered there in waves.

“What happened?”

“What is going on?”

Edger asked someone next to him to find out what was going on. A Knight replied with excitement, “It’s Master Yuelun! Lord Holy Orison’s chief disciple Master Yuelun is here!”

Amidst Edger’s and other people’s astonished gazes, an amiable looking middle-aged man wearing a white gown, slowly walked out. He looked like one of those priests in the church..

Concurrently, in the direction of the manor’s hall, a silhouette quickly flew past. Governor Devitt had appeared to greet him in person.

Many long spatial gaps had suddenly been squeezed out and were now left behind him in the air. Governor Devitt had flashed and appeared before Yuelun, giving him a hug as he laughed.

“Old pal, why have you come as well? Are you thinking of participating in the Regional Selection again?” Devitt joked. But he knew well that it was impossible for this expert at the peak of second transition level 29 to be participating in the Regional Selection.

The reason he had come out to receive him was naturally not because of his status, but because the other party represented the Holy Orison, and the authority of a Divine level expert.

“Lord Devitt is as strong as ever,” Yuelun softly said, with a smile. “As for me, I’m only here to look for someone.”

Chapter 197 Three Seeds and Lilia

Although Master Yuelun's voice was not loud, he had no intention of hiding what he said. Therefore, many Knights had actually heard his words.

Therefore, after Devitt led Yuelun in, the news of Master Yuelun being here to look for someone spread out very quickly.

"Looking for someone?" Edger was stunned for a moment. He suddenly recalled how, three months ago, Huang Lin had gone to the Sacred Mountain to look for the Holy Orison to get him to help treat Fang Xingjian.

Back then, none of them had felt that the Divine level expert would be willing to step forth for Fang Xingjian. But now, the Holy Orison's chief disciple had come to Great Western City and was claiming that he was looking for someone.

Next to him, Rota let out a soft surprised cry and asked, "Could it be that he's here to look for Fang Xingjian?"

Edger was the first one to rebut, "You must be kidding. What kind of character is Lord Holy Orison? He's someone whose single word would be able to affect the situation of the whole Empire. How could he really step out to help treat Fang Xingjian?"

"Moreover, even if he is looking for Fang Xingjian, he would not be coming to the Great Western City. No one knows where Fang Xingjian has fled to. Do you guys still think that he'll actually come to participate in the Regional Selection?"

"It's merely a coincidence. Stop making wild guesses."

Edger did not believe that Yuelun was here to look for Fang Xingjian. He led Rota, Hamil and Ralph toward the manor's hall. As for Manny, since he could not be bothered with Edger, he left by himself.

Edger looked at the three talented students alongside him and

once again reminded them, “Remember, later on, don’t forget the aristocratic etiquette I’ve taught you. Otherwise, you won’t be just be losing your own reputation, but the academy’s as well.

“You might not be able to encounter such a setting even once throughout your entire lives. You guys better make sure to be extra cautious.”

Under Edger’s lead, the three of them were extremely cautious, feeling as if they were country bumpkins entering the city as they headed toward the manor’s hall. On the way, they saw that the path was layered with white-colored jade, and that there were golden-rimmed lamp posts on both sides. On the top, there were lamps, up to a hundred of them lighting up the whole path, and making it look as if it were daylight.

Some sort of medicine had also been added into the lamps. They were releasing a light relaxing fragrance, making one’s vital energy and blood very warm and comfortable.

Such a highly luxurious setting made the three of them feel as if their arms and legs were tied together as they advanced. When had they ever come across such a setup before? The money spent on this pathway alone would probably be sufficient to buy their entire clan!

Even Edger who was in the lead became increasingly cautious, lowering his head, and not daring to look around randomly.

At that moment, another horse carriage stopped at the entrance. It was Kirst’s City Lord, who alighted in his tuxedo. Behind him was Lilia, wearing an evening gown. It revealed a large part of her snow-white skin around her chest and back, while the lace on the ends and on the little hat she was wearing made her seem slightly cheeky and pure at the same time.

Although her four limbs were not quite thin, when matched with Lilia’s sweet face, they made her seem cute and lively all the more.

It was just that she was wearing a reluctant expression.

Kirst's City Lord told her in a soft voice, "Alright, Lilia, stop throwing a tantrum. Today is the day when geniuses from countless academies are gathering in the same place. Later on, go out and make more friends."

"Not interested," Lilia replied coldly. "I'm not interested in talking to them."

Kirst's City Lord helplessly shook his head. However, his eyes suddenly lit up as he pointed to a white-haired white-bearded pale-faced man who was walking toward the hall with a gloomy expression, "Look over there! That's Wei Leng, the guy who attained Heaven's Perception at first transition!"

Wei Leng... This name was a name which had gained great reputation in Great Western City for the past half a month. It was because he had attained Heaven's Perception even before he had gone through his second transition.

His story was very simple and sad.

For the past ten or so years, Wei Leng had lived a very ordinary life, picking up martial arts and cultivating just like any ordinary Knight. And just like any ordinary Knight, he had also gotten married to a young lady from a small aristocratic clan and lived a very peaceful life.

Other than his great love for his daughter and family, there was nothing strange or unique about him. That was, until that day one month ago, when he had gone back home and had found out that his wife, daughter and parents had all died in a fire.

That night, his hair had turned white overnight, and he now looked as if had grown older by twenty years.

It was also because of that night that his heart felt dead. However, he ended up chancing upon Heaven's Perception, the realm that everyone dreamt of attaining.

Kirst's City Lord shook his head in pity, remarking, "How tragic. But to be able to attain Heaven's Perception before the second transition without the help of any resources, he's a true genius. It's just that his talent had not been uncovered before this.

"Together with that snotty brat who transitioned into a Shadow Death God and Astral Ancestor's grand disciple, the three of them are the hot favorites of this year's Regional Selection."

Lilia pouted, Fang Xingjian's image flashing in her heart. When Kirst's City Lord looked at Lilia's grieving expression, he felt truly helpless.

He had deliberately brought Lilia here in order to make her forget Fang Xingjian.

Fang Xingjian had lost his sight and had disappeared after kidnapping Kaunitz. Without the academy's support, and having no powerful background behind him, no one thought well of his future.

The father and daughter pair walked to the manor's hall without another word. Crystal lights four to five meters tall were hung up on the ceilings, and there were up to a hundred maids walking about in the hall, preparing food and drinks for each guest.

Kirst's City Lord suddenly broke into a smile and shouted, "Haha, David, long time no see! You've grown increasingly handsome."

"Uncle, you're the one looking as if you've always been only thirty years old."

What a graceful handsome man!

The one who had spoken was a young Knight with his golden-colored hair all combed back, dressed in Knight attire, and with eyes the color of the ocean.

He was the City Lord of Mongul's second son, and the relations between both families went way back.

Kirst's City Lord broke into a satisfied smile when he saw him. "Are you participating in the Regional Selection this time around as well?"

"Yes. I probably won't be able to get into the top three, but I'm still hoping to fight to get into the top five." His words sounded very humble, but the high spirits and confidence reflected on his face were overflowing. His eyes turned in Lilia's direction and he greeted, smiling, "This must be Lilia. I remember playing together when we were kids."

Seeing that Lilia was not saying anything, Kirst's City Lord smiled, picked up a glass of wine and left saying, "I'll go greet a few acquaintances. This is Lilia's first visit to Great Western City. David, help me take good care of her."

"Uncle, don't worry." David smiled and watched as Kirst's City Lord left. He then turned to Lilia and said, "Your father has the intention to bring us together, but you don't have to look so put off. Am I that ugly?"

Lilia threw an angry stare at him and said, "Don't talk to me. If not I'll shout 'molester'." She then turned to leave.

David smiled, shaking his head. But watching Lilia's backview, his gaze showed interest. He felt that this lady seemed to be very natural and did not put up a facade, being very different from those pretty and coquettish b*tches he had come across in the past. Therefore, he chased after her.

In another place, Fang Xingjian had arrived outside the manor, alongside the fat Valen.

Valen told the guard, "We have something very important to tell Governor Devitt."

The guard shook his head and said, "The Hundred Blossom Banquet is being held today. No one can enter without an invitation." As he said this, he looked toward Valen and Fang

Xingjian with a disdainful expression. It was obvious that he thought they were people who wanted to sneak in.

Chapter 198 David

Valen furiously replied, "It's something very important!"

The guard's mouth twitched in the direction of the ladies who were prettily dressed, rushing up whenever they saw an aristocrat alighting from their carriage. He smiled and said, "They also have very important matters."

Those ladies were obviously waiting at the entrance, hoping to find a way to sneak in and get a chance to marry into a rich family. The guard had obviously treated the two of them as having similar motives.

"Damn." Valen was furious. He raised his fist as if he was about to beat up the guard. But seeing that guard's disdainful gaze and fearless expression, he eventually stomped his foot and did not do anything.

Although the opponent was an ordinary person, he was a guard serving for the Governor. If he were to bash this guard up, he would probably have to pack up and leave Great Western City tonight.

At that moment, an aristocratic young man with green hair passed by them, along with a model-like young lady next to him. With an arrogant expression, he passed the invitation to the guard, while throwing a cold glance to Valen and Fang Xingjian. When he saw Fang Xingjian's tattered clothes, as if he were a savage, he chuckled and said, "Haha, these days, all kinds of people are trying to get into the Hundred Blossom Banquet."

The first thing Fang Xingjian did when he arrived at Great Western City was to head to the registration counter, and then he was brought over here by Valen. Of course he had not had the time to wash up and change his clothes.

Looking at the green-haired aristocratic young man's back, Valen

gritted his teeth and told the guard, “Damn, I’m Valen from the Regional Selection Office. I really have something very important to report to the Governor.”

Fatty Valen pointed to Fang Xingjian and said, “He is the seventeen-year-old Windstorm Sword Hero who has stepped into the realm of Heaven’s Perception. Do you know the value of this? If, because of you guys, he cannot register and cannot participate in this Regional Selection, do you know what a huge loss this will be?”

That guard fell into shock for a while and looked in Fang Xingjian’s direction. However, no matter how long he stared, he could not tell that this was a seventeen year old genius who had attained Heaven’s Perception. He looked more like a savage or a beggar.

However, seeing how Valen was speaking as if that was the truth, the few guards exchanged a few glances and started to hesitate.

Valen then pushed further, “If you guys can’t make the decision, then get your leader to come. You can call for the manor’s steward, Setques. He knows me and knows that I won’t spout rubbish.”

The few guards exchanged glances again and nodded. One of them left to call for the steward.

Fang Xingjian frowned and said, “Can’t we go in directly?” He then cast a glance toward the few guards and said, “If we want to enter, they won’t even be able to tell.”

Valen immediately covered Fang Xingjian’s mouth and said, “What kind of rubbish are you spouting? This is Governor Devitt’s manor and you’re thinking of breaking your way in? Do you want to be beaten to death?”

Unlike Fang Xingjian fearlessness, the residents in Great Western Region had the power and authority of the number one character in the Great Western Region, the Governor, deeply rooted in their

hearts. Who would dare to barge in recklessly?

Therefore, Valen and Fang Xingjian could only wait quietly at the side, putting up with the many curious and weird glances cast by the aristocrats in their direction.

“Who are these two people?”

“Haha, one is a big fatty and the other a savage. Even they’re hoping to attend the Hundred Blossom Banquet.”

...

In the hall, the atmosphere for the Hundred Blossom Banquet had become increasingly lively. Many young men and ladies from aristocratic clans as well as the geniuses from the twelve academies were having a great time chatting and having exchanges.

The young man who had transitioned into the Shadow Death God was surrounded by men and ladies who were smiling as they greeted him. They were obviously all very curious about this genius who was the only one to succeed in transitioning into this job since the founding of the Empire. However, the young man seemed to be very smug, and basically only answered one out of every ten questions asked. He was intolerably proud.

The grand disciple of the Divine level expert, Astral Ancestor, had a handsome visage as well as a slender figure. Each of his actions had an extremely elegant charm to it. The countless aristocratic ladies, young and old, along with the female students, all looked at him with loving gazes.

A mere slight move of his finger would get these ladies take turns crawling up his bed.

The only man who had attained Heaven’s Perception before going through the second transition was also not short of people greeting him. However, they were mostly aristocratic men generally older than thirty, people who valued ability more than the name of a job or the support of a Divine level expert.

With the first two geniuses they could only maintain a friendly relationship. But this guy was the only one who did not come from a strong background, and was also extremely talented. He was the only one they had a chance to get to work under them.

Graceful David shuttled through the hall with great ease, greeting many young men and ladies with great proficiency. He smiled and told Lilia, “I know about you. I heard that you fell in love with a blind man? I think his name was Fang Xingjian?”

Lilia abruptly turned over and glared at David with eyes like that of an awakened fierce beast.

“Say that again?”

“It’s the same no matter how many times I repeat it.” David smoothed down his hair and smiled slightly, “A blind man is a blind man. Moreover, he has already left the academy. With your status, in this life, you’ll never be able to...”

With a fierce punch, Lilia sent her fist toward David’s face but was easily received by his palm.

White and tender, it was a dainty palm similar to a lady’s palm, yet it contained terrifying powers. It received Lilia’s punch with great ease, and then grabbed it forcefully.

Lilia let out a stifled snort and fiercely drew back her hand, feeling great pain.

David coldly said, “Women must learn to be obedient. If I see that you want to attack me again, I won’t let it go so easily.”

With that, he reached out to grab Lilia. Lilia wanted to dodge, but found out that it was as if his palm had twisted space and flashed for a moment. It then grabbed Lilia’s back and lifted her like a little kitten.

Lilia wanted to struggle, but a light tremble of his hand scattered the strength throughout her body. She ended up being lifted up and brought out.

David's strength was controlled very well. The way he carried Lilia made it seem as if he had his arm around her. He channeled a slight amount of force on Lilia's spine, making her walk together with him.

David spoke in a soft voice, "Lili, your father thinks well of our future, so you better not do anything unnecessary. Sigh, you've stayed in Kirst for too long. Unlike me, who's grown up in Great Western City, you don't understand how big the world is.

"Those geniuses you have in Kirst are merely slightly outstanding ordinary people here."

Lilia wanted to speak, wanted to shout, but discovered that a force was controlling her throat, making her to be unable to speak a single word.

Just as they were talking, a lady's voice rang out, "Lilia, you've come too?"

Lilia and David both turned and saw a valiant-looking lady whom, on first impression, made one think of the word 'heroine'. It was one of the three geniuses in Kirst Academy, Rota.

Rota's long hair was draping down casually, her slender thighs covered by leather, displaying her toned and seductive figure.

David's eyes narrowed slightly and asked, "Lili, this is?"

Chapter 199 Disciple

“I’m Kirst’s Rota.” Rota threw a doubtful glance toward Lilia and David. Just then, Edger had already brought Hamil and Ralph over. When he saw David, he smiled and greeted him.

“Isn’t this the City Lord of Mongul’s ‘s son? Young Master David, you’ve come to attend the Hundred Blossom Banquet as well?”

Looking at how Edger had a yielding attitude, David lifted his head and replied with slight arrogance, “Mmm. I’m going to greet Master Yuelun. If you guys don’t have any issues, then we’ll talk later.”

He then left with Lilia, casting a deep glance at Rota before he did.

Edger educated Hamil and the others, “Look at him. This is the disposition of big aristocrats. I heard that this David grew up in Great Western Region and received the topmost elite education. Look at his disposition and his movements!

“Sigh, but I heard that he’ll also be participating in the Regional Selection this time around. He’ll probably be able to get into the top five.”

He instructed Hamil, “Remember, this David is probably stronger than you. If you were to encounter him during the competition, you’ll need to be careful.”

Rota asked doubtfully, “Lilia seems to have been controlled by him?”

“What is it to you?” Edger then instructed, “Remember, this is the Great Western Region. Any young master here probably has a great background, with a few Conferred Knight in their clans. Be careful and don’t go looking for trouble.”

Hamil replied, “I know, I know. Right, he said that he’s going to meet Master Yuelun. Why don’t we go over as well?”

Hearing Hamil's words, excitement appeared in Edger's eyes. Master Yuelun was the chief disciple of a Divine level expert and it was said that he was an existence whose ability was comparable to Governor Devitt's.

Edger nodded furiously, "Come, come, we'll go listen to Master Yuelun's teachings as well."

On the other side of the entrance, there were no longer any aristocrats coming in. Everyone had already entered the hall where the banquet was being held.

There were still a few coquettish b*tches in revealing clothings who had wanted to sneak in together with the aristocrats, but had failed to do so. They were smiling as they looked in Fang Xingjian's and fatty Valen's direction.

All of them wanted to rely on their youth and beauty to get the attention of some aristocrats, and be brought into the gathering, so that they could get to know more upper class aristocrats.

But now that the banquet had already started, those who ought to attend had already gone in. There was no more hope for them even if they were to stay here.

One of the short-haired young ladies said, "Hey, the two of you over there, your excuse to sneak in is just too lousy."

"Haha, the two of you should go look at yourselves in the mirror. To attend the banquet, you must at the very least dress up a little."

"That's right. One of you is fat like a pig, the other dirty like some kind of savage. You're thinking of attending the Governor's banquet like that?"

After having their say, the young ladies broke into laughter. They had obviously not heard the conversation Valen had had with the guards. Since they had not gotten the chance they were hoping for, they were now taunting Valen and Fang Xingjian in order to vent their frustrations.

...

One of the stewards in the Governor's manor, Setques, was at the main entrance, giving instructions to the other servants. Various famous wines, desserts, and fruits were being sent into the hall, on carts.

After giving out all the instructions, Setques started heading to the hall in order to inspect the situation there, so that he could constantly give out instructions and resolve any possible accidents or troubles.

After instructing a maid to help a drunken young aristocratic lady to the guest room, Setques came to the middle of the hall and saw that Master Yuelun had countless aristocrats and geniuses clustering around him, as if he was the moon surrounded by a myriad of stars.

It was not just because of his identity as a level 29 expert, but also because of the Church of Universal Truth behind him.

As the number one religion, many of Great Western City's aristocrats were believers of the Church of Universal Truth. To them, Master Yuelun was like the person who brought the decree of the church.

Master Yuelun also looked very amiable, looking at everyone as if they were his own children. He did not say a word, but merely listened to what the other people were saying, occasionally nodding, and spreading endless warmth.

Looking at this scene, Steward Setques could not hold it in and slowed down, wanting to meet this archbishop from the Church of Universal Truth, the chief disciple of the Divine level expert, Holy Orison.

An aristocratic lady said, "Master, what matters do you have for this visit to the Great Western City?"

"That's right, Master, tell us. Let us help you."

In the crowd, David together with Lilia, as well as Edger, Rota and the others also turned to look over. All of them were also curious to know the reason why Master Yuelun had come to the Great Western Region.

Although previously he had not answered when thrown various questions, this time around, Yuelun replied. A clear voice like the sound of falling precious stones rang out.

“The reason I’ve come down from the mountains this time around is because I’ve received instructions from my Master to look for someone.”

“What? Lord Holy Orison is looking for someone?”

“Who is the lord looking for? Is it an enemy?”

“Master, please do tell us who it is. With us joining forces, we’ll definitely find the person you’re looking for even if we have to turn the Great Western Region over.”

Looking at the agitated crowd, Yuelun smiled and said, “Everyone, there’s no need to be anxious. This time around, I’m not here to look for an enemy. It’s just that after a prolonged period of rest, Master is thinking of looking for his final direct disciple.”

“What?! Lord Holy Orison is looking for his final direct disciple?!”

“To think that Lord Holy Orison is looking for a disciple! This... this... This is definitely earth-shaking news!”

“To be able to become Lord Holy Orison’s disciple... Even the Regional Selection wouldn’t matter anymore!”

Hearing Master Yuelun’s words, the atmosphere exploded as if fuel had been lighted up with fire.

Anderson, who had transitioned in the Shadow Death God job lifted his head, and for the first time, an excited smile appeared

on his cold face.

He had transitioned into a first transition job in which no one had succeeded for the past two hundred years. Could it be that the Holy Orison was looking for him?

David, who continued to hold onto Lilia squinted his eyes, his heart fiercely palpitating. If he could become the Holy Orison's disciple, it would not just be soaring into the skies with a single one step! He would be standing at the very top!

Ambition uncontrollably overflowed from his eyes.

Behind Edger, Rota, Hamil, and Ralph all became extremely agitated. The Holy Orison's disciple, the one to inherit the teachings of the Divine level expert... Which of them did not wish to become the candidate? On hearing Yuelun's words, each of them stood up straight, puffing their chests, as if they hoped to attract Yuelun's attention.

Even Edger, who was in his forties, had a different gaze.

Rota even shouted out directly, "May I ask what are the requirements the Holy Orison has set for the disciple he wishes to take in?"

Right, what kind of disciple was he looking for?

Everyone's burning gazes turned to Yuelun, waiting for his answer in great anticipation, as if they would be able to have chance to be selected.

Master Yuelun was just about to speak when a guard carefully squeezed his way next to Steward Setques and whispered to him, "Sir Setques, there's two men called Valen and Fang Xingjian who wish to meet the Governor. They do not have invitations, but they said..."

Steward Setques's attention had been fully focused on Yuelun, and he was waiting with great anticipation for him to share the condition for the disciple. How would he have the time to listen to

the guard's report?

He waved his hand to interrupt the guard and said, "If they don't have an invitation, then scram. Why do you need to look for me for such a minor thing?"

That guard looked at Setques, slightly aggrieved, "But that Valen said that this person called Fang Xingjian has already..."

"Shut up, scram."

Chasing off the guard, Setques turned his gaze back toward Master Yuelun and saw Yuelun softly saying, "Everyone is mistaken. This time around, my reason for leaving the mountain is not to help Master look for a suitable candidate. Master has already decided on the candidate to be his final direct disciple. I'm only here to bring him back."

Chapter 200 Astonishment and Entrance

What?!

To think that the Divine level expert, the Holy Orison, had already decided on the candidate for his disciple! Who was it? Who could it be?

The next moment, regardless if it was the Shadow Death God Anderson, David who was holding onto Lilia, or even Hamil, Rota, Ralph, Edger, or the other people, each person's breath turned heavier.

Although they knew that the chances that it would be them were low, humans were creatures who loved to indulge in illusions. Otherwise, items such as lotteries would not exist.

Although the chances were extremely low, everyone could not help but feel great anticipation, hoping for Yuelun to say their name.

A Knight asked, trembling, "I wonder who is the person the Guardian King wishes to take in as his disciple?"

Yuelun smiled, replying, "Kirst Royal Academy's Fang Xingjian."

Kirst Royal Academy's Fang Xingjian. Each of these words were like individual explosions, stuffed into Edger's brain. He shivered, as if he could not believe that the other party had actually said that name.

He shouted, "What did he say? What did Master Yuelun say?"

Rota was the only one who stayed calm, but the expression she was wearing was still very complicated. She sighed and said, "Fang Xingjian, it's Fang Xingjian. The Guardian King wants to take Fang Xingjian as his last direct disciple."

Hamil and Ralph also wore extremely complicated expressions. There was disappointment, admiration, but more than anything,

there was pure jealousy. In no way could they not be jealous. How lucky and how honorable was it to be taken in by a Divine level expert as a disciple? How bright would his future become? Even a Conferred Knight would be filled with feelings of admiration and jealousy, let alone them!

David, who had been holding onto Lilia, was also stumped. ‘Fang Xingjian? That blind guy Fang Xingjian? Why is it him?’

A hint of ice-cold killing intent appeared in David’s eyes. A maniacal jealousy started burning in his heart.

In the back, the Shadow Death God Anderson also frowned as he started to wonder what kind of person was Fang Xingjian.

Hoult, who had been surrounded by countless young ladies as well as aristocratic ladies, being the Divine level expert Astral Ancestor’s grand disciple, knew well what a Divine level expert represented.

For example, the way he, a third generation disciple, did not have to do anything and people would send endless supplies of resources, secret manuals, assets, and gold.

‘Fang Xingjian? That person who transitioned into a Windstorm Sword Hero?’ Hoult smiled with great ease, ‘I wonder what kind of person he is.’

After all, it was impossible for him to be taken in by the Holy Orison as his disciple. Thus, there was no need for him to adopt a hostile attitude toward Fang Xingjian.

Butler Setques fell into a stun, “Fang Xingjian... Fang Xingjian?”

He immediately regained his senses. Didn’t the guard who had earlier reported to him mention that there was someone by the name of Fang Xingjian waiting outside?

“Oh no!” He immediately dashed out in the direction of the main entrance.

...

Valen and Fang Xingjian were still waiting at the main entrance. The few young ladies there were already planning to leave. They looked at Valen and said, “Hey, aren’t you guys leaving as well? You’re still going to foolishly wait here?”

“Hahahaha, there won’t be any latecomers for the Hundred Blossom Banquet. You guys can just go back earlier. There’s no use waiting.”

As the few young ladies were taking their leave while teasing Valen and Fang Xingjian, Butler Setques, together with a few guards behind him, anxiously ran out.

The moment he came out, he looked in Fang Xingjian’s and fatty Valen’s direction.

Fatty Valen smiled and stepped forth, saying, “Butler Setques, long time no see. Do you still remember me? I’m the Valen from the Regional Selection Office, I previously came to meet the Governor...”

However, Setques was unable to react to Valen’s words at all. With a slight movement, creating a series of afterimages, he had passed by Valen and went right up to Fang Xingjian, displaying Knight-level abilities.

He looked at Fang Xingjian and said with great enthusiasm, “Are you Young Master Fang Xingjian? KIRST Royal Academy’s Fang Xingjian?”

Fang Xingjian replied, “I am Fang Xingjian.”

Setques immediately broke into smiles and enthusiastically grabbed Fang Xingjian’s hand, pulling him toward the manor and said, “Haha, this is excellent. Please come with me. Everyone’s talking about you.”

Valen was stopped, but he shouted loudly, “Hey, hey, hey! What about me?”

Fang Xingjian turned back and lifted his chin slightly in Valen's direction, saying, "He's with me."

Setques snapped his fingers and fatty Valen was allowed entry as well.

The young ladies who were standing in a row outside the entrance stared at this scene with wide eyes and mouths agape. Although they had not managed to enter the upper society echelon in Great Western City, they were well aware about the many things regarding aristocrats.

The short-haired young lady who had been the first to tease Fang Xingjian and Valen said, "That person earlier is Butler Setques, right?" The three main stewards in the Governor's residence were all Knights who were not only very strong, but at the same time powerful representatives of the Governor himself.

Another young lady gulped and said, "Last time, I saw the Secretariat from the Ministry of Finance being very respectful before him, but Steward Setques was still a bit cold. What on earth was that earlier?"

"What else could it be? That guy, did you guys hear his name? Heck, he must be some important character, a very important character. Otherwise, why would Steward Setques personally come out to receive him? Did you guys see the smile on that Steward Setques' face earlier?"

"Fang Xingjian, that guy is called Fang Xingjian. I heard it clearly," another young lady said anxiously. "Oh no! We were still teasing them earlier... He wouldn't possibly bear a grudge, would he?"

Thinking of these, the few coquettish b*tches felt terrified.

Valen followed behind Setques, looking at the white jade flooring, looking at the up to a thousand lamp posts in the area as well as the variety of luxurious decors. He was astonished.

This time around, for the Hundred Blossom Banquet, the manor looked even more luxurious and beautiful than the last time he had seen it.

However, Fang Xingjian did not show much of a reaction. After all, although the individual's martial arts cultivation was very strong in the Miracle World, in the area of construction, accessories and energy sources, it was centuries back compared to the Earth's, where any of the main cities would be much prettier than this place.

So how could Fang Xingjian possibly feel overwhelmed?

As they were walking, two people suddenly dashed out from the bushes. A green-haired aristocrat and a young lady who looked like a model walked out, their clothes all messed up, still busily straightening them out. They had obviously been having fun in the bushes.

“How did you come in?!”

They were surprised seeing Fang Xingjian first thing when they came out. They were about to shout when they saw Setques next to Fang Xingjian.

Setques frowned and said, “Young Master Gable, please be aware of your identity.” He was from the Governor's wife, Ms Hathaway's family, and although he was not pleased with his actions he could not be overly reproachful.

The green-haired young man scratched his head awkwardly, obviously a bit frightened of this steward. However, he immediately pointed to Fang Xingjian and said, “Steward Setques, why did you bring this guy in? He's just someone trying to sneak into the Hundred Blossom Banquet.” Earlier on, he had been looking at Fang Xingjian in disdain. How could he have expected to meet him again here, and to even be caught in an awkward situation!

Setques frowned and solemnly replied, “Young Master Gable, please do not spout rubbish. Young Master Fang Xingjian is Master’s honorable guest, the person Master Yuelun is looking for.”

With that, he continued to lead the way for Fang Xingjian with great enthusiasm.

When Valen passed by, he intentionally threw a disdainful look at the green-haired young man.

Seeing the three of them leaving, the green-haired young man was stuck in a stupor, not understanding what had just happened.

“This cannot do, I must go and see who on earth this guy is. If he snuck in through trickery, I’ll make sure he dies.”

Table of Contents

[Paradise of Demonic Gods](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Chapter 101 Consequence](#)

[Chapter 102 Respective Reaction](#)

[Chapter 103 Waking Up](#)

[Chapter 104 Follow-up](#)

[Chapter 105 Barging In](#)

[Chapter 106 Suppression, One by One](#)

[Chapter 107 Too Weak](#)

[Chapter 108 Uninhibited](#)

[Chapter 109 Discuss](#)

[Chapter 110 One Against Four](#)

[Chapter 111 Humiliation and Punishment](#)

[Chapter 112 Teaching](#)

[Chapter 113 Sword and Spear](#)

[Chapter 114 Interlinked Forces](#)

[Chapter 115 Rationale](#)

[Chapter 116 Longspear](#)

[Chapter 117 A Contest](#)

[Chapter 118 Sparring](#)

[Chapter 119 Thrilling](#)

[Chapter 120 Victory Or Defeat](#)

[Chapter 121 Waiting For Someone](#)

[Chapter 122 Effulgence Weapon](#)

[Chapter 123 Pursue](#)

[Chapter 124 Tremors](#)

[Chapter 125 War](#)

[Chapter 126 Conspiracy](#)

[Chapter 127 Leave](#)

[Chapter 128 Metamorphosis of the Mental Cultivation Method](#)

[Chapter 129 Knocking On the Door](#)

[Chapter 130 Dispute](#)

[Chapter 131 Today, I Know That I Am Me](#)

[Chapter 132 Collect](#)

[Chapter 133 Return](#)

[Chapter 134 Getting Out of the Cage](#)
[Chapter 135 Chase](#)
[Chapter 136 Kill, Kill, Kill](#)
[Chapter 137 Asking For Directions](#)
[Chapter 138 Injured](#)
[Chapter 139 Acquaintance](#)
[Chapter 140 Crisis And Chance Encounter](#)
[Chapter 141 Medicine](#)
[Chapter 142 Danger](#)
[Chapter 143 Assassination](#)
[Chapter 144 Flaw](#)
[Chapter 145 Heated Fight](#)
[Chapter 146 Poison](#)
[Chapter 147 Gathering Together](#)
[Chapter 148 Slash](#)
[Chapter 149 With Great Ease](#)
[Chapter 150 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! \(Part I\)](#)
[Chapter 151 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! \(Part II\)](#)
[Chapter 152 You Are Fast! He Is Fast! I Am the Fastest! \(Part III\)](#)
[Chapter 153 Failure And Support](#)
[Chapter 154 Surround](#)
[Chapter 155 Going Blind](#)
[Chapter 156 Gratitude](#)
[Chapter 157 Seism Steel and Meetings](#)
[Chapter 158 Money](#)
[Chapter 159 The Whereabouts of the Divine Weapon](#)
[Chapter 160 Making Things Difficult](#)
[Chapter 161 Checking the Goods](#)
[Chapter 162 Versailles Clan](#)
[Chapter 163 Three Moves](#)
[Chapter 164 Terror And Pity](#)
[Chapter 165 Conversation \(Part I\)](#)
[Chapter 166 Conversation \(Part II\)](#)
[Chapter 167 Magnificent Results](#)
[Chapter 168 Exchange](#)
[Chapter 169 Success of the Effulgence Weapon](#)
[Chapter 170 Skull](#)
[Chapter 171 Request and News](#)
[Chapter 172 Flaw](#)

[Chapter 173 Short of Money](#)
[Chapter 174 Digging and the Elite Class](#)
[Chapter 175 Bashed Up](#)
[Chapter 176 Exchanging Blows](#)
[Chapter 177 Receiving the Goods](#)
[Chapter 178 Selling Bones](#)
[Chapter 179 News](#)
[Chapter 180 Auction \(Part I\)](#)
[Chapter 181 Auction \(Part II\)](#)
[Chapter 182 Auction \(Part III\)](#)
[Chapter 183 Auction \(Part IV\)](#)
[Chapter 184 Auction \(Part V\)](#)
[Chapter 185 Come To An End](#)
[Chapter 186 I Must Kill](#)
[Chapter 187 Buy, Buy, Buy \(Part I\)](#)
[Chapter 188 Buy, Buy, Buy \(Part II\)](#)
[Chapter 189 Assassination, Frontal Attack](#)
[Chapter 190 Within A Second](#)
[Chapter 191 Kidnap](#)
[Chapter 192 Turning Point And Departure](#)
[Chapter 193 Finally Succeeded](#)
[Chapter 194 Smash, Smash, Smash](#)
[Chapter 195 Result and Great Western City](#)
[Chapter 196 Late Arrival and Gathering](#)
[Chapter 197 Three Seeds and Lilia](#)
[Chapter 198 David](#)
[Chapter 199 Disciple](#)
[Chapter 200 Astonishment and Entrance](#)